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TALES,

BY

MADAME DE MONTOLIEU.

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BY

MADAME DE MONTOLIEU,

AUTHOR OF

CAROLINE OF LICHTFIELD.

"OF BODIES CHANGED IN VARIOUS FORMS I SING."
POPE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

MY readers are acquainted with the ſpecies of entertainment, on which the Tales that I now offer them are founded;—it conſiſts in ſelecting pictures, and then writing ſtories to illuſtrate the ſubjects of them.

This kind of entertainment is not uncommon, the charming Tale of ACAJOU and ZIRPHILLA was thus compoſed. I know of ſeveral others, which would probably have better

deſerved publiſhing than mine, and which their too modeſt authors keep in their port-folios. I, therefore, hope that I ſhall encourage them, by my example; and, perhaps bring into *credit* this agreeable amuſement. There are two ways of playing this game, if I may thus expreſs myſelf: in one, each individual who plays, works ſingly on a different picture; in the other, each is employed on the ſame picture, and endeavours to excel the reſt. This manner pleaſes me beſt, as exciting moſt intereſt: the former, however, was on this occaſion adopted. We drew, by lots, for the pictures in the apartment where we paſs our evenings; and

each explained, as well as ſhe could, thoſe which fell to her ſhare.

I had, for my lot, ſome beautiful Engliſh pictures, which were in the collection. The firſt is entitled UNA. It is taken from Spenſer's Poem of THE FAIRY QUEEN. This could only be explained by a metamorphoſis; and I have, therefore, illuſtrated it by a concluding tale to the ARABIAN NIGHTS.

I am ignorant of the ſubject of the next picture, which is called THE SAILOR'S RETURN, as well as of the reſt; and, probably, they have none. To render the collection as miſcellaneous as poſſible, and to

contraſt the ſecond with the tale of enchantment, I have endeavoured to render it ſimple in the conſtruction of the plot and ſtyle; perhaps, it may be thought too much ſo. However this may be, I have yielded to the wiſhes of my friends, by publiſhing what was at firſt only deſigned for their peruſal. The public will, probably, blame me for my complaiſance; but I claim ſo little merit on account of theſe ſhort Tales, that they are not, indeed, worth criticiſing.

The tranſlator only deems it neceſſary to add, that theſe Tales, not-

withſtanding the diffidence with which the ingenious author has thought proper to preface them, will be found to poſſeſs very extraordinary merit. They have, in truth, on the Continent, already gained additional reputation to the celebrated author of CAROLINE OF LICHTFIELD; and the many leiſure hours devoted to the pleaſing taſk of thus giving them an Engliſh dreſs, would never have been ſo employed by the tranſlator, had ſhe not ſuppoſed that they muſt, of neceſſity, here experience an equally welcome reception from every reader of true taſte and diſcernment.

HISTORY

OF THE

PRINCESS UNA;

OR,

THE TALISMANS:

BEING

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE

THOUSAND AND ONE

ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS.

993*d Night.*

DINAZARDE awaking an hour before day, failed not to addreſs her ſiſter. "If," ſaid ſhe, "my dear ſiſter, you are not greatly inclined to ſleep; I pray you, till day-light, which will ſoon appear, relate to me one of thoſe beautiful tales that you are acquainted with. Alas! it will, perhaps, be the laſt time that I ſhall have the pleaſure of hearing them."

Scheherazade, inſtead of anſwering her ſiſter, turned to the Sultan—"If your Majeſty pleaſes," ſaid ſhe, "I will relate the Hiſtory of the Fair Una."

"With all my heart!" replied Schariar; "and, I hope it will amuſe me as much as the preceding ones."

"I expect ſo," returned Scheherazade. "I can aſſure your Majeſty, that it is neither leſs true, nor leſs intereſting."

She then told her ſiſter to liſten: and, addreſſing herſelf to the Sultan, began in theſe words—

You know, Sire, that the great Caliph Haroun Alraſchid was accuſtomed to walk during the night through the ſtreets of Bagdad; accompanied only by Giafar his viſier, and Meſrour his chief eunuch; all of them diſguiſed as merchants. The motive for theſe excurſions of the wiſe Caliph,

was to be aſſured that no diſorders were committed in his territories; perhaps, likewiſe, to ſatisfy a curioſity, which had often been called into action by extraordinary adventures.

One night, as he went out in this manner, having paſſed through ſeveral ſtreets, he was returning to the palace; when he beheld, to his great ſurpriſe, the door of a garden open ſuddenly of itſelf, nor could he diſcover any perſon near. Aſtoniſhed at this phenomenon, he did not heſitate to enter the garden, that he might explore the cauſe.

The garden was large, but without ornaments. On one ſide ſtood a ſmall pavilion, newly built, and elegantly conſtructed; on the other, a building more ſimple, which ſeemed to be a ſtable, and the door of which opened inſtantly of itſelf, like that of the garden. The aſtoniſhment of the Caliph redoubled, when he perceived, coming out of this

ſtable, a ſhe aſs; who proceeded ſtraight forwards to where the Caliph ſtood, in an equal and meaſured pace. She had on neither ſaddle nor reins; but only a ſort of cloathing, of very rich ſtuff, in gold and crimſon, ornamented by a border of pearls. She ſtopped at the gate, and began loudly to bray.

The Caliph reſolved to witneſs the end of this adventure; and, not wiſhing to terrify the aſs, concealed himſelf, with Giafar and Meſrour, behind this door.

The aſs continued to bray; at the ſame time, looking around the garden with an unquiet air, and elevating her long ears. She, however, preſently dropped them; ſtruck the ground with her foot; and the Caliph heard a melodious voice, which proceeded from the pavilion, and which ſaid—"My ſiſter! my ſiſter! do not cry ſo loud; here I am."

At the ſame moment, he ſaw a young female appear; who excelled as much, in beauty, all the Sultanas of his harem, as the diamond, the ruby, or the emerald, ſurpaſs the ſimple pearl.

Haroun, aſtoniſhed, and enraptured, believed that he now viewed before him, the loveliеſt of the houris which are promiſed to faithful muſſulmen.

This heavenly creature had no other veil than what was formed by her long flaxen hair, which floated partly over her fine ſhoulders; ſeparated on her ivory forehead; and fell again, in natural ringlets, on the moſt beautiful neck. Her dreſs, much leſs ſplendid than that of the aſs, conſiſted merely of a long tunic of white cloth; which formed, around her, a floating drapery, and was attached by a girdle of ſilk. Her feet, whiter than ſnow, reſted on a ſimple ſandal; her walk was, at once, noble and graceful.

But, if her form, her features, the ſound of her voice, impreſſed one with the idea of a divinity; the extreme ſimplicity of her dreſs, the timid air with which ſhe advanced into the garden, looking cautiouſly around her, recalled the idea of a mortal, though that of one of the moſt perfect.

" Stop," cried Schariar, " I can contain myſelf no longer! this beauty, her hair, this tunic, theſe ſandals, are ſufficient to drive me mad. You think, then, that you have only to deſcribe to me, young houris more brilliant than diamonds; and, that I can liſten to ſuch deſcriptions with tranquillity. I know not what reſtrains me from having you immediately beheaded, to puniſh you for pourtraying ſo luxurioufly.—And you, Grand Viſier: I declare that if, within three days, you do not find me a ſlave, alike in every particular to that which the lady has juſt deſcribed, even to the tunic and the ſandals, I will hang you and all your family!"

The Grand Viſier proſtrated himſelf to the ground, in token of his obedience: and his daughter, Scheherazade, obſerving the Sultan ſo irritated, was in doubt whether ſhe ſhould proceed; till, obſerving the dawn of day, ſhe noticed it to Schariar. He then aroſe; and, notwithſtanding his anger, wiſhing to know the hiſtory of the beautiful female, deferred the death of the Sultana; who, the following night, reſumed her ſtory in theſe words—

994*th Night.*

When the lady had come up to the aſs, who waited for her at the gate, ſhe beſtowed on her the moſt tender careſſes; and threw her beautiful arms around her neck, repeating often the names of ſiſter and friend. The aſs, in her manner, returned this fondneſs. She licked her miſtreſs's hands; and ſhook her own ears, in token of joy and tenderneſs: while her large head, of a black and grey colour, by

the ſide of the delicate features of the young lady, robed in a complexion formed of lilies and roſes, increaſed her charms by the contraſt, and rendered her, indeed, a miracle of beauty.

Your Majeſty will therefore naturally ſuppoſe, that the great Haroun Alraſchid beheld her with admiration; and, at that moment, would willingly have exchanged his fate for that of the aſs ſo much careſſed.

He was ſeveral times on the point of expreſſing all that he felt; but, curious to ſee how this adventure would end, and how two creatures of ſuch different ſpecies could be ſiſters, he checked himſelf; and, by ſigns, ordered Giafar and Meſrour to preſerve the profoundeſt ſilence.

The aſs fell on her knees, that the beautiful female might more eaſily mount; which, ſhe preſently did; at the ſame time, ſighing deeply. "Let us haſten, my friend," ſaid ſhe; "Noureddin impatiently

expects us; and you well know, how desirous I am to see him. These interviews alone induce him to bear meekly his slavery, and repay me for the weariness of my days. Oh! forests of Cachemir, shall I never more behold ye? Oh! happy days, will ye never return? Who will restore to me, just Gods! my ribbon; and, with it, my happiness?"

She now raised her beautiful eyes, filled with tears, to heaven, and was silent. The ass proceeded through a street which led towards the palace.

You may suppose, Sire, that the Caliph was not tardy in following them. His curiosity was strongly excited: nevertheless, this was the weakest sentiment with which his bosom now felt agitated. He already mistook, for a violent passion, the admiration, or interest, with which a lovely female had inspired him; and as, from what she had just said, he learned that he had a successful rival, jealousy possessed

his ſoul. At one moment, he ſwore to ſacrifice this hateful rival, immediately that he ſhould find him; then, reſuming thoſe ſentiments of juſtice and humanity which were natural to his character, he was deſirous of breaking his chains; of giving up this rival, to the beauty by whom he was beloved; and anticipated the pleaſurable idea of ſeeing them at his feet, gratefully bleſſing their benefactor.

"Attend to me," ſaid he to his two ſervants, as ſoon as the lady was out of hearing; "I ſhall, this night, follow her alone; obſerve her actions; and find out whom ſhe goes to viſit: but, to-morrow, let her and the aſs be brought to my palace.—Giafar, go back to the garden; enquire to whom it belongs; and let her, the moment ſhe returns, be informed of my commands—Meſrour, return to the palace; prepare the nobleſt apartment, the bath beſt perfumed, a feaſt the moſt delicious.... What have I ſaid!.... Shall I, then, make her mine?—I hardly know—

Oh! Mahomet, deign to guide thy ſervant; thou only art omniſcient, and canſt direct him right!"

More tranquil, after this invocation, he followed the lady and the aſs, and did not ſtop, till he ſaw them halt. This was at a ſhort diſtance from the palace, on the ſide of the ſtables, and exactly above the den of lions. The beautiful female diſmounted; and, leaning over the den, appeared waiting in a ſtate of impatience. Her eyes were intenſely fixed on the ſpot, and her whole attention was ſo deeply engaged that the Caliph eaſily approached her, without being noticed. His curioſity, to know what ſhe wanted there; was nothing, compared with his dread of ſeeing her fall, while leaning over a place ſo dangerous.

The Sultan of Cachemir had, a ſhort time before, ſent the Caliph a preſent of a moſt beautiful as well as ferocious lion, which made all who approached him tremble. Even the guide who had

am going to ſing, and do you likewiſe bray. If he is in this place, he will hear us; he will immediately recollect the accents of love and friendſhip."

Then began the moſt ſingular concert: the ſweet and tender voice of the female, accompanied by the rough and diſcordant tones of the aſs, which formed a kind of flouriſh, or ſymphony, at the end of each ſtanza. The Caliph liſtened, and he heard this ſong, which the young beauty appeared to compoſe as ſhe ſung.

SONG.

FIRST STANZA.

DEAR Friend, it is my voice that calls!
Liſten: ah! doſt thou comprehend?
'Tis Una; who whate'er befals,
Will love thee till her life has end.
Alas! alas! Noureddin dear;
I call thee, yet thou doſt not hear.

ſince the fatal loſs of my ribbon, I have every thing to fear!—I will, however, call him."

On ſaying this, ſhe leaned again over the den, repeating many times the name of Noureddin.....

"What!" ſaid the Caliph to himſelf, "is it poſſible that one of the vile ſlaves who has the care of my ſtables, is the favoured lover of this adorable creature: and, if this be the caſe, as I have every reaſon to think, from their place of meeting, is it not my duty to draw her from ſo unworthy an attachment? I will wait till he appears; at the ſound of my voice, he will drop into the duſt, and I ſhall make this beautiful creature bluſh for her choice."

He, however, came not, and ſhe ſeemed deeply diſtreſſed. "Zulma," ſaid ſhe to the aſs, "dear Zulma, come and aſſiſt me in calling him; he is, perhaps, afar off; I

FIFTH STANZA.

How often has thy tender ray
Shed o'er our hearts conſoling balm:
Till ev'ry pang ſeem'd fled away;
Our breaſts, in ſpite of ſorrow, calm!
But, hark!—No more of grief or pain:
He comes!—I ſee his flowing mane.

"His mane!" exclaimed the Caliph: who had till now liſtened to the fair Una with pleaſure, though not unmixed with jealouſy; but who, at this unexpected word, was thrown entirely off his guard. "His mane! Good Heavens, is it not ſufficient to have an aſs for your friend; have you, likewiſe, a lion for your lover!"

At this inſtant, Una, the trembling Una, already leaning on the very edge of the den in order to perceive him whom ſhe called; either that ſhe wiſhed to join him, and to die with him, or that the exceſs of her anxiety had deprived her of her ſenſes; leans ſtill farther, falls into the

den, and is loſt to the view of the Caliph, as well as of the aſs, who filled the air with her loud cries. Haroun Alraſchid.....

"But, Signor," ſaid Scheherazade, "I perceive that it is day. If your Majeſty permits me to live till to-morrow, you ſhall be acquainted with the remainder of this aſtoniſhing hiſtory."

For the firſt time, Schariar diſcovered a wiſh to have prolonged his reſt, and to have heard the ſtory through: but the Viſier having reminded him, that it was the hour of the divan, he reluctantly aroſe; leaving Scheherazade well aſſured of her life till the next day.

995*th Night.*

SCHARIAR awoke, this time, before the watchful Dinazarde; and, puſhing rather roughly the Sultana, who ſlept by her ſide—"Come, Madam," ſaid he, in a tone of anger, "tell me what became of the beautiful Una, at the bottom of the den of lions. I cannot forbear being vexed, that you have let her fall in there. I know, full well, your reaſon for it; you felt jealous, becauſe I had noticed her beauty. I am well acquainted with woman; and I now clearly perceive, that you had contrived this means to get rid of her. But, by the faith of a muſſulman, it ſhall not be ſo; and you will have the goodneſs to bring her out of it ſafe and ſound, or I ſhall by no means anſwer for not conſigning you to the ſame fate: I, who am a Sultan likewiſe; and, as you well know, poſſeſs a den for lions."

"Sire," replied Soheherazade, mildly, "I am here only in the character of a faithful hiſtorian; but, as I know the reſpect that is due to Sultans, before I relate what the Caliph Haroun Alraſchid did in theſe circumſtances, to reaſſure you, in two words, reſpecting the beautiful lady who intereſts you, I ſhall recall, Sire, to your recollection, that there was, at the bottom of the den, into which ſhe fell either purpoſely or accidentally, a lion, whom ſhe knew by his long mane; and that, without doubt, he received the falling lady, and did her no harm. This being granted, we will return, if you pleaſe, to the Caliph and the poor aſs, who was much more unhappy than Una, ſince ſhe had loſt her friend without having found her lover, and made the place reſound with her cries. Haroun, who was almoſt deafened with the noiſe, felt much embarraſſed how to proceed. The aſs, ſtill braying, gallopped continually backwards and forwards on the border of the den; and with ſuch velo-

city, that the Caliph could not approach it, to see what was become of the unhappy Una. If he had endeavoured to seize her, by a leap or run, she could have presently distanced him; beside, he had no halter by which he might lead her, nor any one to assist him.

As the beast would not follow him of her own accord, he concluded, that the best thing he could do would be to leave her, lamenting on the border of the den, where he was very sure she would remain as long as the lady was below, and go in search of the Grand Vifier, Giafar, at the door of the garden, where he was vainly waiting their return, and to endeavour, with his assistance, to draw Una from the den, and lead away the ass. He was, therefore, now hastening to the door of the garden, which he had consigned to Giafar's care; but, at some distance, imagined that he could perceive he was not alone, and that he heard indistinct cries of distress. He redoubled his pace; and

preſently ſaw his Viſier, his friend, the illuſtrious Barmecides, ſeized by a black of frightful demeanour, who had already thrown him down, and was endeavouring to deprive him of life.

It would have been all over with Giafar, if the valiant Alraſchid had delayed a moment. He drew his dreadful ſcimetar; and, ſuddenly attacking the black, he with one ſtroke ſeparated his hideous head from his body, which rolled away ſome paces, and ſeemed ſtill to menace him.

Giafar, eſcaped from the moſt imminent danger, now aroſe; but fell again at the feet of his preſerver, whom he now recollected for his maſter. "Oh! my maſter," ſaid he, proſtrating himſelf, and ſtriking the earth with his forehead, "my life was in your hands; it is you who have given it me, diſpoſe for ever of your grateful ſlave!"

"No more, my friend!" replied the Caliph; "I bleſs the great Alla, who has made me the inſtrument of ſaving thee. But, tell me what this black wanted; and why he endeavoured to ſlay thee?"

"Sire," replied Giafar, "I was ſtanding, according to your orders, at the door of the garden, when this black ſuddenly appeared before me; and demanded, in a voice of thunder, whether I had not ſeen a young woman paſs by, with an aſs which belonged to him. On his uttering theſe words, Sire, it ſtruck me that he muſt have ſome knowledge of the ſubject with which you wiſhed to be made acquainted, and might be able to give the requiſite information: making myſelf known, therefore, as the miniſter of your will, I had already named the Commander of the Faithful: and ordered him, in that name, to follow me to the palace. That name, at which every knee bends, only increaſed his audacity. "Vile ſlave," ſays he to me, approaching me,

and raiſing his club, "know, that neither thou nor thy maſter have any power over me; and to prove it to thee, I will cruſh thee to atoms!" I had drawn my ſabre, and was fortunate enough to avoid his firſt blow; but the ſecond ſtruck me down, and I was on the point of being ſlain, when your Majeſty came in time to ſave me, and to rid the earth of a monſter. I only regret, that his death may prevent your knowing the hiſtory of the beautiful female and the aſs. Let us, however, ſearch him; and we ſhall, probably, find ſomething about him which may lead to farther information."

The Caliph now related to Giafar what had paſſed on the edge of the den, while both aſſiſted in ſearching and ſtripping the black. They found nothing but a ring, which was ſuſpended to his neck by a ribbon.

The Caliph detached and examined this ring, which appeared formed of ſome

unknown ſubſtance. He paſſed it round his finger, and was about to throw the ribbon away; when he ſuddenly thought it might ſerve to lead the aſs. "Take this ribbon," ſaid he to Giafar, "and follow me. They left, therefore, on the ſpot, the horrid corpſe of the black, and returned where their curioſity called them; feeling, nevertheleſs, by the way, ſome apprehenſions of not finding the aſs again, as they could no longer hear her cries. She, however, was there, laying by the ſide of the den, with her head hanging down, and appeared calm and quiet. Giafar, by order of the Caliph, approached to ſeize her. She immediately ſtarted up, and began again leaping and kicking. "Throw the ribbon, with a running knot, round her head," cried the Caliph, "in the manner we generally ſeize thoſe animals."

At the name of the ribbon, the aſs ſtopped; but, when ſhe had obſerved it, as Giafar was holding it in his hands, ſhe

raiſed her eyes in ſeeming thankfulneſs to heaven, as well as ſhe could, and quietly held out her head, that he might paſs the ribbon round. He did ſo, and ties it—but, O wonderful! as he is tying it, the Caliph obſerves the aſs alter in ſhape! her hair diſappears, her ears are effaced, her whole appearance changes, and the moſt heavenly of creatures preſently takes place of the poor aſs.....

"I beg your Majeſty's pardon, if I find myſelf again obliged to deſcribe a very beautiful woman. I fear, that I ſhall here appear the more culpable, as I am very much miſtaken if this lady has not the preference over the fair and delicate Una. She, at leaſt, pleaſed more the taſte of the Caliph. I ſhall, therefore, await the orders of your Majeſty, before I endeavour to deſcribe the lovely Zulma; for you already know, Signor, that is the name which Una gave to the aſs."

"Well," ſaid Schariar, "let us hear of this Zulma, whom you boaſt ſo much. However, the relation of Una to the lion ſeems now pretty clear to me.—I know not, Dinazarde, if you have gueſſed it; but, I am convinced, this lion will prove, at the end of the ſtory, a fine youth, a faithful lover.—However, proceed; and, we ſhall ſoon ſee: but let us hear, firſt, your account of the aſs; I muſt believe her, now, a very lovely girl, and like her much better than Una and the lion.

"Haroun Alraſchid thought as you do, Signor," replied Scheherazade. "He could not forbear ſurveying her with the tendereſt regard: her lovely countenance, intelligent and ſenſible; her beautiful black hair; her finely arched eye-brows; made a deep impreſſion on his heart, and eraſed even the recollection of the fair Una. Zulma preſently ſummoned all his attention. As ſoon as ſhe had recovered from the exceſs of joy with which her change had firſt inſpired her, ſhe fell

at the feet of the Caliph; who, ſtruck with admiration, was on the point of throwing himſelf at her's.

"Oh! my benefactor," ſaid ſhe to him, with inimitable grace and vivacity, "it is you who have reſtored me to the world; complete my happineſs, and render back to me my brother and my friend!"

"Your brother! where is he?"

"In this den, Signor; into which Una, his Una, has juſt now fallen, but without being hurt. Gracious God! how great will be their ſurpriſe and joy."

"What, lovely Zulma," replied the Caliph, "it was your brother, then, whom Una ſpoke of as a lion?"

"Ah! Signor, he was, he is ſo ſtill; an unworthy form conceals, ſtill, the

handſome, the amiable, Noureddin: but, thanks to this ribbon, he will ſoon be able to throw himſelf at your feet in his proper ſhape. "For me," continued ſhe, ſighing, "I ſhall reſume that which I have juſt quitted: my own happineſs ſhall conſiſt in that of my brother and my friend; and my only regret will be, the being no longer able to pay you my grateful acknowledgments."

"What do you mean, Zulma," ſaid the Caliph, impatiently; "I do not comprehend you. This ribbon, which has juſt reſtored you your enchanting form, is to reſtore, without doubt, that of your brother?"

"Ah! Signor," replied ſhe, "I have known, long ſince, this ribbon: it has formed the charm, and the misfortune, of my life. It acts only during the night: as ſoon as the ſun ſhall appear in the horizon, you will ſee me return to my former ſhape. I, therefore, make but a

ſlight ſacrifice to my brother, in yielding it to him; and, if my dear Noureddin is enabled to reſume his proper form, even only during the night, I ſhall always remain an aſs without repining."

"No, by Mahomet," exclaimed Haroun Alraſchid, "I do not intend it ſhall be ſo; and this ribbon, Lady, by your leave, muſt ſtill remain round your head. I am extremely ſorry for your brother; but, if there are no other means by which he can throw off his preſent form, than by your returning to that of an aſs, a lion he muſt remain night and day, or I am not the Caliph Haroun Alraſchid."

"What!" ſaid Zulma, attempting to throw herſelf again at his feet, "is it the great Haroun Alraſchid, on whom our fate depends? Then, I hope every thing from his juſtice and generoſity. Let him deign to give orders for Noureddin and Una to be drawn from the den;

and if, in the mean time, he pleaſes to hear our hiſtory, he will acknowledge that this intereſting couple deſerve to be rendered happy."

"I will agree to any thing you pleaſe," replied the Caliph, "except to ſeeing again long ears deform this beautiful head. But, come to my palace, lovely Zulma; relate to me what events have brought on theſe ſtrange transformations: perhaps, I may find ſome means of cauſing them to ceaſe for ever; and thus, reſtore your brother, without loſing you."

"I wiſh ſo, I am ſure!" replied Zulma, with the moſt enchanting ſimplicity; "but, I again aſſure you, Signor, that my brother's happineſs is a thouſand times more precious to me than my own!"

"You feel, then, no particular affection towards any one elſe but this cheriſhed brother?" replied the Caliph, with a mixed feeling of fear and hope.

"Till this moment, Sire, ..." ſaid Zulma, bluſhing, "my heart has known no warmer ſentiment than friendſhip; it has only beat for Noureddin and his Una: it now likewiſe feels gratitude, and will beat at the name of Haroun Alraſchid."

The tranſported Sultan kiſſed her fair hand. They were, now, at the ſecret door of the palace. Before he entered, he ordered Giafar to extricate the lovely Una, and the lion: he conducted Zulma to his apartment; invited her to ſit downon a cuſhion; and, placing himſelf oppoſite, he liſtened attentively to her hiſtory, which I am now about to commence....

"But, day-light appears, Signor; and I ſhall now leave off. If you are as much in love as the Caliph Haroun Alraſchid, I am very ſure that you will be anxious, as he was, to hear the hiſtory of the fair Una, and the beautiful Zulma."

"I certainly am," replied Schariar; "and therefore hope, Madam, that you will, to-morrow, inform me of every thing which relates to theſe two lovely creatures, with a ſtrict regard to truth; neither adding to, or omitting, any circumſtance of the hiſtory."

"You ſhall be ſatisfied with my ſincerity, Signor," ſaid Scheherazade; "and ſhall know all that I do on the ſubject."

The next morning, having awoke an hour before day-light, ſhe began as follows——

The 996th Night.

"You will recollect, Signor, that we left off, yeſterday, where the amiable Zulma, having ſat down, was about to relate her tale to the amorous Alraſchid; who, placed oppoſite to her, every moment felt increaſed pleaſure, from be-

holding and hearing her. The good Caliph was not a little ſuſceptible to the tender paſſion. The charms of the fair Una had firſt made a ſtrong impreſſion on him, and the affection he now felt for Zulma was ſtill more glowing. We muſt agree that, in his preference of the latter, he ſhewed his judgment and taſte. Zulma was moſt lively, moſt gay; this accorded with his own diſpoſition. She had, beſides, aſſured him, that her heart was free; and this heart already appeared impreſſed with gratitude towards him, as a deliverer: this title conſtituted a new tie, which ſtill more attached him to her. He conſidered her, in ſome degree, as his own creation; and the more he looked on her, the more fervently he vowed to himſelf, that ſhe ſhould not again become an aſs, unleſs he could take that form too; for this, however, he had no great inclination ....."

"Will you never have done, Madam!" exclaimed the Sultan, ſomewhat angry.

"Of what uſe are theſe apologies for the paſſion of the Caliph? Beſides, have I not already told you that I likewiſe prefer this Zulma to the lady Una? and then, truly, to ſuppoſe it poſſible for a Sultan to be an aſs: this is the ſecond time you have hinted that, though I did not mention it before."

Having thus reproved her, he ordered her to proceed; and to enter, at once, on the hiſtory.

The mild and lovely Scheherazade, without appearing diſconcerted, took up the ſtory immediately; only ſignifying to the Sultan, that Zulma now ſpeaks.

The Hiſtory of the Fair Una and Noureddin, related by Zulma.

"SIGNOR," ſaid ſhe to the Caliph, "Una, Noureddin, and myſelf, were

born in the flouriſhing kingdom of Cachemir, and in the city which bears that name; but in very different circumſtances. Una, Signor, the lovely Una, whom you have juſt ſeen depreſſed by ſorrow and misfortune, and whoſe charms now form her ſole ornament, was the only daughter of the powerful King of Cachemir, and deſtined to ſhare one of the firſt kingdoms of the world. Betrothed, from her infancy, to the Emperor of China, Una would have been an Empreſs; if love, more powerful than fate, had not otherwiſe ordained. An affection towards another, has without doubt cauſed all the misfortunes of her life; but, far from regretting it, ſhe congratulates herſelf on having had it in her power to ſacrifice a throne to her lover.

"Noureddin, and myſelf, are twins, and the foſter-brother and ſiſter of the Princeſs Una. Our mother, named Armine, was her nurſe; Abdoul, our

father, was one of the moſt conſiderable jewel-merchants of Cachemir. Obliged frequently to abſent himſelf on affairs of commerce, he ſaw, with pleaſure, his dear Armine placed in a ſituation ſo advantageous, which inſured the protection of the Sovereign to himſelf and his children. The only reward Armine demanded for her ſervices, was permiſſion to take us with her to the palace. She obtained this favour the more readily; becauſe we being of the ſame age with the young Princeſs, it was conſidered that our ſociety would prove an amuſement to her.

"We were brought up with Una; and thus contracted, from our infancy, that friendſhip, which was to decide the fate of our lives. Friendſhip ſoon glowed to a warmer ſentiment, in the boſoms of Noureddin and Una. When the feelings of the ſoul had began to expand, and they could mutually expreſs their thoughts, it was eaſy to perceive the ſtrong attachment that theſe two amiable children had

already formed. They could never quit each other, for a ſhort time, without tears; the pleaſure of meeting again, formed their ſole ſolace; and not daring to careſs each other, which the ſtrict and prudent Armine had forbade, it was me on whom each beſtowed the kiſs which they deſtined for each other in private. Oh! happy times of peace and innocence! They, alas! quickly fled, and we ſoon learned to be acquainted with ſorrow.

"When we had attained our ſeventh year, Noureddin was torn from us: according to the laws of the ſeraglio, his ſex would not permit him to remain longer in the apartment of females.

"My father had juſt returned from one of his journies, and was about to undertake another: he received orders to take his ſon with him; and my mother, one day, thus addreſſed us—"My loved girls," ſaid ſhe, "embrace Noureddin; "he is going to leave us for a long

"period. Zulma may hope to ſee her "brother again; but, the Princeſs will "never more behold Noureddin."

"At theſe words, Una uttered a piercing ſhriek, and ſuddenly encircled Noureddin in her trembling arms, from whom it was neceſſary to tear her by force. Armine took her away; and left us ſuffering a degree of affliction, which could hardly have been expected at our tender years.

"My mother, whoſe maternal heart was thus rendered uneaſy, was obliged to, forget her own grief, that ſhe might endeavour to ſoothe that of her foſter-child, and eraſe from her mind the idea of Noureddin. I employed myſelf for the ſame purpoſe, in obedience to my mother's wiſhes; but, if we ſucceeded in apparently calming her, we could not remove a degree of melancholy which ever after poſſeſſed her mind. All our gaiety ſeemed to have diſappeared with my brother.

The games we had played with him became hateful to Una: ſhe applied herſelf only to muſic, poetry, and painting; and ſucceeded equally in theſe three arts, the ſubjects of which were generally her dear Noureddin. She compoſed, and played on her lute, verſes, in which the name of Noureddin was frequently repeated. She worked his features on cloth; with the more eaſe, as mine ſerved her for a model: my reſemblance to my brother being ſo ſtriking, that we could not be diſtinguiſhed from each other, but by our difference of cloathing. Oh! how many times has the tender Una ſaid to me, with tears in her eyes—"Come, my "Zulma, let me enjoy a pleaſing de-"luſion; reſtore to me, for a moment, "Noureddin!" Then, folding in form of a turban one of her muſlin veils, ſhe placed it on my head; arranged my dreſs like a veſt; and, regarding me with emotion—"Oh! Noureddin; Oh! Zulma; you are "thus united again in my heart!" Then, taking me by the hand, and running to

her nurſe—"Look, Armine," ſaid ſhe to her, "behold your ſon, my friend Nou-"reddin, returned!"

"The firſt time, Armine believed it; and trembled while ſhe embraced me, and called me her ſon. Then, apprized of her miſtake, ſhe again trembled, at obſerving the ſtrong attachment of her foſter child, and the ſorrows which it might occaſion her. Age, and reaſon, however, taught the Princeſs to conceal her paſſion with more care. Her mouth leſs frequently pronounced the name of Noureddin; but it was eaſy for me to perceive, in the increaſe of her friendſhip, in the tender regards which ſhe often fixed on me, ſighing, that her heart was the more occupied with him.

"In this manner, we paſſed ſome ſad and tranquil years. The Sultan of Cachemir tenderly loved his daughter; and, though he had promiſed her to the Emperor of China, he delayed, under

different excuſes, a union which would ſeparate her from him. Entirely occupied with the cares of his empire, the few ſhort moments that he could paſs with her, were employed in expreſſing his love to her; in enjoying the pleaſure of ſeeing and hearing her; not in ſpeaking of a ſeparation, and an engagement, which Una feared ſtill more than he did, and felt no wiſh to recal to his recollection. However, ſhe had already paſſed the age fixed for her marriage.

"We had attained our thirteenth year, when my mother was attacked by a dangerous illneſs. The Princeſs declared, that nothing ſhould induce her to quit her nurſe: we beſtowed on her all our attentions; they were, however, vain; and we ſoon had the misfortune to loſe our dear Armine. We equally mourned her death; and the grief of Una, ſerved yet as a pretext for obtaining a farther delay.

"Armine, in expiring, recommended her children to Una's care—"Love "Zulma, protect Noureddin," said she to "her; "Oh! my son, Oh! my Abdoul, "must I die without seeing ye again?"

"Alas! death overtook her, almost at the moment when she was going to enjoy that satisfaction."

"My father and my brother arrived at Cachemir two days after this sad event. Abdoul pined with desire, to see again his spouse and his daughter. Noureddin dared only to speak of his mother and his sister. They arrive at the palace. My father asks for his Armine; he learns she is no more, and.....

"But, Signor," said Scheherazade, stopping, "I perceive it is day, and your Majesty is disposed to sleep."—"By Mahomet, I believe it!" said Schariar, rubbing his eyes, and yawning; "your

tale would lull to ſleep all the Sultans in the univerſe.—Nevertheleſs, I muſt acknowledge, I love tales: but what have I to do with the attachment of theſe two ſtriplings, and the death of an old nurſe! I was continually expecting ſome magician, ſome great event. However, I expect ſomething of enchantment in the end: I gueſs that; and, you know, I am ſeldom deceived in my conjectures."

"Your Majeſty will not be diſappointed," replied Scheherazade; "I have only wiſhed, after the example of Zulma, to intereſt you in the fate of theſe two lovers."

"Well! that you have already done," ſaid Schariar; and now, I would come to what is important in the hiſtory. You underſtand me!"

Saying this, he went out: and, the following night, Scheherazade reſumed, where ſhe had left off, the hiſtory of Zulma.

997*th Night.*

"SIRE," continued Zulma, "you can form no idea of my father's grief, when he heard of the death of his dear Armine. All his wiſhes had centered in repoſing, at leaſt, from buſineſs, in the company of this cheriſhed woman. Diſappointed in this hope, life became a burden to him; and, notwithſtanding the kind attentions of my brother, as well as my own, we were grieved to perceive, that we ſhould ſoon likewiſe loſe our beloved father. He fell away, daily; and the Princeſs, who witneſſed my ſorrows, ſoftened them by her tender friendſhip. She permitted me to go, every day, to my father's houſe, that I might aſſiſt Noureddin in taking care of him. The pleaſure of hearing from my brother, when I returned, rewarded her for the temporary abſence of her friend; and innumerable were the queſtions ſhe aſked me, relating to the

companion of her infancy. Noureddin, on the contrary, never uttered the name of Una; but, when I ſpoke of her to my father, his ardent eyes ſeemed eager to ſearch the bottom of my heart, I obſerved them ſoon fill with tears, and ſighs iſſued from his oppreſſed boſom. One morning I was at the palace, when a ſlave of my father brought me this note from Noureddin—

"My dear Zulma, if you wiſh to behold once more the beſt of fathers, haſten inſtantly here: Abdoul approaches his laſt hour, he aſks for his Zulma. Alas! there will ſoon remain but Una, to whom you ought to conſecrate your life."

This note, almoſt effaced by his tears, cauſed mine abundantly to flow. Una wept with me, and ſent me immediately to my father's. I found him as Noureddin had informed me, ready to expire. He however, ſeemed ſomewhat reanimated,

on my appearance—"Approach, my chil-
"dren," ſaid he, "and receive your fa-
"ther's bleſſing. Swear, to him, that
"you will ever be united in friendſhip
"with each other!—Noureddin, be as a
"father to my Zulma; defend her in
"danger, conſole her in her ſorrows, be
"her guide and ſupport!—Zulma, be as a
"mother to Noureddin: may your ten-
"derneſs ſoften his troubles; your advice,
"if poſſible, prevent them!—My children,
"love each other: be virtuous, and we
"ſhall meet again. The angel of death
"already weighs heavy on my eye-lids—
"Soon ſhall I be with my Armine—Oh!
"Mahomet, I aſk for no other houri!"
This conſoling hope appeared to reani-
mate him: he pointed to a caſket which
was placed on a table; having received
it, he collected his whole ſtrength, and
again ſaid to us—

"The ſole motive for all my voyages
"was, my dear children, to procure me
"the treaſures which this caſket contains.

"They might render me more potent "than all the Monarchs on the earth, in "giving me power to command Genii, "and to aſſume any form I pleaſe. But, "they have no power over death; and I "perceive, in theſe terrible moments, "how vain is the knowledge of man, and "how futile are all his ſchemes!—"Here, "my ſon," ſaid he, to Noureddin, taking out of the caſket a metallic ring, ſuſpended to a ribbon, "preſerve with care this ring. "As long as it is your's, you may ſet at "defiance all enchantment. You could, "with it, produce enchantment yourſelf: "but, ſuch an art is too dangerous in the "hands of a youth, ſince his paſſions may "induce him to employ it to a wrong "purpoſe. I, therefore, wiſh you to be "ignorant on this point; I am ſatisfied "with knowing, that you are ſecured by "it from all danger."

He now detached the ring, and delivered it to my brother: then, turning to me, and giving me the ribbon—"And

" you, likewiſe, my Zulma," ſaid he, tenderly, to me, " I wiſh to guard from all " ſpells. Carefully preſerve this ribbon: " without poſſeſſing ſo much power as " the ring, it will, nevertheleſs, be of uſe " to you. It is a demi-taliſman, and acts " only during the night; but if, by any " unforeſeen accident, you ſhould be " deprived of the ring, the ribbon may in " ſome degree ſupply its place. Its poſ- " ſeſſor, at leaſt, will have no power over " you. May Heaven preſerve you from " loſing them both! I warn you, more- " over, that they cannot be taken from " you, without your own conſent. Fare- " well, my children! Mahomet has given " me ſtrength to ſpeak to you .... I have " done .... He calls me ...."

" His lips again murmured the names of Noureddin and Zulma, and he then expired."

"Heaven be praiſed!" exclaimed Schariar, "there will be no more ſaid of him. Do you know, that all theſe deaths tire me out; and I almoſt wiſh I had forbade you, yeſterday, ſuffering any more to die through the ſtory. However, I ſee that it was ſomewhat neceſſary, in the preſent caſe, that Abdoul might leave his children his ribbon and his ring. I ſuſpect, too, there is ſome relation between this ribbon and ring, and thoſe which the Caliph has found on the black villain whom he killed.—However, we ſhall ſee! But, you know, I am ſeldom wrong."

"Haroun Alraſchid thought as you do, Signor," replied Scheherazade. "But the lovely Zulma related her ſtory with ſuch grace; he took ſuch delight in hearing her; he was, moreover, ſo polite; that he did not wiſh to interrupt her: and, preferring rather agreeably ſurpriſing her, at the end of her tale, he concealed carefully under his robe the hand on which he wore the ring."

As Schariar profited by this hint, and did not again interrupt Scheherazade, we ſhall follow his example: and ſhall continue the hiſtory of Zulma, without even ſeparating the nights; which were, however, as before.

Continuation of the Hiſtory of Una.

"I ſhall not enlarge, Signor, on the grief which the death of our father occaſioned us. I am but too tedious, already, on circumſtances which regard only myſelf. Noureddin entreated me to return to the Princeſs, who much wiſhed for me: he only conditioned, that I ſhould paſs one day in the week with him. Una willingly agreed to this, and was always the firſt to appriſe me that it was the day devoted to Noureddin. I had taken with me, to the palace, the ribbon which my father had given me; but I attached little other value to it, than

what it obtained in my eyes from the conſideration of whoſe reſpectable hand I had received it: and I had placed it in a drawer; inſtead of wearing it about me, as my father had recommended. Having never fallen into danger, I never dreaded any; and had often thought that all our father had ſaid to us, relative to this ring and ribbon, was a kind of reverie, in conſequence of his ſituation. My mother, who believed us ſheltered from magicians and enchanters, had never attempted to terrify our young imaginations with them; and had ſpoken ſo ſeldom on the ſubject that, having hardly any idea of it I paid but little attention to the words of my father. This fatal ignorance, was the cauſe of all our misfortunes; and I now approach the period, when I learned but too well the power of genii.

"My brother found the poſſeſſions of Abdoul all in perfect order, and very conſiderable. His ſhop of jewellery was

the moſt frequented of any in the city. Noureddin, brought up by his father to this kind of commerce, would have been well adapted to continue it, and thus have enlarged his fortune, if the melancholy under which he laboured had not rendered him incapable of all exertion. Every time I went to ſee him, his gloomy ſorrow appeared increaſed. I found him always in the ſame attitude: his legs croſſed; his head leaning on his hand; his eyes dull, and fixed to the earth; he remained whole days without raiſing them, and hardly taſting the food which his ſlaves brought to him. He never thought of opening his ſtore-houſe, nor of doing any thing elſe, but abandoned himſelf to deſpair. My preſence, far from appearing to conſole him, ſeemed rather to augment his griefs. When I conjured him to live, to bear up againſt this ſorrow, for Zulma's, for Una's, ſake; he ſighed, half pronounced the name of Una, and again fell into melancholy abſtraction. Una, in the mean time, was little better. Appriſed,

by me, of the ſad condition of Noureddin, ſhe made me repeat the moſt trifling circumſtances reſpecting him; and I obſerved but too well the impreſſion which they made on her heart.

"In ſhort, Signor, theſe two unhappy beings, pining with the deſire of again beholding each other, their love continually increaſing, were gradually waſting away, the victims of their paſſion. The roſes of their cheeks faded; their eyes, always wet with tears, loſt their luſtre: I beheld them pining away, ignorant of any remedy for their misfortune; perhaps, increaſing it, by deſcribing its effects to each other.

"One day, when I was with my brother, and endeavouring to conſole and adviſe him, he thus ſuddenly replied, with uncommon emotion—

"It is not advice that I want; it is "Una, or death. Zulma, you wiſh that I

" ſhould live; and it is you, alone, who " can ſave my life.—Here, take this po- " niard, plunge it in the heart of thy " brother: deliver me from an exiſtence, " hateful without Una; or, conſent to what " I am now about to demand of thee. You " are to return, this evening, to the palace. " Let me, Zulma, aſſume your dreſs, and " go in your place; our reſemblance to " each other, will deceive every eye. On " this condition, only, do I conſent to " live; refuſe me, Zulma, and you decide " the fate of Noureddin."

" He knew, too well, the influence he had over his Zulma, to fear a refuſal. In vain did I repreſent the danger of his enterpriſe, the certain death that awaited him if he ſhould be diſcovered. Nothing could ſhake his reſolution; and, with regard to me, every thing yielded to the dread of ſeeing him inſtantly periſh, if I were obſtinate in refuſing him. Ah! it was not the anger of Una that I feared; I was well aſſured of her forgiveneſs; and the

idea that I ſhould likewiſe ſave her life, in according it to Noureddin, contributed ſtill more to my conſent. As ſoon as I had given it, my brother became another man; joy again illumined his ſunk eyes, the livelieſt bluſh again ſuffuſed his countenance. "Zulma," ſaid he to me, "dear and kind Zulma! yes, you are in-"deed, as a mother to me, and I owe to "you more than life!"

"We had ſoon exchanged dreſſes; and, indeed, it would have been difficult not to have miſtaken him for me, ſo ſtriking was our reſemblance. He begged me to exert, in his houſe and ſhop, the part of Noureddin; and, embracing me, placed on my finger the ring of my father.

"I know not," ſaid he, "if the virtue of "this ring is ſuch as Abdoul has pre-"tended; but, if it can ſecure from "any danger the perſon who wears it, "Zulma, I conjure you to wear it! For

"myſelf, I fear nothing: the ſtrongeſt "taliſman is my love for Una and my "courage. But you, my ſiſter! you who "are deſtined by nature to live in ſeclu- "ſion, are going to expoſe yourſelf for "your brother; do not leave me under "any apprehenſions of the dangers which "you may run, and therefore carefully "preſerve this ring."

"In vain, I wiſhed to return it. He refuſed; and the court palanquin being arrived to take me according to cuſtom, he lowered his veil, promiſed to return in eight days, and thus proceeded in my place, leaving me to occupy his own.

"I need not inform you, Signor, how embarraſſing I found my ſituation, nor enumerate all my fears, when left in the houſe of Noureddin. I ſaw, however, with pleaſure, that his ſlaves were deceived, and had not the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion of the truth. I pretended, therefore, to

recover my health, by degrees; and, on the fourth day, eſtabliſhed myſelf in the ſhop. I ſhould, undoubtedly, have preferred remaining in my apartment, and neither to have ſeen, nor have been ſeen by, any one. This I could have done, by prolonging my feigned indiſpoſition; but, beſide that my healthy looks might have betrayed me, this method would have been full of danger: the friends of Abdoul and Noureddin, and even his ſlaves, might have felt alarmed, and ſent for a phyſician, who would have preſently diſcovered the ſecret which it was ſo important to conceal. Not chuſing, therefore, to draw on myſelf any particular attention, I thought that, in this, I ſhould ſucceed beſt, by doing what my brother would have done, had he recovered his health and ſpirits. I, therefore, again opened his ſtore-houſe; continued the ſale of jewels, by conſulting my father's books; and ſucceeded in impoſing on the whole neighbourhood: the more eaſily, as Nou-

redd'n, having accompanied my father in all his travels, was little known at Cachemir. But my mind was rendered continually uneaſy, by reflecting on what might be the conſequences of this diſguiſe. I was in perpetual reveries. I expected, at one moment, that I ſhould be ſeized, dragged to the palace, and partake of the puniſhment which was deſtined for the raſh Noureddin; then, I beheld the lovely Una expiring with grief, for the loſs of her lover and her friend. Theſe images conſtantly haunted my fancy. I reckoned every hour, and minute; and my father's ring, as I have already obſerved, inſpired me with but little confidence.

"At length, on the eighth day, I ſaw the court palanquin before my ſhop. I aſſiſted the falſe Zulma to deſcend; conducted her in; and, carefully cloſing the door, awaited in trembling ſuſpenſe what Noureddin had to ſay ..... Noureddin, Signor, much more ſucceſsful than wife, was elated with joy and pleaſure: he had

deceived every eye; except that of love, which cannot be deceived.

" Una had ſoon recollected Noureddin, but ſoon had Una pardoned him. She received his vows, and pronounced her's. In ſhort, Signor, the fond Noureddin, now the ſpouſe of Una, defied heaven and earth: he imagined no end to his happineſs; and had only reſolved to leave her for this ſhort time, that he might come and conjure me to continue my diſguiſe; while, to remove all ſuſpicion, he would viſit me the days on which our ſlaves, as uſual, ſaw Zulma arrive. Una wrote to me, by him, the tendereſt epiſtle. She called me her ſiſter, her dear friend; thanked me for the happineſs ſhe enjoyed, which was only alloyed by the being ſeparated from me: and love, which had rendered her ſo clear ſighted in recollecting Noureddin, had now placed ſo thick a bandage on her eyes, that ſhe was utterly blind to the dangers of her ſituation.

For my part, who was not, like them, diſtracted by a violent paſſion, I thought of them, I beheld them, all; without knowing how they could poſſibly be avoided, ſhould Noureddin perſevere, under my name, in returning and ſharing the apartment of the Princeſs. It was a kind of miracle, that he had paſſed eight days without being known. Noureddin had eſcaped this danger, and wiſhed again to incur it. All that I could ſay to retain him, and ſuffer me to return to the palace, was uſeleſs. To all my queſtions, to all my fears, he replied that, ſince Heaven had permitted him to be the huſband of Una, it would doubtleſs protect him ſtill; and, that I ought to make my mind eaſy on the ſubject.

"But, my brother, can I always be "Noureddin?"—

"Yes, dear Zulma, ſome time yet, and "we ſhall ſee what can be done."

"I ſaw that it was uſeleſs to reaſon with a man intoxicated by love and pleaſure; and, therefore confined myſelf to entreaties, that he would moderate thoſe ſtarts of paſſion, which might betray him.

"This he promiſed me; and, to begin, when he ſaw the palanquin arrive, he was hurrying away, without letting down his veil, and in the gait of Noureddin. I had ſome trouble to ſtop him; and recal to his recollection, that he was Zulma.....

"In this manner, Signor, ſix months rolled away. Noureddin paſſed, always, at the palace, for Zulma, and Zulma, in his ſhop, for Noureddin, to every one. I ſold many diamonds to the ladies of the city, who came in crowds to ſee the young merchant; and returned, I fear, little ſatisfied. Though I endeavoured to aſſume the tone and manners of my brother, I was, undoubtedly, not ſo gallant as was expected: the fear of being diſcovered made me even reſiſt, rudely,

ſome advances; ſo that I acquired the name of the churliſh Noureddin.

"I likewiſe refuſed all invitation from other young jewel-merchants, to join with them, and form parties of pleaſure. Ever in my own habitation, my mind ſolely occupied with my brother and my friend, continually in fear of being detected, I ſhould have preferred ſeeing no one. However, the intereſt of my buſineſs, and my perfect ignorance, obliged me ſometimes to conſult my neighbours.

"An old merchant, named Haſſan, who had known my father, and for this reaſon wiſhed me well, often came to my ſhop, and helped me by his advice and knowledge. He called, one day, with a black richly dreſſed; but who appeared hideous to me, and would have terrified me had I been alone.

"Noureddin," ſaid he to me, "this is "a lucky day for you. The Signor

" Mahmoud, whom you ſee before you,
" is employed by the Emperor of China,
" to make an immenſe collection of
" jewels, which he intends for our young
" Princeſs. I have ſold him the greater
" part of mine; but, as they are not
" nearly ſufficient, and as you are well
" provided, I thought of bringing him
" to you. Shew us the fineſt that you
" have."

" You can form, Sire, no idea of my aſtoniſhment, on hearing him ſpeak of the Emperor of China, and his marriage with the young Princeſs. It was ſo great, that I had nearly fallen into a ſwoon. I recovered, however; but, fearful that my trembling voice might raiſe ſuſpicions, I roſe, without ſpeaking, and laid before the black my richeſt jewels. He praiſed them, and made a choice. Haſſan rated their prices; and the black, without diſputing them, drew from his girdle a long purſe, paid for them all in pieces of gold,

and went out with Haſſan, before I had uttered a word.

"As ſoon as they were gone, I lamented my not having the courage to ſpeak; and enquire, of this black, if the marriage would take place ſoon, or if the day were fixed. I reflected on the deſpair of Noureddin and Una, and bitterly repented my fatal compliance. If, at leaſt, I had been informed, I could, in my turn, have appriſed the young and imprudent couple.

"I was involved in theſe reflections, when I ſaw the black, who had given riſe to them, returning. He was at ſome diſtance; my firſt deſire was to be ſatisfied in theſe particulars. I roſe, therefore, and placed myſelf before my ſhop; intending to ſalute him as he paſſed, and to enquire of him what was ſo important for me to know. But, as ſoon as I ſaw him approach, involuntary terror ſeized

me; and I retired again, trembling, to the back of my ſhop. It increaſed, when I heard myſelf called. I raiſed my eyes, the terrible black was before me.

"Young merchant," ſaid he to me, in a tone milder than could have been expected from his frightful figure "what "is your name; I have forgot it?"

"My name is Noureddin," ſaid I, endeavouring to recover myſelf.

"Well, Noureddin," replied he, "your "fortune is made for ever! I did not "wiſh to ſpeak to you before your old "brother merchant; who, undoubtedly, "would have been jealous of your good "luck. Fix whatever price you will on "that ring of no value round your "finger, and I will purchaſe it of you."

"I am ſorry, Signor," ſaid I, "that "I am unable to comply with your "wiſhes. This ring is, to me, invalu-

" able. My dying father bequeathed it " to me; he ordered me to wear it all " my life; and I would rather periſh in " miſery than diſobey his commands."

" Silly youth!" replied the black, " your father undoubtedly did not ex- " pect that a fortune would be offered " you for this ring; if he had, he would, " on the contrary, have commanded " you to ſell it. What could he wiſh " for more?"

" Obedience to his will!" ſaid I to the black. " I repeat to you, that he has " forbade my ever parting with it, and " your entreaties are uſeleſs."

" He prayed, preſſed, perſecuted; all was in vain. The more he teſtified a wiſh to have my ring, the more decided was I on keeping it.

" I now recalled all that my father had ſaid reſpecting this ring; of his en-

deavours to obtain it; and of its virtue, which this black was moſt probably acquainted with; and I therefore refuſed him, in ſuch a manner as to leave him no hope of obtaining it.

"He then roſe; and told me, in a menacing tone, that I ſhould repent my obſtinacy. He was going away; when, being unwilling to loſe this opportunity of learning ſomething of the Emperor of China, I requeſted him to ſtop, and tell me if the marriage of our Princeſs and his Maſter was to take place ſoon?

"By what right do you aſk me that "queſtion, young man?" ſaid he to me, paſſionately; "may I not as well refuſe "anſwering you, as you have refuſed "me that ring? yield it up to me, and "you ſhall be informed of all you wiſh "to know."

"This promiſe was much more enticing than the treaſures that he had offered

me. I heſitated for a moment; looked at the ring; was, perhaps, about to give it to him: a ſentiment, however, ſtronger than curioſity, reſtrained me. But, expecting to obtain ſome intelligence, by leaving him a little to hope—"The ring "is not mine entirely," ſaid I to him; "it belongs, likewiſe, to my ſiſter. I "cannot, therefore, give it away, with-"out her conſent."

"Well! go, and conſult this ſiſter of "your's. I will wait here the while."

"I cannot: my ſiſter is at the palace, with the Princeſs. You ſee well," added I, careleſsly, "that if I conſented to give "you the ring, it would be rather to "oblige you, than to know your ſecret, "which I can learn when I pleaſe; the "Princeſs has nothing concealed from "my ſiſter."

"While I ſaid this, I raiſed my eyes to the black. His eyes were ſo piercing,

and his ſneer was ſo horrid, that I immediately dropped them; at the ſame time, bluſhing deeply. It now ſeemed but too obvious that he knew me, and was not the dupe of what I had told him.

"Farewell, then, obſtinate and handſome youth!" ſaid he, at length, to me; "conſult this ſiſter, from whom the Princeſs conceals nothing! I believe, nevertheleſs, I know more than ſhe does; "and, if you had wiſhed it, you might "have known it likewiſe. Ponder well on "what I have ſaid. In three days, I ſhall "return to know your deciſion: but learn, "that I am not eaſily impoſed on; and, "that I ſee more clearly than you think "for."

"He went out, and left me in the moſt dreadful perplexity; my eyes fixed on the ring, which I was turning on my finger, drawing it half off. I rejoiced, and repented, by turns, not having given it away: but I repented ſtill more, of

having ſpoken of my ſiſter.—There could not be a doubt, that I had betrayed myſelf: he had gueſſed all; and our ſecret, that ſecret on which our lives depended, was in the power of this man; of one irritated by my refuſals, and attached to the powerful rival of my brother. If, at leaſt, I had been able to conſult this brother, whoſe imprudence cauſed all my perplexity, to have appriſed him of what little I knew, it might have afforded ſome ſatisfaction; but he had made me ſwear that, under no pretence, would I ever go to the palace while he was there; and there were yet two days to intervene, before he would viſit me.—They appeared to me ages.

"The day on which he was to come, I poſted myſelf early at the door of my ſhop, that I might the ſooner ſee him arrive. Every palanquin that I beheld, appeared to me his; I roſe, I ran to meet them; but had only my agitation, and my walk, for my pains. It was not the court palanquin; it

was not the falſe Zulma, and the true one began to loſe all patience. The day thus paſſed away, without my ſeeing Noureddin; and fancy already repreſented him detected and deprived of life.

"I paſſed the night in dreadful agony of mind; reſolved, however, to go, at all hazards, to the palace, the next morning; and gain information of my brother, or rather of my ſiſter. The ſtreet of jewellers is in a very retired quarter of the city; our houſe was at the bottom of a court: notwithſtanding this, and my great anxiety, which tended to take off my attention from what was paſſing around, I thought, many times, in the courſe of this tedious night, that I heard an extraordinary tumult in the city. At the dawn of day, it increaſed; and I was about to riſe, to learn the cauſe of it, when I beheld old Haſſan enter, pale and trembling.

"Noureddin," ſays he to me, "what

"are you doing here? you are, no doubt,
"ignorant of what is paſſing at the pa-
"lace, and of the misfortunes of our
"country!"

"The exceſs of my fear prevented me from anſwering him, and he continued—
"The Emperor of China, wearied by the
"long delays of the Sultan, in ſending
"him his daughter as a ſpouſe, has at laſt
"reſolved to come and demand her at
"the head of a formidable army. He
"has encamped ſome leagues from Ca-
"chemir; and, from thence, has ſent
"Mahmoud, that black whom you ſaw the
"other day, and who, they ſay, is a pow-
"erful magician, to claim what the Sul-
"tan had promiſed, and to give up his
"daughter into the hands of the ambaſ-
"ſador. Una, in deſpair, has thrown
"herſelf at the feet of her father, and has
"conjured him to break off a marriage
"which would for ever render her mi-
"ſerable. The Sultan could not reſiſt
"her tears; he has anſwered Mahmoud

"that his daughter ſhall never be his
"maſter's bride, and that he might return
"immediately. The Emperor, who was
"not ſuſpected to be ſo near, couſd ill
"bear ſuch an affront; his vengeance
"has been prompt and terrible. He
"arrived laſt night, with his army, at the
"gates of Cachemir; has met but with
"little reſiſtance; the palace is ſur-
"rounded; and, as I am informed, our
"Sultan has already paid, with his life,
"for this breach of promiſe."

"And Noureddin!" exclaimed I;
"great God! have you heard nothing
"of Noureddin?"

"What do you mean?" replied Haſſan,
aſtoniſhed: "Noureddin! your ſenſes,
"ſurely, are diſordered."

"This name recalled me to myſelf.

"Oh, yes! without doubt, they are,"

replied I. "It is of Zulma, of my ſiſter, that I wiſhed to ſpeak."

"Your ſiſter," anſwered the good and ſimple Haſſan, without ſuſpicion. "She "ſhares, no doubt, the ſorrows and dan- "gers of the Princeſs. Your duty, my "ſon, is to fly to their aſſiſtance, to "hazard all in defending them. I do not "conceal from you, that you run the "greateſt danger; but there are occaſions "on which our courage ſhould be our "only guide, it is your duty, Noureddin, "to be as a father to your ſiſter and the "unhappy Una. I could have wiſhed to "follow you, but my age forbids it; I "can only invoke, to your aſſiſtance, our "great prophet. Go, young man," ſaid he, placing in my hands a ſcimitar which hung on the walls; "take this weapon: "it will ſerve to defend your ſiſter; your "Princeſs; and to exterminate the ene- "mies of your country ....." Perceiving that I trembled while I took it ..... "What do I ſee!" ſaid he, with indig-

nation. "Does the ſon of Abdoul tremble "at the ſight of danger."

"No," replied I, to him, endeavouring "to conceal my weakneſs, "the fate of "Zulma and Una are united with mine, "and I am going to periſh with them."

"I left him, and took the way that led to the palace, through a people poſſeſſed with fear, who filled the air with their piercing cries, and redoubled the terrors I felt. "Ah!" thought I, then, with regret, "why did I not give away that "ring, which has never been of uſe to "me! I ſhould have thus learned the "ſchemes of the Emperor; and Una, "with Noureddin, would now, probably, "have been in ſafety." At the ſame inſtant, the black himſelf appeared before me. It was at the corner of a ſtreet through which there was no one paſſing. I ſhuddered at ſeeing him, and expected that he would now require an anſwer.

He did, indeed, accoſt me; but how great was my fear and aſtoniſhment, when he ſaid to me, taking me by the arm—"Where are you going, lovely Zulma, in "this warlike guiſe? Can this weak "hand wield a ſcimetar, as well as it has "been able to defend its ring?"

"Surpriſed, and confounded, my eyes were fixed on the ground, and the weapon dropped from my trembling hand.

"Zulma, Zulma!" continued the black; "I have already told you, that you can- "not deceive me. It is in your power "to eſcape misfortune, to ſave your bro- "ther and the Princeſs: you can do "theſe things yet."

"Great God! Well, what muſt I do?" exclaimed I, falling on my knees before him.

"Give me, inſtantly, that ring which I "wish for; but, give me of your own good "will. I have already told you, that

"you may name whatever price you "pleaſe for it."

"The ring was already off my hand.

"Oh, here, here it is!" ſaid I, preſenting it to him: "ſave Una, Noureddin, and Zulma; unite us together again, in ſome retired ſpot of the world; I aſk of thee no more!"

"He ſeized the ring with tranſport— "I, then, have found thee again, at laſt," exclaimed he, "thou much regretted "ring! ..... Thou haſt long repoſed, "ſlave of the ring, but I will inſtantly ſet "thee to work.—I will begin with thee, "ſimple and credulous girl; with thee, "whoſe culpable compliance for a bro- "ther, has raviſhed the Princeſs from "my maſter, who haſt not been able to "employ the treaſure thou poſſeſſed, and "which thy father, Abdoul, took from "me." Then, breathing on me, and pronouncing ſome myſterious words—"Be-

"come an aſs," ſaid he to me, "and re-
"main an aſs as long as Mahmoud
"pleaſes." Scarcely were theſe words pronounced, when I became ſuch as you have juſt beheld me, and to which you will ſee me return as ſoon as day appears, or when I take off this ribbon. I wiſhed to ſpeak to the perfidious black, but could only utter the rough and diſcordant tones of the animal whoſe form I had taken. In ſhort, I ſoon perceived that there remained, to me, nothing of humanity, though all the art of enchanters can have no power over the ſoul. But this faculty only added to my deſpair, by recalling to my remembrance what I had been, and the misfortunes which muſt attend the two cheriſhed objects of my heart; for I could not doubt, that the traitor Mahmoud would exert, on Noureddin, a vengeance as cruel as that of which I was the victim, and I had no longer power to prevent it. Too well convinced of the truth of what my father had ſaid, I now thought of the ribbon which was ſtill left to us: it was at

the palace; and, perhaps, might yet ſecure Noureddin from the enchantments of Mahmoud. It was, however, but a forlorn hope! Noureddin, and his tender Una, were too much occupied with each other, too much abſorbed in love, and had lived for ſix months in too great a forgetfulneſs of all the world, to ſuppoſe that they would think of this ribbon, of which I had never even ſpoken to the Princeſs.

"While I was making theſe reflections, the black had diſappeared, abandoning me to my ſad fate. In quitting me, he had added to his cruelty, by bitter raillery—"Farewel, lovely Zulma!" ſaid he to me; "you are, at once, better concealed than "under the dreſs of Noureddin. I am "now going to procure him ſome ſimilar "diſguiſe. Do you not think, that you "are under great obligations to me?"

"When he had departed, I thought, indeed, I might approach the palace, with-

out danger, and obſerve what was paſſing. The ſhouts, the tumult of battle, reached even to me. Camels and horſes, abandoned to themſelves, filled the ſtreets; no attention was paid to a poor aſs; and thus I arrived very near to the door of the palace. Great God! what was my emotion, at ſeeing Noureddin, the brave Noureddin, defend alone the entrance, with a valour which ſeemed to raiſe him above human nature! His long hair, which he had left to grow ſince he paſſed for me, floating on his ſhoulders, ſhading his fine forehead, and now almoſt ſtanding erect through the fury which animated him, added to his martial appearance; it might have been thought, that we beheld the angel of battles before us. He was ſurrounded by the dead, and the dying; which formed around him a ſort of entrenchment. The troops of the Emperor no longer dared to approach him. I ſaw, expreſſed on their faces, the terror with which their dreaded enemy had inſpired them.

"It is a lion!" ſaid they all, retreating.

"Yes, without doubt, he is a lion!" exclaimed the perfidious black, appearing ſuddenly amidſt them. "Look, ſoldiers! you are about to behold the traitor under his true form?" He then advanced fiercely towards Noureddin.

"My brother was going to cut him down, and might thus have ſacrificed him before he had time to perform his conjuration: when, perceiving him to be without arms, he deſiſted; ſaying—"I "never ſtrike an unarmed enemy. Take "a ſcimetar, and I will fight thee."

"I do not need one!" replied Mahmoud, "and I will preſently prove it to you!" Then, raiſing his voice, and ſuddenly breathing on him, after having placed the ring in his mouth—"Become a lion," ſaid he to him: "you have already the "courage and nobleneſs of that animal; "but both theſe qualities will be uſeleſs "to thee, and thou wilt die in ſlavery."

" Inſtantly, Sire, I beheld the handſome Noureddin change his form; fall down on four enormous feet; his fine hair become a mane; and his eyes ſtill preſerve the fire with which they were animated. He was about to ſpring on Mahmoud, and devour him: the ring, however, ſecured him; he puſhed him back, ſmiling at his vain fury; and cauſed him immediately to be chained, and conducted to an immenſe den reſerved for lions, ſimilar to your's.

" From the inſtant I had ſeen the wicked black approach my brother, I had never ceaſed braying. The noiſe I made, however, was loſt in the tumult that ſurrounded me. As ſoon as I perceived that the misfortune which I dreaded had befallen my brother, I was ſilent; and now thought, only, of learning what they would do with my dear Noureddin. I followed him, at a ſhort diſtance, that I might not be remarked: if he had noticed me, I would have endeavoured, by ſome

ns, to make him comprehend that I was
ſiſter; but, entirely abſorbed in his
y, he turned not his head to where I
s. He foamed at the mouth; gnawed
chain; laſhed his ſides with his tail;
l, while his ardent looks turned to-
rds the palace, his repeated roarings
ly demonſtrated to me, that he had left
re the object of his love.

'I thought now, that I ſhould be of
re ſervice to him, in learning what was
ome of the Princeſs, than in perſiſting
follow her unhappy huſband, with the
n endeavour of being recognized.
ting, therefore, by the way, a few this-
s, to ſatisfy the cravings of nature, I
urned to wander about the palace.
l there was now quiet. The death of
Sultan, and eſpecially the metamor-
ſis of Noureddin, had put a ſtop to
carnage: all the wretched inhabitants
a chemir ſurrendered themſelves to the
eror of China. He took poſſeſſion

of the city, the palace, the treaſures of the Sultan, and even of the poor Zulma; for the ſlaves who had charge of the elephants, having found me in the ſtreet, and no one having claimed me, they took and lodged me in one of the ſtables of that palace where, once the friend and ſiſter of a Princeſs, I had occupied the moſt ſuperb apartments.

"My chief deſire being to learn ſomething of the unhappy Una, I liſtened attentively to all that was ſaid in the ſtable, by the elephant drivers, and the ſlaves who looked after us, every morning. The events, which had compelled them to change their maſters, were too important not to become the ſubject of their diſcourſe. My hopes, therefore, were by no means diſappointed. I learned that the Princeſs ſtill exiſted; but in a ſtate of indiſpoſition, and languor, which left little hope of reſtoring to her a life which ſhe appeared to deteſt, ſince ſhe had loſt all which rendered it valuable.

The Emperor treated her with the reſpect due to her rank, and ſpared no means which might reſtore her to health. They ſeemed convinced, that he only waited for her recovery, to marry her: and, though pleaſed with the idea of ſeeing their Princeſs again aſcend a throne, they nevertheleſs excuſed her repugnance in uniting herſelf to the murderer of her father. They likewiſe ſpoke, ſometimes, of Noureddin; but without knowing him, except by the exploits which he performed on the day of the conqueſt of Cachemir. It appeared, that they had never ſuſpected his diſguiſe. I ſuppoſed, at the time, and I have ſince thought, that ſeeing the palace inveſted, the Sultan killed, and the Princeſs on the point of falling into the power of his rival, he had vainly hoped, that love would perform a miracle in his favour; and, that he alone could defend her. He had ruſhed out of the harem, like lightning, overturning, and ſlaying all whom he met in his paſſage. On obſerving his aſtoniſhing and almoſt

ſupernatural courage, his youth, his beauty, his fine long hair, they had generally taken him for a genius, who had come to the aſſiſtance of the unhappy king of Cachemir; and they did not doubt that he would have ſucceeded alone, in repelling the troops of the Emperor, if he had not fallen under the enchantments of Mahmoud, whoſe power was ſuperior to his. I learned, alſo, with pleaſure, that this black was no longer at Cachemir. Satisfied with having revenged himſelf on the children of Abdoul, he had ſet out on ſome new enterpriſe; the ſucceſs of which, the poſſeſſion of the ring no doubt ſecured. They ſpoke, likewiſe, of the poor Zulma: Una, more unhappy than myſelf, could not learn what was become of me; ſhe ſent every day to the aged Haſſan, to know if he had heard any thing of Noureddin and Zulma: a purſe of gold was promiſed, by her, to any one who could inform her where we were. The ſlaves mightily wiſhed to have gained this ſum: I heard one of

them, who at that moment was arranging my crib, ſay to his comrade—"Why can-
"not I lay hold of this Zulma, as I now
"do of this aſs? I ſwear to you, Iolof,
"that I ſhould take more pleaſure in
"leading her to the Princeſs, than in
"poſſeſſing the ſum which ſhe promiſes
"for a reward!"—Alas! I would have ſpoken to him; but I could only bray: and this I did in ſo lamentable a manner, that the ſlave ſtruck me; ſaying—"Hold
"your tongue, you vile beaſt, you can-
"not tell me where Zulma and Nou-
"reddin are!" I was ſilent; and, notwithſtanding his unkind treatment, licked his hand, in acknowledgment of his attachment to Una. He ſeemed affected with this; and, from that moment, took me into friendſhip: my crib and my litter were provided firſt; I was curried with more care ..... beſides, all vanity aſide, you may have remarked, Signor, that, for an aſs, I had a diſtinguiſhed figure: the length of my ears; my tail ſmooth as glaſs; agreeably mottled; my black

noſe, and my four white feet; rendered me, in truth, one of the handſomeſt beaſts of my kind. I heard them frequently remark theſe circumſtances, around me; they looked on me with admiration: but, I proteſt, Signor, that I never felt vain on theſe accounts. However, I was pleaſed at the circumſtance: becauſe ſomething told my heart, that ſuch diſtinction might not be uſeleſs; and you will ſoon find, that this foreboding of mine did not deceive me.

"One day, Signor, while I ſtood tied to my crib and, liſtening, as uſual, to the diſcourſe around me, I heard the ſlave, who had taken me under his protection, ſay to ſome ſtranger—"Yes, Signor, I "am going to ſhew you the very pearl of "aſſes! I am perſuaded that ſhe is as "ſagacious as ſhe is handſome, and of "this you ſhall be preſently convinced." Saying this, he conducted the ſtranger to where I was; let me looſe, by his order; and made me pace round the ſtable. Ig-

norant to whom I was about to belong; and whether my fate would not be leſs pleaſant than in this ſtable, where I had nothing to do but to eat and liſten; dreading, beſides, more than death, being carried to ſome diſtant ſpot, where I could gain no intelligence, or perhaps even forced to leave Cachemir—I had, at firſt, an idea of appearing reſtive, that I might prejudice againſt me him to whom they were deſirous of recommending me..... Good Heavens, of what a pleaſure was I about to deprive myſelf! I was juſt going to take a jerk, when my guide added—"Look, Signor, if that is "not a fit ſaddle beaſt for a Princeſs, "and one which will do honour to your "choice. For my part, I ſhall very much "rejoice at our good Princeſs Una poſ"ſeſſing ſuch a noble beaſt."—I could hardly believe what I heard; and, in the joyful idea of again beholding Una, of belonging to her, I could not forbear a cry and a leap for joy, which might have been of ſome diſadvantage to me,

if the good ſlave had not thought of interpreting them in my favour. "Ob-
"ſerve her intelligence, Signor Boſtangi;
"does ſhe not ſeem to know the honour
"which is deſigned for her?" I now ſet off, at firſt in a walk, then a trot, laſtly a gallop, always in a circular direction; like a horſe ſhewing his paces at the riding ſchool. I then ſtopped, and crouched down at the feet of the Boſtangi, in token of obedience. He was truly enchanted with me; praiſed the ſlave for having ſo well trained me—though, indeed, he had taken but little pains that way: but I heard, with pleaſure, that he was promiſed a reward, if the Princeſs were pleaſed with me; and I was well aſſured that I ſhould gain it him. It was agreed, that I ſhould be got ready by the next morning; and that I was to be adorned with the richeſt cloathing which the Emperor had in his ſtables. That, in which you juſt now beheld me dreſſed, was choſen; and, while fixing it on, I heard my kind ſlave relate to his comrades, that

the Princeſs Una, finding herſelf a little better, the phyſicians had ordered her to exerciſe herſelf an hour every day, by riding an aſs, in the gardens of the palace. On hearing this, the Emperor inſtantly ſent the Boſtangi to his ſtables, and the choice had fallen on me. All agreed that I deſerved it; and that I looked extremely well in my new ornaments.

"At laſt, the moment ſo much deſired arrived. One of the eunuchs of the Princeſs came for me, and brought me before the door of her apartments, which looked into the gardens. I trembled with emotion and impatience. The door opened; and I beheld my ſiſter, my friend, the bride of my dear Noureddin, leaning on the arm of one of her women. It was no longer the freſh and blooming Una, who carried the palm from all the beauties of the earth: her cheeks were pale, her large blue eyes were without luſtre; but how infinitely lovely and affecting did ſhe appear, depreſſed as ſhe

was by illneſs, deſpiſing every ornament, ſince ſhe had loſt her father and her huſband; ſhe was, as you have juſt beheld her, enveloped in a long linen robe. Her fine hair fell careleſsly on her ſhoulders; but, with ſome ſurpriſe, I obſerved that it was bound above with that ribbon, the loſs of which I had dreaded ſo much.

"I then ſuppoſed that ſhe did not ſuſpect it's virtue; and, that ſhe wore it only in remembrance of her Zulma. I have learned ſince, that it was in remembrance of Noureddin. He had found this ribbon among my cloaths; and, recollecting it for that which belonged to the ring—recalling, likewiſe, the laſt words of my father—he bound it round the beautiful hair of his Una, when he was departing to defend her; making her promiſe, that ſhe would conſtantly wear it: for this reaſon, ſhe had not ſince removed it from her head.

The exceſs of my emotion had cauſed
to fall on my knees, at the moment I
eld the Princeſs. She ſuppoſed I did
, that ſhe might mount more eaſily on
back; and, patting me with her hand—
'his aſs," ſaid ſhe, "is nicely capa-
iſoned, and her figure pleaſes me
uch!" The touching ſound of her
et voice penetrated to my heart. I
l down my head; and licked her ivory
, which repoſed on her ſandals: and,
n ſhe had ſeated herſelf, happy in
ring this dear and precious burden,
ontributing to reſtore her to health, I
off with a light and eaſy ſtep. With-
giving her the trouble to guide me,
arried her through the moſt ſhady
ks; halted under the cinnamon trees,
citron bowers, that ſhe might inhale
ir ſweet odours; and gently ſtooped
ore flowering roſes and jeſſamines,
t ſhe might gather them. In ſhort, I
dered myſelf ſo agreeable to the Prin-
s, that ſhe exclaimed, careſſing me—
Amiable beaſt, with you I enjoy the

"firſt moments of pleaſure that I have "tafted for a long time.—Oh, Noureddin!" added ſhe, ſhedding tears; "you once "conducted me through theſe flowery ar- "bours, and I have breathed their delight- "ful fragrance with you!" At the name of Noureddin, and the tears of Una, I turned my head towards her, ſighing deeply; ſhe obſerved that my eyes were likewiſe filled with tears.—"Truly," continued ſhe, "one would think that "this aſs comprehends me; and, that ſhe "is ſenſible of my ſorrows." I nodded my head in token of the affirmative: but, ſhe either did not notice the action, or did not comprehend it; for, ſhe ſaid no more. She preſently after diſmounted; and told her eunuch to take the greateſt care of me, and to bring me at the ſame hour the next day. Before ſhe left me, ſhe gathered a handful of ſweet herbs; and, preſenting them to me with her fair hand—"Here," ſaid ſhe to me, "be- "loved beaſt, you have done me good, "and I ought to reward you!"

"I devoured with eagerneſs, what ſhe preſented to me, endeavouring to expreſs my feelings by my looks. Before I quitted her I kneeled down, and again licked her feet.

"The next morning, I teſtified, at the ſtable, as well as I could, my deſire to return where I had been the day before; and, when the eunuch came for me, I ſet off in a gallop, and was firſt at the garden gate, which I repeatedly kicked with impatience. As ſoon as it was opened, I flew through the garden, ſwift as lightning. I was preſently under the windows of the Princeſs; and called her, by cries ſo loud and repeated, that I made all the ſlaves laugh heartily. Una, notwithſtanding her grief, could ſcarcely forbear ſmiling, when they deſcribed my impatience to ſee her again. She might, indeed, have gueſſed it, by the manner in which I went round her, licking her cloaths, and leaping for joy. "You love me then, good beaſt," ſaid ſhe

to me, patting me ſoftly on the n
" I owe you my thanks for your a
" tion; it is ſo pleaſing to be loved,
" ſo wretched not to be ſo."

" A thought now ſeemed to ſtrike
fancy: ſhe was ſilent for a moment;
then, turning to the eunuch, ſhe enq
if I had a name, as it was cuſtoma
give one to the beauts belonging t
Sultan. He anſwered that, as yet,
none, having been but a ſhort time i
ſtables of the palace. " Well!" ſaid
in the tendereſt tone, " then I wish h
" be called Zulma: I cannot bear
" prais how much I love her. No,
" ma would not be offended at it!
" ſhe is ſo can feel affection, ſhe is w
" of bearing that cherished name—
" my good Zulma, but ſee, there
" bend from my neck. " What claims
" beauty has I cannot give thee
" that name will be dear
" ſweet ....

"From the moment ſhe had pronounced it, rivers of tears flowed from my eyes; I ſighed deeply, at having no means to expreſs what I felt: my deſire to ſpeak was ſo great, that I repeatedly attempted it; but I could merely form the rough tones of an aſs, and my braying was the only thing about me that the Princeſs ſeemed unable to bear. It affected her delicate nerves: ſhe, therefore, placed her charming hand on my mouth; ſaying to me—"Hold your noiſe, good Zulma. "Ah! if I had been able to give you, "with that name, the ſweet voice of her "who bore it, what pleaſure ſhould I "take in hearing you!" I was inſtantly ſilent; but never, till then, did I experience how ſweet is the gift of ſpeech, or how dreadful it is to be unable to expreſs the feelings with which one's heart is overflowing. I ſucceeded, however, in making myſelf comprehended, on a point very eſſential to my happineſs. When, after a journey longer and more agreeable even

than the day before, I was going to be taken back to the ſtable, I ſighed ſo plaintively; I clung, with ſuch vigour, to the ſide of Una; I looked on her with ſuch tenderneſs and expreſſion: ſhe clearly comprehended, that I did not wiſh to be ſeparated from her. "You then are unwilling to leave me, good Zulma? Ah! you are much in the right, we ought never to part with thoſe we love." She then gave orders to place me in a room belonging to the baths, which opened into the gardens and communicated with her apartment. She deigned even to ſee, herſelf, that I wanted nothing: ſhe cauſed my litter to be prepared, and my crib was filled in her preſence. When quitting me, ſhe gave me a kiſs on the forehead; ſaying—"Farewell, Zulma, till to-morrow."

"Oh! how can I deſcribe what I felt. It was thus that the tender Una ſeparated in the evening from her Zulma, during the felicitous times when they lived together,

thought together, and could communicate their thoughts to each other. Alas! more happy than Una, even in my change, I at leaſt knew that I was with her, I enjoyed her friendſhip, her kindneſs, but Una could only feel regret: her heart alone informed her, that I was indeed her Zulma, the idea had never preſented itſelf to her imagination. She, at length, began to paſs moſt of her time with me: ſhe remained for whole days, in the garden, in my company; and, though doubtful whether I could underſtand her, and well aſſured that I could not anſwer her, ſhe nevertheleſs found a kind of pleaſure in ſpeaking to me of her ſorrows, and the object of her love: it was only ſpeaking of him; and, at leaſt, I could not betray her. But how much did I ſuffer, in having no means of conſoling and aſſuring her; when I heard her expreſs doubts of our exiſtence, and ſometimes even of our attachment. "Ah!" would ſhe then ſay, "if Noureddin, if Zulma ſtill exiſted,

" or if I was yet beloved by them, would
" they not contrive ſome means to ſee
" me, or let me hear of them, love and
" friendſhip render us ſo ingenious?"

" You may gueſs, Signor, how my heart was wrung with her ſoft complaints. It appeared to me that, indeed, I deſerved her reproaches; and that I ought to have contrived ſome method of informing Una of our deſtiny, and of adminiſtering ſome conſolation to the unhappy Noureddin. I accuſed myſelf of negligence; forgetting, how few means my change of form left in my power. I had, for example, firſt thought of tracing words on the ground with my foot, and had often attempted it; but, excluſive of the hoof of an aſs being aukwardly conſtructed for ſuch a purpoſe, this method became abſolutely impracticable in the gardens of the palace of Cachemir, the walks of which, inſtead of being gravelled, like gardens in general, are covered with little ſtones of different colours, artfully

arranged in Moſaic. I was, therefore, conſtrained to relinquiſh this plan; but, by intenſe reflection on the ſubject, another idea ſtruck me, which promiſed better ſucceſs.

"Before I attempted it, I wiſhed to be aſſured that Noureddin was ſtill in the den of the lions, which was ſituated at the end of the immenſe gardens of the ſeraglio. Their roarings often reached us; and they made me tremble with emotion, and the Princeſs with terror. More than once, I had galloped up to the thick paliſade, which ſeparated us from them; but even the eye could not pierce it: it was partly formed and ornamented with the impenetrable foliage which bordered the edge of the den. I thought however that, by continually browſing it, I might, in time, make an aperture large enough to enable me to ſee my poor brother. I, therefore, undertook it with ardour; and as, while the

Princeſs dined, they let me wander where I pleaſed, according to her orders, I went immediately to take my meal at the paliſade, which I would very willingly, if poſſible, have devoured whole. As ſoon as I had made a hole large enough to paſs my head through, I advanced mine as far as poſſible, and looked eagerly into the den. Alas! I ſoon diſcovered, and recollected, the unfortunate Noureddin, by his fine mane, which almoſt reached the ground; and ſtill more by the fierce, noble, and profoundly ſad air, which diſtinguiſhed him. The other lions, beſides, were walking afar off in the ditch, or ſleeping in their retreats. Noureddin, alone, couched at the foot of a palm tree, which ſtood by the gardens, turned not once from them his ardent regards. I could not forbear braying, in the ſofteſt accent poſſible: Noureddin raiſed his eyes, but recollected not the voice of Zulma, and diſdained to anſwer me... However, I ſaw him riſe, incited by curioſity, and look intenſely at the aperture that I had made;

only, perhaps, becauſe nothing which paſſed on the ſide of the gardens could be indifferent to him. This was ſufficient to redouble my perſeverance; and I ſet to the work with ſuch induſtry that, by conſtantly devouring the leaves, and breaking the branches with my teeth, I was at laſt enabled to paſs entirely through the paliſade. I now clearly ſaw, that this would be a ſource of pleaſure to my brother. He could, at leaſt, look into the garden; and, from that moment, a ray of hope penetrated my heart. He ſeemed to thank me, by his ſoftened voice and look, and gently laſhing his ſides with his tail. I endeavoured, on my ſide, to make him comprehend that I would not ſtop here. I turned my head towards the palace, and began to bray; attempting to pronounce the name of Una. This kind of communication, imperfect as it was, with a brother ſo tenderly beloved, and the idea of affording ſome conſolation to his ſorrows, inſpired my heart with the pur-

eſt pleaſure. Ah! if I had only been able to make him ſhare it; to have exclaimed—"I am your ſiſter, your Zulma, and will "be the means of your ſeeing the be-"loved Una!"

"This laſt idea moſt forcibly ſtruck my fancy. I went in ſearch of her, on a full gallop, thinking only of re-uniting them.

"I met Una in the walks, who was looking for me: I preſented to her my back, and made a ſign to place herſelf on it. My impatience diſcovered itſelf in my eyes, in all my motions. Una ſmiled at obſerving it; and ſaid, while ſhe careſſed me—"What is the matter, good "Zulma? what do you want? would not "any one ſay, that you know where my "Noureddin is, and that you were de-"ſirous of conducting me to him?"

"This pleaſing idea exalted her imagination, and renewed her grief: ſhe

ſhed a few tears; then, raiſing her enchanting voice, ſhe ſung extemporaneously, after her uſual manner—

Kind Zulma, ſince my cruel fate
Thou ſeemeſt to commiſerate;
Convey me, freely, where inclin'd:
And, oh! if poſſible, Noureddin find.

Where'er, Noureddin breathes, I'd fly!—
O Love! to guide me thither, deign:
Let me behold him, and then die!—
Love knows too much . . . . and I muſt not complain.
Kind Zulma, &c.

Yet, dying, would I, o'er and o'er,
To the dear object of affection ſay—
"For thee I live, whom I adore;
And, without thee, Noureddin, hate the day!"
Kind Zulma, &c.

"At theſe accents, with which Love, doubtleſs, had inſpired her, and which he had rendered ſo affecting, I could no longer reſtrain myſelf; and, without thinking of the terror which I was

about to cauſe her, I ſet off, as ſwift as poſſible, towards the den. Una, abſorbed in thought, let me go where I would. I arrived at the breach I had formed; I paſſed through it: ſhe raiſed her eyes, and beheld herſelf, with terror and ſurpriſe, at the edge of the den in which were the lions. He, whom I came to ſeek, was no longer there. I brayed with all my might..... he arrives, on hearing my cries: he looks ..... Great God! I think, I ſtill hear the terrible roarings with which he made the air reſound. I ſee him ſtill coming forward, as if he wiſhed to throw himſelf on Una; who, trembling, diſmayed, vainly endeavoured to make me turn back: and, at laſt, threw herſelf off, and fled into the garden, uttering loud ſhrieks. Alas! ſhe little thought that ſhe was flying from her Noureddin; that beloved and ſo much regretted huſband. We wiſhed, both of us, to recal her; but, inſtead of pronouncing "Una, dear Una!" we could only utter, each after our kind, frightful cries, which

increaſed her terror, and the ſpeed of her flight. I beheld my unhappy brother, as ſoon as he had loſt ſight of the well-beloved of his heart, again fall into the horrid gloom of deſpair. For me, Signor, embarraſſed at the ill ſucceſs of my imprudent ſcheme, I deeply repented my not having informed Una of my fate. It was a fault, indeed, which my being an aſs can alone excuſe. As I could not too ſoon repair it, ſince I had found the means; I haſtened, on my return to the palace, to begin what I had contrived. I met the Princeſs, ſtill much alarmed, who ſcolded me for having expoſed her to ſuch danger ..... "It is not," ſaid ſhe, "that I fear death; without Noureddin "and Zulma, life is only a burden to me; "but I would die by my griefs, and not "by the murderous jaws of a wild beaſt: "and yourſelf, ſilly animal, you would "not have been ſpared! What a ſuperb "and terrible lion he was! His very "looks ſeemed already to devour me!

"He wiſhed to have eſcaped from the "den..... I wonder, too," added ſhe, "who has broken the paliſade! It ſhall, "however, be replaced by a thick wall, "which will ſeparate us more ſecurely "from ſuch a dangerous neighbour-"hood."

"Well aſſured ſhe would change her tone, I let her go on, and ſet to work.

"There had been aſſigned to me, for my gambols and my food, a large piece of paſture ground, which extended the whole length of the apartments of the Princeſs. It was there that dear friend, whoſe heart already acknowledged me, amuſed herſelf in ſeeing me feed and ſport about. I undertook to browſe the graſs in form of letters; it required all the zeal of a friend, and the dull patience of an aſs, to ſucceed in ſuch an attempt. I, therefore, grazed it cloſe to the ground; imitating, with my teeth and tongue, the ſhape of the letters which I wiſhed to

form. Una, fatigued with her fright, was about retiring to her apartments: before her departure, however, ſhe noticed me. I was feeding on the herbage of my turf, with an eagerneſs which ſtruck her—"You ſeem very hungry, good Zulma," ſaid ſhe, to me, "eat, amuſe yourſelf: "you are not, like me, deprived of all "the objects deareſt to your heart." She ſighed, and left me.

"I continued my work with ardour; at laſt, after many hours, I ſucceeded in tracing, very diſtinctly, theſe words in the middle of my turf—

Una! the lot of thoſe you love, here ſee:—
Noureddin is a lion; Zulma, me.

"I removed a few ſteps, to judge of e effect of my labour; it was perfect, d left me nothing to fear. "For once," d I to myſelf, "Una will have no reaſon o complain, that friendſhip has not ren- ered me ingenious."

"Proud of my ſucceſs, impatient to reſtore to my Una both her lover and her friend, I called her repeatedly and loudly. At hearing this noiſe, ſhe opened her caſement; I did not leave off braying, and ſtriking the ground with my foot. She came out: I went before her, led her by her robe, and conducted her near my work. She obſerved it, read, and exclaimed—"Oh, powerful Alla! Zulma, "Noureddin, can it be true?" ..... I obſerved her feet bend under her, and ſhe preſently fell ſenſeleſs on the turf ..... I could neither raiſe her, nor give her aſſiſtance, I could only bedew her with my tears. She, at laſt, recovered; and, looking around her, threw her fair arms about my neck—"Ah, Zulma, Zulma!" ſaid ſhe; "my ſiſter, my friend; with re-"gard to you, my heart has never de-"ceived me—But Noureddin, can that "be poſſible? ..... Alas, yes! I doubt "it not. I miſtook, for terror, the emo-"tion which ſeized me in ſight of him .... "..... Oh! Noureddin, dear Noureddin;

" ſince, at length, I find thee again, it " matters little under what form!"

"Then, ſwifter than lightning, and love inſpiring her with ſtrength, I beheld her fly towards the den; I followed, and found her already leaning on the edge, calling to her dear Noureddin.

" I had been employed a long time in forming thoſe words; it was now, therefore, almoſt dark, and the lions had retired to their cells: Noureddin, alone, was ſtill wandering in the den, reflecting grievouſly on the terror which he had occaſioned his Una. However, he conſidered himſelf a ſtep nearer happineſs, by having ſeen her, and derived from it ſome conſolation. He thought, likewiſe, of that intelligent and ſerviceable aſs; who might, perhaps, be his Zulma. His own change of form, rendered mine not improbable; and he now hardly doubted that, like him, I was the victim of the cruel enchanter: but he had ſpared Una,

ſhe ſtill exiſted in all her charms ..... Ah! yes, without doubt, ſhe exiſts; ſhe knows him, is ſearching for him, calls him: he hears that ſweet voice repeat the name of Noureddin; he runs, it is her, it is Una, who no longer flies from him; and who, with arms extended, her body leaning forwards, ſeems ready to throw herſelf in the den, to join again her huſband. I held her forcibly, by her robe, with my teeth; fearing much, for her ſake, the other lions, who were truly ſuch, or the arrival of the keepers.

"Noureddin endeavoured, by many ſigns, to expreſs to her the exceſs of his joy, and his wiſhes for her to ſtay. She comprehended him at laſt, and ſat down on the edge of the den. She wiſhed, at leaſt, to ſpeak to him; but, too remote to be heard without calling loudly, ſhe had recourſe to writing. I ſee her riſe ſuddenly, gather ſome large leaves from the palm-tree which was planted at the bottom of the den, and the ſummit of which was

near the paſſage I had made out of the gardens.

"She takes a pencil, which ſhe uſually carried about her, and which had ſerved to trace her tender complaints, and the expreſſion of her ſorrows; it now conduces to a more pleaſing purpoſe. She traces, on the leaves ſhe has gathered, the feelings of her joy and happineſs. She makes a packet of them, and wiſhes to throw it to Noureddin; but, fearing that the winds might diſperſe them, ſhe incloſes them, and ties them with the precious ribbon which encircled her head, and formed her ſecurity.

"I ſaw her detach it, with dread, and vainly endeavoured to prevent the action: at that moment, Noureddin alone reigned in her mind.

"The packet is tied; ſhe throws it down, and it falls at the feet of my brother. He ſeizes it; unties it expeditiouſly

with his teeth and claws; he kiſſes, with rapture, the ribbon which he has juſt ſeen adorn the beautiful hair of Una. He no longer recollects it for that of our father; but it is enough, that it had belonged to Una, that it was preſented by Una, to become dear to him, and to be preſerved as a precious gift; he therefore began, by placing it on his mane, before he even attempted to read what was written on the palm leaves.

"You have lately ſeen, Sire, the effect that the ribbon tied to my neck has produced on me; it had no ſooner touched that of Noureddin, than the enchantment ceaſed, and he reſumed his natural form. I ſhall not ſpeak, Signor, of our raptures at this ſight, they are incapable of being deſcribed. How bitterly did I reflect on myſelf, for never having once thought that this ribbon might be the means of deſtroying enchantment! ..... or, rather, from that moment, I regarded both my own change, and this forgetfulneſs, as a

juſt puniſhment for my want of faith, and my inattention to the laſt proofs of my father's tenderneſs. But Heaven, no doubt, was appeaſed, ſince Noureddin was now reſtored to us.

"Una threw herſelf on her knees, her eyes and hands raiſed towards heaven: ſhe was offering up thanks for her happineſs; I was fretting, becauſe I could only bray; and Noureddin was endeavouring to get up to us. He preſently climbed to the top of the palm tree; and, from thence, ſpringing with violence, he fell at the feet of Una, and could juſt pronounce that loved name, ever preſent to his thoughts. He covers her hand with his kiſſes and tears; Una paſſionately embraces him, and he ſits down by her.

"How many things had they to ſay! and how much was their attention occupied, at firſt, with the poor Zulma! Una relates to Noureddin the ingenious means which I had uſed, to inform her of

our change; "and I doubt not," added ſhe, "that this ribbon will reſtore her, "likewiſe, to her natural form. Try it, "dear Noureddin: I long again to em- "brace the real Zulma; after which, "you will inform me of what I am at "preſent ignorant, the cauſe of your "being reduced to this ſtate."

"While ſhe thus ſpoke, ſhe was de- taching the ribbon from my brother's neck, and I was impatiently holding out mine.

"Alas! Signor, as ſhe removed it, the enchantment of the ring began to operate, and Noureddin again became a lion. We were thus convinced, by frequent trials, that we were not yet ſo happy as we had hoped; and, that the ribbon only re- ſtored the natural form to the perſon who wore it. I could not, I confeſs, forbear ſhedding torrents of tears, on reflecting that I was for ever deprived of ſweet converſe with my brother, and that we

were condemned to remain beaſts by turns.

" I likewiſe well foreſaw, that mine would oftener recur: Una praiſed, ſo highly, my charming figure as an aſs; my ſuperior intelligence; which this form too, by contraſt, rendered more ſtriking; my patient looks! Indeed, I believe, this time, ſhe felt reconciled to my rough voice, which before was ſo diſpleaſing to her; ſhe was, on the contrary, ſo terrified at the lion's form, that I clearly foreſaw Noureddin would wear the ribbon more frequently than myſelf. Of this, however, I ſhould never have complained: I could not enjoy felicity, purchaſed at the expence of his. I was infinitely more happy at ſeeing Noureddin, than in being Zulma. I began, beſides, to perceive that it is a life pleaſant and eaſy enough, to be a beaſt; and, of my woman's eſtate, I only regretted the power of talking. But I poſſeſſed, at leaſt, that of hearing; and, I liſtened, with pleaſure, to Una

and Noureddin's arrangement of a plan for eloping this very night. They had found each other, and were desirous to be no more separated.

"Circumstances, besides, favoured them: the Emperor was not at Cachemir; a revolution in his kingdom of China, had obliged him to return thither. During his absence, the guard of the palace was much neglected. His friend Mahmoud, the possessor of the ring, assisted him in conquering the rebels. They were now, however, both on their return to Cachemir, and it was necessary to fly before their arrival.

"We agreed, therefore, on setting out immediately. Noureddin retained the lion's form, that he might force the door of the garden; and likewise, to intimidate those who would otherwise have stopped us. I was willing to remain an ass, that I might carry Una. She tied, with care, the precious ribbon around

her head, and could not ſuppreſs a ſigh, while caſting her laſt look on the palace: the peaceful ſeat of her happy infancy; where ſhe had been cheriſhed by a father, adored by her beloved Noureddin; where ſhe had paſſed ſo bright and pleaſant an exiſtence! But, a glance thrown on her noble guide, and her humble companion, conſoled her for what ſhe relinquiſhed to follow them.

" It was nearly midnight, when we had paſſed through the gates of Cachemir. We travelled for nearly twelve hours, without ſtopping; except to gather ſome fruit, which this climate produces in abundance, and which Noureddin brought to his Una: for my part, I found food every where.

" As ſoon as we had got into the open country, and were far enough from every habitation, my brother, envying me the pleaſure of bearing his Una, ſhe placed herſelf on him, and his fine mane, ſpread

under her, formed a cuſhion. I followed them, grazing the fine paſture a little by the way; and we thus travelled very agreeably, till the increaſing heat of the day obliged us to halt.

"The place, beſides, was inviting. We were in the midſt of the immenſe foreſts which ſurround, like a girdle, the beautiful kingdom of Cachemir; and now found ourſelves in a little plain, or rather glade, entirely inclofed by deep woods, and a range of rocks covered with moſs. Beneath one of theſe, we found an excavation, forming a kind of natural grotto, where we might be equally ſheltered from the burning heat, and from bad weather. Not far off, a rivulet of clear and tranſparent water formed itſelf into a caſcade; and, afterwards, meandered through the foreſts, beneath lemon and myrtle bowers: ancient palm trees, loaded with cocoas, roſe to the clouds. The date tree, the mangola, the anana, offered their delicious fruits; as well as

many other trees and ſhrubs, known only in the fertile kingdom of Cachemir.

"The Princeſs was enchanted with the ſituation. She ſat down at the foot of a cedar, on the ledge of a rock; and her firſt thought, her firſt deſire, was, as may be ſuppoſed, to ſee again, by the light of the day, thoſe loved features which ſhe had ſo long loſt ſight of, and which ſhe had lately contemplated only by the weak twilight of the ſtars.

"Several times, already, in the courſe of our journey, had ſhe wiſhed to paſs the ribbon round one of us. Noureddin, however, happy in bearing her, oppoſed it; and myſelf preferred travelling on four legs, and partaking of the delightful paſture: but, in this retreat, both of us equally impatient of the power of ſpeaking to the Princeſs, I felt ſome difficulty in yielding the choice to love; and, by ſigns, made them promiſe that I ſhould ſoon have my turn.

" Noureddin, trembling with delight, holds out his head; the ribbon is paſſed round——but, what aſtoniſhment! what deſpair!—it produces no effect, and Noureddin remains a lion!

" After many uſeleſs attempts, Una now ties it on me. It was all in vain; and, believing it had loſt its power, ſhe wept moſt bitterly.

" For my part, Signor, inſtead of lamenting, I endeavoured to recal to my mind, what my father ſaid to me when he delivered to me the ribbon; and which you have probably forgot, as we had done. "*It will be of ſome ſervice to you,* " *without the ring; but, it's effect is only* " *during the night.*"

" Theſe were his words; too long, indeed, effaced from my memory: it was now neceſſary to recal them to my brother, and I made uſe of the ſame means as I did in the garden of the palace. I browſed the graſs of the foreſt, while my

friends were grieving; and inſcribed, diſtinctly, theſe few words—

"A Lion, with the riſing ſun;
"Noureddin, when it's race is run."

"Una read, Una comprehended me, and hope again inſpired her heart. Noureddin, likewiſe, ſeemed to have underſtood the words of my father; for he laid down calmly, at the feet of Una, intenſely watching the ſun's decline.

"As ſoon as the darkneſs announced to us it's ſetting, Noureddin aroſe, and his ardent looks were fixed on the ribbon. Una was already untying it, with a trembling hand; and, on her lovely countenance, were expreſſed the fear and hope with which ſhe felt alternately agitated. Certain of ſucceſs, I was awaiting calmly behind her the pleaſure of again ſeeing my brother; and anticipated that of converſing, in my turn, with my friend. The

ribbon is placed on his mane; and inſtantly, Noureddin is at the feet of Una, who embraces him, tranſported with tenderneſs and joy!

"They, at laſt, converſe more calmly; and agree to remain, for ever, in this unknown and obſcure retreat, where the treacherous Mahmoud, and the Emperor, were not likely to come in ſearch of them. Una obſerved, juſtly, that our unhappy enchantment would prevent us from living together in any inhabited place; and the affectionate Una wiſhed no more to be ſeparated from her huſband and her friend. But I heard her bemoan the fate which was reſerved for me.

"Dear Zulma," ſaid ſhe, weeping, and falling on my neck, "your youth will "paſs away, then, in theſe woods: you "will remain concealed under that form, "ſo different to your charming figure; "and will not, like us, have love to "conſole you!"

"I ſhall have friendſhip, ſweet friend-
"ſhip; that will ſuffice my heart!" did I wiſh to reply—without conſidering that I could only bray. But, doubtleſs, ſentiment is true to it's expreſſion, in every language.

"Una ſeemed to comprehend me; embraced me more tenderly; and haſtened to take the ribbon, for a moment, from Noureddin, that I might confirm to her the idea that friendſhip alone would render me happy in this charming retreat. She then reſtored to Noureddin his form, that he might thank me for my compliance. Thus, all of us determined to remain where we were.

"We arranged our plans, and began our new mode of life. As ſoon as the day appeared, and the virtue of the ribbon ceaſed to act, Noureddin reſumed the form of a lion; ſet out for the chaſe; wandered far into the foreſts, in purſuit

of game; and did not return till the ſetting of the ſun.

"During his abſence, our time was not paſſed without pleaſure. I carried Una through the moſt delightful ſhades: we heard the various warblings of the birds; ſhe joined them with her own ſweet ſong; and traced, on the barks of trees, the charming verſes which ſhe with ſuch facility compoſed.

"By degrees, this part of the foreſt became, to Noureddin, the moſt intereſting of libraries; ſince he could read, on every tree, the expreſſion of Una's love, and feel the conſequent aſſurance of his happineſs.

"Frequently, alſo, ſitting on the border of a rivulet, would ſhe amuſe herſelf in weaving the cane, or flexible liana, and forming them into vaſes and baſkets of the moſt elegant ſhape. She

filled them with fruits, which I carried to the grotto; and ſometimes, with flowers, of which ſhe formed garlands, to decorate our ſimple habitation, and afford Noureddin an agreeable ſurpriſe.

"In ſhort, Signor, I ſhould never finiſh, if I related to you all the means which the ingenious and ſenſible Una made uſe of, to embelliſh our retreat and life, and never to permit wearineſs to approach us. We even ſucceeded ſo far, by regulating the varied modulations of my language, that we were enabled, in ſome degree, to converſe together.

"Thus, the day fled rapidly away: and, when evening arrived; when we heard, afar off, the roarings of Noureddin; when we ſaw him running towards us, his fine mane agitated by the wind; we flew to meet him. Una untied her ribbon; placed it by turns, on her huſband, on her friend: enjoyed the extatic pleaſure of beholding them; of hearing

them pronounce, how truly they loved, they eſteemed, her! and we, who reſumed, by turns, with our ſhape, the faculty of expreſſing our ſentiments, were not leſs happy than herſelf. On our return to the grotto, I left the ribbon entirely to Noureddin, and went to the moſſy rock; where, laying down, I enjoyed a ſweet and profound ſleep till the next morning.

"More than ſix months had thus fled away, without a ſingle ſorrow to diſturb the tranquillity of our life! Yes, Signor, in ſpite of the cruel Mahmoud, we were happy. Can there, indeed, be greater felicity, than that of living only for thoſe we love, with thoſe we love; to be ſure, when we awake in the morning, not to ſee a ſingle object indifferent or hateful to us; and to be able to contribute to the happineſs of the objects of our affection. It was, more particularly, this ſentiment, ſo ſoft, ſo flattering; that the tender gratitude of Noureddin and Una made me unceaſingly experience, which

rendered me nearly as happy as themſelves. Indeed, when my brother was obliged, by his wants as a lion, to go afar off, in ſearch of food, it muſt have been dreadful to his mind, had he been under the neceſſity of leaving Una alone, in theſe immenſe foreſts; but, as he left her with his ſiſter, with another ſelf, he ſet out with more tranquillity.

"Often, at his return, the ſun being already ſet, he found me in my natural form, ſitting by the ſide of the Princeſs, and congratulating each other on our preſent felicity. Then would he lie down at our feet; look on us, by turns, with tenderneſs; and delay his own change, to enjoy the pleaſing ſatisfaction of ſeeing together his Una and his Zulma. He could underſtand us; and was able to give to his voice the accents of love and friendſhip.

"It was on one of theſe occaſions, that

Una informed us, bluſhing, an infant would ſoon inſpire us with new feelings of tenderneſs; and that, in a few months, ſhe would give to her Noureddin a pledge of his love. "My ſon," ſaid ſhe, "will "have the courage of my lion, and the "charming features of my Noureddin."

"Oh, if you had beheld, at that inſtant, the happy Noureddin! His ardent eyes beamed with the livelieſt joy, his long mane trembled with pleaſure: I paſſed the ribbon round his neck, and preſently beheld him, at the feet of Una, bedew them with tears of tenderneſs. I heard the Princeſs confeſs to him that, with himſelf, Zulma, and her infant, ſhe would be the happieſt of mortals, and ſhould never regret the thrones of Cachemir and of China.

"Alas! it was the laſt day of that felicity we had ſo long enjoyed, that Una held this language. The next morning, as ſoon as the ſun was riſen, and Nou-

reddin again a lion, he ſet out, as uſual, for the chaſe. The day, with us, paſſed away in forming a thouſand plans for the education of my little nephew. Una began even to conſtruct his cradle. I made her comprehend the pleaſure which I ſhould take in carrying the infant on my back. She was impatient to ſhew her work to Noureddin: but evening arrives, and Noureddin does not return! Thoſe happy hours, when he reſumed, with his form, the power of expreſſing his tenderneſs, paſſed away without his appearing; and the moſt dreadful anxiety poſſeſſed our hearts. Since the ſetting of the ſun, I was no longer an aſs: and we formed a thouſand conjectures, on what might be the cauſe of Noureddin's delay; each of us, mutually, endeavouring to conceal our fears.

"At laſt, being no longer able to bear this terrible ſuſpenſe, we reſolved to go in ſearch of him through the foreſt. Una

prayed me to put away the ribbon, and return to the form of an aſs. She then tied it carefully round her head; ſeated herſelf on my back; and I took, at a venture, the firſt path which offered.

"The moon was at the full; it penetrated, occaſionally, through the thick foliage, and enabled us to diſcover our road: but the timid Una ſtill felt the moſt lively apprehenſions. The deep and fanciful ſhadows which the trees threw around us; the diſcordant ſcreams of nocturnal birds; the echo, which often returned my loud cries, as well as the name of Noureddin; all conſpired to increaſe her terror: and, to theſe were added the dread of, perhaps, wandering farther from Noureddin; and that of entirely loſing ourſelves in theſe immenſe deſarts.

"She had no longer any ſpirits left, to talk to me. From time to time, ſhe called on Noureddin, by name, in a

trembling voice; then I ſtopped, and we liſtened attentively. Frequently, afar off, we heard loud roarings; but we too well knew thoſe of Noureddin, to be deceived by them: they, beſides, came in ſeveral different directions, and inſpired us more with fear than with hope.

"However, I proceeded onwards, at hazard; and the day, at laſt, appeared. The unhappy Una, determined either to die, or to find Noureddin, encouraged me to go on: we redoubled our cries; and, this time, it was ſurely the voice of our ſon that anſwered us.

"We ſtart; and, at the ſame time begin to call him, in the different tones to which he is accuſtomed. He anſwers us in the ſame; and we can no longer doubt that he has heard us; and that it is, indeed, our Noureddin who calls to us again.

"All the anxieties of this wretched night are now effaced from our minds: I gallop forwards, in the direction from which I hear the voice of my brother; not forgetting to direct him by my brayings, and very sure that he will come to us. I hear him still roaring; but, far from its increasing as he approaches us, it appears to me continually weaker.

"At last, we perceive him, laying at the foot of a tree, and vainly attempting to rise. Una flies; falls on him: I follow her; and we presently observe, that the poor Noureddin's shoulder is pierced through by the arrow of the hunter! He points to it, with the livelieſt expreſſion of pain; mingled, however, with pleasure, at seeing us again.

"Una, in despair, vainly endeavoured to pull out the arrow; her weak and trembling hands were unable to effect it. Under the form of Zulma, I might have

aſſiſted her: but, it was now day; the ribbon, therefore, was uſeleſs to us, and the poor aſs could only ſigh by her ſide.

"Noureddin appeared expiring with his wound, and Una with deſpair; when, ſuddenly, we ſaw coming towards us a derviſe, wrapped up in his long robe. He advanced ſlowly forwards, his eyes bent to the ground. Una heſitates not: ſhe flies to him, and throws herſelf at his feet.

"Holy man," ſaid ſhe, weeping, "have "pity on an unhappy woman: ſave my "life, by preſerving that of this lion! "He belongs to me, and my days are "numbered with his. Fear nothing, he "will do you no harm; and, if you re-"ſtore him, we ſhall bleſs you for ever!"

"She leads him towards Noureddin; "leans down, draws out the arrow, and "amines the wound: we follow all his "tions. "This lion," ſays he, "has

" but a few moments to live, the arrow " was poiſoned."

" Una utters a piercing ſhriek, and would have employed the arrow to pierce herſelf.

" Stop!" ſaid, then, the derviſe: " I " know the counter-poiſon; and can cure " him inſtantly, if I pleaſe. But, let us " ſee with what you will reward my " trouble? For, indeed, I hazard my " life; and, when this lion ſhall reſume " his natural ſtrength ....."

" He will be, like me, at your feet!" ſaid Una, throwing herſelf before him; " you ſhall diſpoſe of us. Alas! I have " nothing to give you, but ourſelves: " my treaſures are, my lion and my aſs. " Save his life, and our felicity ſhall be " your reward!"

" Well, well," replied he; " ſince you " have nothing, I ſhall content myſelf

" with a trifle. I will let you depart with
" your lion, which moſt probably I
" ſhould find very bad company; but,
" then, you muſt leave me the aſs: ſuch
" an animal, is exactly the thing I want!"

" I cannot deſcribe to you, Signor, what I felt; torn between the deſire of ſaving my brother, and the dread of belonging to this man.—I ſhould, nevertheleſs, I believe, have preferred the latter, and was going to reſign myſelf to my fate; but the generous Una, did not, herſelf, heſitate a moment. " No, no!" ſaid ſhe, puſhing back the derviſe; " unfeel-
" ing and intereſted man! withhold your
" help, if we muſt purchaſe it by giving
" up my Zulma. We prefer dying to-
" gether, to living ſeparate! Is it not ſo,
" my Zulma? You have known how to
" live with us, you will know how to die
" with us, and this arrow ſhall again
" unite us both with Noureddin!" .....

"At length, the derviſe ſeemed affected. "Stop!" ſaid he, "I am not ſo "wicked as you believe me; but, however, for nothing, I do nothing. If "you will not part with your aſs, keep "her; but, at leaſt, give me that ribbon "which ties your hair. You will agree "that, here, I aſk not much for my ſer"vices."

"This ribbon!" ſaid Una, growing pale.

"Yes! only that ribbon. It is a mere "trifle, but I have taken a fancy to it. "You will do as you pleaſe: if you are "as obſtinate in retaining that ribbon, as "in keeping your lion and aſs, you are "miſtreſs of them. But, decide ſoon; "otherwiſe, it will be too late. The "poiſon makes progreſs, and the lion "will preſently expire. The aſs, with"out the ribbon; or the ribbon, without "the aſs."

"Ah! then, take this ribbon!" ſaid Una, with emotion, untying it. "Of "what uſe is it to me, without Noureddin "and Zulma!—I give it you; reſtore "the life of my lion, and you will prove "my benefactor. Probably, when you "know our hiſtory, you may be generous "enough to lend us, ſometimes, during "the night, this ribbon, which I yield up "with reluctance!"

"The derviſe ſeized it; and, at the ſame moment, throwing off his cap, and burſting into a loud fit of laughter, he preſented to our eyes the traitor Mahmoud, whom I inſtantly recollected with horror.

"As ſimple, and credulous, one as the "other!" ſaid he, ſtill laughing. "Poor "children ..... how eaſily do you ſuffer "yourſelves to be tricked! Here I am, "at laſt, the poſſeſſor both of the ring "and the ribbon. You have granted "them to me of your own accord; there

" is nothing more to be ſaid, therefore, on " that ſubject: but, I will be a man of " my word, and cure the lion; more eſpe- " cially, becauſe my maſter has promiſed " one to the great Caliph Alraſchid, and " this exactly ſuits us ..... He is as beau- " tiful a lion, as he was a youth; is he " not, Princeſs?"

Noureddin, furious, would have ſprung on him; but his weakneſs made him fall again. He had but a breath of life remaining, and appeared to wiſh that he might expire: his eyes, already half cloſed, ſought again Una, who was abſorbed in grief.

"Mahmoud took his ring from his finger; and ſhaking it in the air, he called on the ſlave of the ring. Immediately appeared a dwarf; who ſaid to him, proſtrating himſelf—" Maſter of the ring, " what do you want with its ſlave?"

" Let this wounded lion be healed, " chained, and conducted to Bagdad, " immediately; or, rather, await me with

"him in this foreſt; I will, myſelf, preſent "him to the Caliph. I wiſh, likewiſe, "theſe two to be carried back to Cache-"mir. My maſter expects Una; and, un-"doubtedly, will give me this fine aſs for "my reward.

"He was about to ſeize us, when Una threw herſelf at the feet of the cruel Mahmoud; conjuring him to take pity on her, and the unhappy infant with which ſhe was pregnant.

"Oh! oh!" ſaid Mahmoud, ſtarting back, "this alters the caſe. I have no "inclination to preſent to my maſter a "little Noureddin; I will keep him for "my trouble.—Come, ſlave of the ring, "obey; conduct us to the gates of Bag-"dad."

"Noureddin was already cured, and confined with a ſtrong chain: his eyes expreſſed the dreadful rage with which he was inſpired by his inability to revenge

himſelf. Una, the ſuſceptible Una, felt little, at this moment, but ſenſations of pleaſure, on ſeeing Noureddin eſcaped from the jaws of death; Mahmoud yielded himſelf up to inſulting demonſtrations of joy; while I was already revolving in my mind, the beſt methods of regaining our liberty. They were certainly difficult; ſince we could not take the ribbon and the ring away from thoſe who poſſeſſed them, againſt their inclinations, and we had to do with the moſt artful of men: but, at all events, he was a man, and his death might liberate us. The example of my father, proved that the taliſmans did not render their poſſeſſor immortal; I did not, therefore, entirely loſe all hope, the ſole conſolation of the unfortunate.

"The dwarf, ſlave of the ring, placed a bandage round the eyes of all three; we felt ourſelves carried with rapidity; and, a few minutes afterwards, we were placed on the ground, and found our-

elves, Signor, at the gates of your noble capital, on a large terrace which was neither cultivated nor incloſed.

"Have you any more commands for me?" ſaid the dwarf to Mahmoud.

"Yes," replied he: "let this ſpot, on "which we ſtand, become a beautiful "garden, ſurrounded by walls. Con- "ſtruct, at one end, a pavilion; let it be "completely furniſhed, and fit to in- "habit: and, at the other, a ſtable; like- "wiſe, with proper accommodations."

"You know, on what conditions?" replied the dwarf.

"Yes, I do," ſaid Mahmoud. "Obey!"

"Inſtantly, we ſaw ariſe the garden, the wall, the pavilion, the ſtable; and the dreadful moment of our ſeparation was come! Mahmoud dragged the deſpairing Una to the pavilion; the dwarf conducted

poor Zulma to the ſtable; and the unhappy Noureddin, Signor, was preſented to you, as a homage from the Sultan of Cachemir, and conducted to your royal den. Our misfortunes, now, appeared to us completed!..... However, alone in my ſtable, I had time to reflect; and recalled, with pleaſure, the words of the dwarf—"*You know, on what conditions?*" had been ſpoken in a tone almoſt threatening, by this ſlave, ſo ſubmiſſive to his will: there was, therefore, a power above that of Mahmoud; and, in that, I placed all my hopes. It ſeems to me, that this was no bad reaſoning for an aſs! ſo, from the moment it was adopted, I felt more eaſy; and invoked, with ardour, that unknown power who impoſed conditions on our perſecutor.

"I was ſtill reflecting, and praying; when, ſuddenly, about midnight, the door of my ſtable opened with a loud noiſe. Immediately appeared the dwarf ſlave of the ring. He came ſtraight to

my crib, and untied me; ſaying—"Pri-"ſoner of the ring! run, fly, ſeek: re-"turn, if you do not find; return not, "if you do find."

"Without knowing what theſe ſingular words implied, as ſoon as I ſaw myſelf free to go out, I profited immediately by the permiſſion. You will ſuppoſe, Signor, where my heart immediately conducted me. I went, following the courſe of the wall, ſtraight to the pavilion of the Princeſs; fully reſolved to bray under her window, till I ſhould awaken her. But, what was my joy, and emotion, when I ſaw her come out from the pavilion, the door of which was open, and proceed towards me!

"We flew to each other; and Una related to me what had paſſed in her apartment, which was ſimilar to what I had experienced. At midnight, her door had opened; the dwarf appeared; and

had ſaid to her, as to me—" *Priſoner of "the ring! run, fly, ſeek: return, if you do "not find; return not, if you do find.*" But, Una could ſpeak: the idea ſtruck her, of aſking him, in the name of the ring, what his words meant? Obliged to anſwer this requiſition, he had aſſured her, that the great Solomon, in compoſing many taliſmans, had attached genii to their ſervice; that himſelf, a dwarf, was the ſlave of the ring, and obliged to obey thoſe who poſſeſſed it. Mahmoud had already poſſeſſed it for a long time: Abdoul, my father, having met with him in his travels, had found an opportunity to deprive him of it; as well as of the ribbon, a taliſman of the ſecond order, which ſerved only to deſtroy, during the night, the enchantment of the ring. The dwarf, moreover, told Una, that he was ſorry Mahmoud had ever regained poſſeſſion of theſe taliſmans: he made him labour, without ceaſing, and always in doing evil; whereas Abdoul had only employed it in good actions, and his

children had left him in perfect repoſe. There was, however, no means of taking it from him by force; Solomon had attached this condition to it: but, there was likewiſe another, which might leave ſome hope to the victims of thoſe who poſſeſſed the ring—"Every building, elevated by my enchantment and powers!" continued the dwarf, "opens of it's own accord at midnight; and all thoſe who are confined, are free to leave it, till the dawn of day: but, then, they fall again under the power of the poſſeſſor of the ring; if they have not, during that interval, ſucceeded in placing themſelves under the protection of a more powerful genius."

"Alas! of what uſe, to us, was this weak reſource? a woman; a peaceful animal; how could they go in ſearch of this beneficent genius! Una invoked no other power but love; and, profiting immediately by this interval of liberty,

viſited the den where Noureddin was confined. She ſung on the outſide, and I brayed. Noureddin ſoon recollected her voice, as well as mine, and made vain efforts to come up to us. A long chain left him at liberty to wander below, but incommoded his motions: he could approach, however, near enough to hear us. Una related to him what the dwarf had told her, and the poſſibility of meeting each other every night. Noureddin anſwered her, in his language: but our ſojourn in the foreſt had enabled us to comprehend him; and, deprived of other conſolation, this converſe appeared to us ſome relief. However, it too ſoon concluded. The dawn of day appeared; and, with it, Mahmoud.

"I thought I ſhould find them here!" ſaid he.

"He made Una mount on me, and we ſuffered ourſelves peaceably to be led back: Una, to her pavilion; and me, to

my ſtable; leſs unhappy, ſince we were certain of ſeeing each other again every night.

"Indeed, during fifteen days, the dwarf has not failed, at midnight, to open all the gates, and to pronounce his uſual words. Our place of meeting was at the door of the garden; Una mounted my back, and we went ſtraight to the den, where my brother expected us with impatience. I know not what detained him ſo long from us to-night. Una was impatient; ſhe ſung to call him; and, you know the reſt.

"Signor, it is our good angel, without doubt, who conducted thither the great Haroun Alraſchid. In him will we acknowledge this powerful genius; and, already the poſſeſſor of the ribbon, he will be able to deliver us from the power of the ring."

"It is your's, lovely Zulma!" preſenting it to her. "It belonged to you: I reſtore it; and, with it, offer you my heart, my hand, and my throne. Mahmoud no longer exiſts, he has fallen by my ſword; he will diſturb, no more, the happineſs of two faithful lovers; and I am going to ſecure their's for ever, if you deign to yield me what will conſtitute mine!"

Zulma, the feeling Zulma, experienced too many new ſenſations, to be able to anſwer him. To find, at once, her ring, her ribbon, her own lovely form, her brother, her friend, a lover, a huſband, and a crown; it was more happineſs, than ſhe could well ſuſtain! She was obliged to conceal her confuſion, and her bluſhes, in the folds of her drapery: then, ſuddenly riſing, and proſtrating herſelf at the feet of the Caliph, ſhe ſaid to him, with inexpreſſible grace—

"Oh! my benefactor, and my ſovereign! Zulma, her heart, her faith, her ring, are your's for ever: but can I think of my own happineſs, while my brother, and my Una, are as yet unaſſured of their's?"

Theſe words were enough for the Caliph. He clapped his hands; and Meſrour, who inſtantly appeared, received orders to bring in Una, and the lion. Giafar had already extricated them from the den, and conducted them to the palace: and, informed by him of the death of Mahmoud, and of the change of Zulma, they were already inſpired with the ſweeteſt hopes, and did not doubt of the impreſſion that their charming ſiſter would make on the heart of the Caliph. "It is love, alone," ſaid Una, "that can reward what ſhe has done for friendſhip?"

Hardly were they entered into the apartment of the Caliph, when Zulma ran to her brother, with the ribbon in her

hand; and, throwing it round his neck—Return again, for ever, to the form of Noureddin!" ſaid ſhe, "as I ſhall be ever Zulma. We ſhall have no more misfortunes: for, Mahmoud is dead; Una is your's for life; and the happy Zulma ....." ſhe heſitated, and bent her eyes to the ground.

"And the lovely Zulma," ſaid the Caliph, "ſhall be the reward of the happy Alraſchid!"

Noureddin, transformed, was already at his feet; Una was about to proſtrate herſelf, the Sultan prevented her—"I know what is due," ſaid he, "to the Princeſs of Cachemir! All the forces of my empire ſhall be employed to place her again on the throne!"

Una, while ſhe thanked him, aſſured him that ſhe would prefer living in his court; and, that ſhe could never bear to leave her dear Zulma.

Theſe words completed the happineſs of the Sultan. His marriage was declared the ſame day; and celebrated rejoicings, which laſted eight days, throughout all the city of Bagdad.

Noureddin was, at firſt, aſſociated h Giafar, in the auguſt employment of grand Vizier; and afterwards ſhared hrone, with his brother in-law, and the of Abdoul: and proved, in both theſe ns, that diſtinguiſhed birth is not 's the neceſſary appendage of a governor.

and Zulma never quitted each Their children joined, to the moſt g features, the courage of the lion, mild virtues of the aſs; the taliſoncealed in a cabinet, were only particular occaſions; the dwarf and this hiſtory, written in letold, was preſerved among the the empire.

"I wiſh it was preſerved among mine!" exclaimed Schariar. "This is what I call a very beautiful tale! We muſt now reſt: I do not care to hear any more; and I conſent to let you live."

He now aroſe; preſented his hand, and the point of his ſceptre, to Scheherazade, to kiſs, in token of pardon; and ordered it to be announced in the divan, that he granted the Sultana her life, on account of the aſs and the lion.

This did not let much light into the cauſe, but every one rejoiced at the circumſtance.

While theſe things were paſſing, the Sultana ſaid to her ſiſter—"Do you not think the taſte of the Sultan, my maſter, is ſingular! for nine hundred and ninety-two nights, have I been relating the moſt charming tales, which have not appeaſed

him: at length, at my wit's end, I have thought of one, which has not even common ſenſe; which I drag on, and prolong, enough to make a ſenſible auditor expire with wearineſs: obliged, at laſt, to conclude, I expect to finiſh my tale and my exiſtence together; and, behold! it is this tale which has ſaved my life?"

"Fortune, you know, is blind!" replied Dinazarde; "and your aſs, like many others, has only had better luck than ſhe deſerved."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

M. Reynell, Printer, 21, Piccadilly.

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ſpirits, which particularly characteriſe Engliſh children. This lovely girl was not regularly handſome; but, no one could behold her without pleaſure: her fine hair was a bright auburn colour, and ſparkled in the ſun; her eye-laſhes, of a ſomewhat lighter tint, and very long, ſhaded two ſweet blue eyes, which beamed with ſpirit and ſenſibility. Her mouth had nothing remarkable; except a ſweet ſmile on it, which accorded with the general character of her countenance, and teeth as white as pearls. She was, I believe, not more than ſix years old. I think, I now view, before me, the enchanting little creature; her ſtraw hat tied under her chin, with a green ribbon, correſponding to that which confined her robe! I ſee her running through the ſunny field, her little arms extended; as light as the butterflies ſhe purſued, as freſh as the flowers with which ſhe filled her frock, and which ſhe preſented to us with ſuch grace and vivacity.

If I ought to aſk pardon for this digreſſion, it will certainly not be of the mothers of ſuch little angels as I have deſcribed! I behold them look around; and confeſs, ſmiling with exultation, that I am a good painter.

Let us return, however, to the parent of the charming Eliza—The gratitude, the tender reſpect, I may almoſt ſay the friendſhip, which the villagers had juſt ſhewn for her, made a ſtrong impreſſion on her mind.

"If mankind knew," ſaid ſhe, with emotion, "how eaſy it is to gain the affections of each other, and how pleaſurable is the idea of being generally beloved, they would procure to themſelves, more frequently, a felicity which may be enjoyed at ſo ſmall an expence.

"You would conclude, probably, from obſerving the gratitude, the affection,

theſe good people expreſs for me, that I am very bountiful to them: I could wiſh to be ſo, without doubt; but my limited fortune does not permit me, in this reſpect, to follow the deſires of my heart. I have, therefore, endeavoured to ſupply it, by thoſe little attentions and kindneſſes which are pleaſures to me, and form the ſweeteſt of occupations, while they excite the warmeſt feelings of gratitude in the boſoms of thoſe on whom they are beſtowed.

"Believe me, my friend," continued ſhe, "it is in this claſs, often ſo deſpiſed and oppreſſed, that we may find the juſteſt ſentiments, the nobleſt conduct: ſince I have lived among them, I have had many opportunities of being convinced of this. Undoubtedly, we meet here with that mixture of vices and virtues, that diverſity of character, which muſt ever be found where ſociety is formed.

"We obſerve in the village, as in the

city, unfeeling, intereſted, and ungrateful beings. Vice, indeed, as being neither corrected by education, nor concealed ſo often by duplicity, probably diſcovers itſelf moſt in the former; but in this appears leſs pride, leſs of diſſimulation and levity: and are not the vices which prevail among the higher claſſes of ſociety, more dangerous than the groſſer ones of the peaſant? We may ſecure ourſelves from a robber, we may avoid a drunkard; but what arms can be employed againſt the falſe friend, who inſinuates himſelf into your confidence to betray you? againſt the vile defamer, who ſtrikes in the dark? againſt him who ſacrifices you to the ſlighteſt intereſt; even, perhaps, to the paltry ambition of ſaying a ſmart thing. Ah, Sir! my poor peaſants are coarſe in their manners; but, at leaſt, they are ſincere and grateful: and I could relate to you circumſtances, which would diſplay a more lively and juſt ſenſibility than is often obſerved in higher life!"

I have not arranged my anſwers, let the reader place them where he pleaſes—"I think as you do, madam!"—"You are perfectly right!"—"Oh! yes, without doubt!" &c. He will thus know all that I ſaid, and may imagine what I thought: or, rather, what I felt; for, in the company of Mrs. Melvin, each thought was a ſentiment.

"For example," continued ſhe, after a ſhort ſilence, "did you remark that young woman with large blue eyes ſo expreſſive and tender; a countenance, indeed, altogether ſo very pleaſing?"

"Yes, undoubtedly, I did remark her."

"Well, then, I will relate to you her ſtory: it is not long; it is intereſting; and will prove to you what I have juſt ſaid." I aſſented to her propoſal, with pleaſure, and we ſat down at the foot of a fine oak. Eliza, who knew almoſt by heart the Hiſtory of Jenny, continued at

her ſports; while Madam Melvin related, with a feeling which made her ſtory doubly impreſſive, what the reader will find in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.

Hiſtory of Jenny; related to Sir George,

BY MRS. MELVIN.

JENNY was the handſomeſt and honeſteſt girl of Ferſham, a village about ten or twelve miles from hence; but, her beauty and her virtue were all that ſhe poſſeſſed.

Jenny, an orphan from her infancy, brought up, through compaſſion, in the

houſe of a humane relation, had the misfortune to loſe her proteſtreſs when ſhe was between fifteen and ſixteen years of age. This relation, poor herſelf, had children ſelf-intereſted; and jealous, probably, of the affection which their mother had ſhewn for the young orphan. They declared they could do nothing for her; that ſhe had already lived too long at their expence; and that, at her age, ſhe was able, and it was her duty, to gain her own livelihood.

Thus did poor Jenny find herſelf without aſſiſtance, without friends; at an age, too, when they were moſt neceſſary.

Lord Lindſay poſſeſſed, at Fersham, a little hunting-ſeat, where he paſſed ſome time every ſummer: he left in it a farmer, who was a kind of ſteward, and this farmer was godfather to Jenny.

In her diſtreſs, ſhe applied to him. Whether he took pity on her ſituation

or had conceived ſome deſigns reſpecting her; he received her into his houſe, and promiſed that he would ſeek her a ſituation.

She had lived with him ſome time, when Lord Lindſay came down, intending to paſs the ſummer at his ſeat. He ſoon beheld the handſome maiden; and likewiſe learned, that ſhe was friendleſs and poor.

"You are a lucky girl, Jenny!" ſaid her godfather one day to her; "my Lord has noticed you: he is good, generous, and pities your ſituation. He knows that I am not able to provide for you, and has promiſed to take charge of your welfare himſelf. Go and ſee him, my child; and deſerve his bounties by your obedience."

The innocent Jenny, ſuſpecting no ill, and hearing only of a rich and charitable

houſe of a humane relation, had the misfortune to loſe her protectreſs when ſhe was between fifteen and ſixteen years of age. This relation, poor herſelf, had children ſelf-intereſted; and jealous, probably, of the affection which their mother had ſhewn for the young orphan. They declared they could do nothing for her; that ſhe had already lived too long at their expence; and that, at her age, ſhe was able, and it was her duty, to gain her own livelihood.

Thus did poor Jenny find herſelf without aſſiſtance, without friends; at an age, too, when they were moſt neceſſary.

Lord Lindſay poſſeſſed, at Ferſham, a little hunting-ſeat, where he paſſed ſome time every ſummer; he left in it a farmer, who was a kind of ſteward, and this farmer was godfather to Jenny.

In her diſtreſs, ſhe applied to him. Whether he took pity on her ſituation,

I live, and will ſo conduct myſelf that you ſhall never repent your generoſity. She would have now thrown herſelf at his feet; but Lord Lindſay, preventing her, explained his deſigns, his intentions, and the return which he expected for his favour.

She ſuffered him to proceed, without interruption; and, when he had concluded, ſhe laid down the purſe, which ſhe had till now held in her hand, ſaying in a firm and deciſive voice—"No, my Lord; I had rather be poor!" and, without uttering another word, departed. His Lordſhip could not ſtop her. He expected no reſiſtance from a young girl reduced to indigence: he had even unfolded his deſigns to her godfather, and had charged him to communicate them to Jenny.

The readineſs with which ſhe had come to him, her dreſs, her tranſports at the ſight of the gold, the mild and quiet man-

ner with which ſhe had heard his propoſals; confirmed him in the opinion that ſhe was decided on accepting them. Her flight from his Lordſhip was ſo ſudden and unexpected, that he had no power of retaining her. He followed, however, that he might prevail on her to come back; but her flight was ſwifter than his purſuit, and ſhe had already locked herſelf in her own chamber, when my Lord entered his ſteward's reſidence. He told him what had paſſed; and ordered him to ſound the ſentiments of his god-daughter, whom they did not ſuppoſe ſo near them, and by every means endeavour to dazzle her mind with his propoſals. The reſiſtance which he experienced, had changed a ſimple fancy for the girl, into a violent paſſion: he loved Jenny, he ſaid; and would have her, by fair means or foul. "Offer her the diſpoſal of my whole fortune; preſs, beſeech her, promiſe every thing; and, if you do not ſucceed, we muſt think of ſome other method: however, let us try this firſt."

The chamber into which Jenny had retired, adjoined that in which they were converſing. His Lordſhip's diſcourſe was impaſſioned; and, therefore, loud. Jenny, leaning againſt the door, heard all; and perceived that a little artifice might ſtill ſave her from the ſnares which were contriving againſt her. She ſoftly went out, and pretended to be waiting for her godfather in the garden.

As ſoon as he entered it, looking about him with an uneaſy air, ſhe walked up to him—"My dear godfather," ſaid ſhe, "you have ſeen his Lordſhip; is he not very angry with me? But, I am ſo fearful! Beg him to moderate his anger, and give me a little time for conſidering his propoſal."

This beginning inſpired her godfather with ſome hopes of ſucceſs to the buſineſs which he had taken in hand. He enlarged, therefore, on his Lordſhip's generoſity; deſcribed, in the moſt flattering colours,

the ſituation which was offered her; cited a thouſand examples to juſtify her acquieſcence; and left, indeed, no means untried, to ſeduce her.

Friendleſs girl! ſimple Jenny! She has ſince confeſſed to me, in relating this converſation, that ſhe was violently ſhaken in her virtuous reſolutions, when he told her that ſhe was to have a coach, in which ſhe might ride whenever ſhe pleaſed. Still more, when he added—"You, who ſo much love to do good, will then have it in your power to do all the good you wiſh; you will then remember, I hope, my dear Jenny, that I have not abandoned you in diſtreſs; and that, to me you will owe your good fortune. If I had not received you here, would my Lord ever have beheld you? Is it likely, that he would ever have ſought you in the cottage of your aunt?"

It was, without doubt, to this laſt word,

to the awakened remembrance of that kind relation, that ſhe owed her ſtrength in reſiſting theſe ſplendid offers; the virtuous precepts which ſhe had received, the laſt words that her dying aunt had addreſſed to her—"I have nothing to leave you, my Jenny, but the good principles in which I have brought you up; and they are ſufficient for your welfare, if you are only firm in preſerving them. Be always prudent, my dear girl; that is of more importance than being rich!"

Theſe words ſo forcibly returned to her recollection, that the triumph of virtue was decided; and ſhe determined to ſacrifice every thing to the pleaſure of retaining it. She perſiſted in diſguiſing her real feelings, that her godfather might not ſuſpect her; liſtened to him with ſeeming attention; was now ſilent, for a few moments, as if reflecting on what he had ſaid, and then anſwered—"I ſhall never dare to ſee my Lord again this evening, after the folly I have been guilty

of in quitting him ſo rudely; but, to-morrow morning, you can take me to him, and I will aſk his pardon, as I am perſuaded that you can have only my happineſs in view."

Her unworthy godfather, tranſported at having ſucceeded ſo well, warmly praiſed her for the deciſion ſhe had made, and went immediately to inform my Lord of his ſucceſs; aſſuring him, that there would be no neceſſity for employing violence, to gain poſſeſſion of the handſome young maiden. Her mind, in the interval, was occupied with the plan which ſhe reſolved to put in execution that very night. Her arrangements for eloping were ſoon made. Wiſhing her enemies to remain ſome time in uncertainty as to what ſhould have become of her, ſhe took nothing away but what ſhe had on; indeed, this was almoſt the whole that ſhe poſſeſſed. She even had the precaution, like Pamela, to leave a ſhoe on the ſide of a pond at the farther end of

the garden. Luckily, my Lord, in his tranſports, had ſo jovially regaled his Mercury, that he was juſt able to find the way to his own room, and get into bed, where he ſoon fell into a profound ſleep. His Lordſhip, nearly in the ſame ſtate, was ſoon aſleep likewiſe; with ſweet viſions, on his mind, of the morrow. They thus left every opportunity for the wakeful little maiden to eſcape.

Behold her now, alone, on the highway! a girl who had not attained her ſixteenth year; ignorant where to go, or of whom to aſk protection; without money, or any thing elſe, but her reſolution, and her virtue: but, they were ſufficient; and Jenny felt neither daunted, nor diſcouraged.

"When fear came upon me," ſaid ſhe, "I looked up to the firmament, and the ſtars; reflected that a gracious God beheld me, and would preſerve me; and I then reſumed my journey, with increaſed ſatisfaction. Nevertheleſs, I could not

forbear recalling ſometimes to my remembrance the coach which had been promiſed me; but this was only when I felt very much fatigued."

On leaving Ferſham, ſhe had taken the road to Summerhill, becauſe it was the only one with which ſhe was acquainted. She had ſometimes been to this place, with her late relation; who had an old friend ſettled here, named Sarah Wills: and Jenny remembered, with much pleaſure, that ſhe had once eat ſome fine cherries in the orchard of Sarah; and that it was her ſon, the alert and handſome little Francis, who climbed like a ſquirrel to the top of the tree, gathered them, and dropped them into Jenny's apron. She likewiſe recollected, that he had once alſo made her a preſent of a beautiful neſt of goldfinches; and that ſhe had often been with him in ſearch of hazel nuts and ſtrawberries. Indeed, it muſt doubtleſs have been her good genius, which inſpired the happy idea of Francis, and the

pleaſing recreations of her infancy: for, while ſhe thought of theſe, ſhe felt no longer fatigue; her ſteps were light and quick; and the recollection that there was ſuch a thing as a coach in the world, never once returned to her mind.

At length, by the dawn of day, ſhe arrived at Summerhill, and was preſently before the houſe of Francis's parents. He was already riſen. She had perceived him at ſome diſtance; or, at leaſt, hoped it might be him: for ſhe had not ſeen him for three or four years; and, in this interval, he had increaſed ſo much in ſize, that ſhe would probably not have recollected him elſewhere. She quickened her pace; and behold her, now, out of breath, bluſhing, and curtſying to him, while ſhe ſaid—"Good morning, Mr. Francis! Have you forgot Jenny Tompſon, of Ferſham?"

No, ſurely; Francis had not forgot Jenny, though he little expected to find

her in his own village ſo early in the morning. He had thought more frequently than herſelf, probably, of the cherries, the nuts, the ſtrawberries, and the neſt of goldfinches. Indeed, he had reſolved to eſcape ſome Sunday, and go to Ferſham, that he might learn ſomething of his young friend. He was therefore very happy, when he learned that ſhe had refuſed to be the miſtreſs of a Lord, and that ſhe was in ſearch of an aſylum: for ſhe related to him the whole of her little ſtory, ſitting by his ſide, on the bench before the houſe; and wept much, while ſhe confeſſed to him that ſhe knew not where to go, nor what would become of her!

"Do not deſpair, my dear Jenny," ſaid Francis, while he gently paſſed his arm round her waiſt, and preſſed her hand, "you ſhall remain here. I will ſpeak to my parents: my mother is, indeed, a little croſs and obſtinate ſometimes; but, when it is me who aſks any thing of her,

he very ſeldom refuſes.—Stay! here is ny father coming: I will begin with him; nd do you, my dear Jenny, remain here he while."

Old Thomas Wills, deſirous of knowing what young laſs his ſon was diſcourſing with ſo early, advanced towards them. Francis ſoon acquainted him with the ſtory of Jenny, the ſacrifice ſhe had made to virtue, her embarraſſment, the danger into which even this ſacrifice had thrown her, and the neceſſity there was for her finding immediately an aſylum.

All this, urged warmly, and likewiſe by a favourite ſon, much affected the old man; and, if his good will had been alone in queſtion, from that moment, Jenny would have been received under his roof: but, Thomas had been accuſtomed to decide on nothing without the opinion, or rather without the orders, of his dear ſpouſe, Sarah.

"We ſhall ſee what Sarah ſays to it, my dear girl!" ſaid he to Jenny: "as to myſelf, I ſincerely wiſh it; but, if Sarah will not ....."

She will, father!" ſaid Francis, with emotion; "certainly, ſhe will. Can ſhe have the conſcience to abandon Jenny, the niece of her late friend?—Come and let us aſk her together!—Remain here, Jenny; I ſhall preſently return, with good news—Chear up, my dear girl, all will go well!"

There were, however, ſtrong appearances, that all would have gone very ill, and that the harſh Sarah would have unfeelingly refuſed poor Jenny, if Francis had not thought of a little ſtratagem. He knew his mother well; and that it was only neceſſary her huſband ſhould appear to have one will, for her inſtantly to adopt another, the firmeſt and moſt decidedly oppoſite. Even the dear Francis, in this caſe, could obtain nothing; and, if he ranged on his father's ſide, Sarah would

nly be more obſtinately determined. 'My father," ſaid he, "ſuppoſe you pre-end not to approve of receiving Jenny!"

Thomas immediately comprehended im—"You artful young dog!" ſaid e, tapping him on the ſhoulder. "How-ver, I conſent to it; and, at leaſt once n her life, my wife will do what I wiſh."

Francis then opened the chamber door f Sarah; crying—"Well, father! my nother will decide, this is her buſineſs."

Sarah, awakened by this pleaſing pro-oſal, determined on Francis's being in he right, before ſhe knew the ſubject of liſpute.

"I know, my dear mother, that you will approve of a good action!" He then at down on the edge of his mother's bed, eſtowed on her his careſſes, and related he ſtory of Jenny. "I was ſo ſure, dear nother, of your receiving her kindly,

that I ſhould immediately have brought her in; but my father ſaid, that ....."

"And what objections, pray, ſhould he have!" interrupted Sarah; "am I not the miſtreſs, to receive into this houſe whom I pleaſe? It would be very fine, truly, to leave in the ſtreet the niece of poor dear Kitty; a child, too, of my own native village! Go, my dear Francis, and bring in to me this poor girl, without another word on the ſubject."

Francis did not wait to be twice ordered: he flew, with pleaſure; and preſently returned, leading in Jenny by the hand.

"Come near, my dear girl: it ſeems my huſband's wiſh not to receive you but it is mine to do ſo, and that is ſufficient."

Francis had appriſed her of the little artifice which they had contrived: ſhe therefore anſwered Sarah, as had been

agreed between them; recommended herſelf to her protection; aſſured her of her perfect obedience and docility, and was adopted into the family.

Since ſhe now is in perfect ſafety, and very happy; at leaſt, for ſome time; let us return a moment to Ferſham, to know the effect which her flight produced there.

When her godfather recovered from the effects of the wine which he had drank, he recalled to his mind—at firſt confuſedly, and afterwards more diſtinctly—that this wine he had drank over the bargain concluded on the preceding night; and, that his girl, Jenny, was to breakfaſt with my Lord. It was late, and a valet of my Lord's came to inform him that his maſter waited to ſee him. He haſtened, therefore, to dreſs himſelf, and to call Jenny. She did not anſwer; for, at that moment, ſhe was occupied in arranging, with Fran-

cis, a bed of vegetables, in the garden at Summerhill. She had juſt been partaking of a baſon of bread and milk with him, and did not long for the chocolate of my Lord.

Her godfather, not finding her in her chamber, ſuppoſed that ſhe waited for him in the garden. He ran thither, and called her, with quite as little effect. It now ſtruck him, that ſhe had eloped. He returned to Jenny's chamber, but found there all her clothes, and likewiſe ſome pieces of money which ſhe had hoarded. "She cannot have eſcaped!" ſaid he; and he went back to the garden.

It was now that he obſerved the traces of her ſteps; and theſe conducted him to the border of the pond, where he perceived her ſhoe. He now did not doubt, that ſhe had thrown herſelf in. His cries, his fright, preſently extended even to my Lord. Orders were inſtantly given, for the pond to be dragged; and, while they

were doing it, my Lord likewiſe gave himſelf up to deſpair.

Though libertiniſm hardens the heart, that of Lord Lindſay was not ſo corrupted, as to behold, without trembling, this conſequence of his intended ſeduction; a crime of which he had hitherto made ſport. He ſhuddered for himſelf, and his vile agent; and the fifty guineas deſtined to ſeduce Jenny from the path of virtue, were promiſed to whoever ſhould give information of what was become of her. The ſteward obſtinately perſiſted in believing her drowned: no traces of her body, however, could be diſcovered; but, as the pond was deep, full of mud, and ran into a large river, it was there that they purſued their ſearch.

Theſe ineffectual endeavours to find the corpſe, conveyed to Lord Lindſay's mind ſo deep a reproach, that he was unable to bear it; and he no leſs dreaded

the idea of Jenny's lifeleſs body being brought before him. Fondly hoping to eſcape the ſtings of conſcience, by flying from the village, and to loſe them in the vortex of ſociety; he reſolved to ſet off, immediately, for London.

"If the misfortune that you fear," ſaid he to his ſteward, on his departure, "has really happened, we are both the moſt cruel of monſters: but I ſtill flatter myſelf that you are deceived, and that Jenny is ſomewhere concealed. My leaving the place, will probably induce her again to make her appearance. Spare nothing, in your endeavours to find her: for this purpoſe, I leave you theſe fifty guineas; and be ſure immediately to inform me, on hearing of her. If ſhe is no more, my remorſe will ſufficiently expiate my cruelty to her; if ſhe exiſts, ſhe ſhall be ever ſheltered from poverty and ſeduction, and have her virtue amply rewarded."

The ſteward, indeed, left no means untried, to find Jenny. Convinced, by the emptying of the pond, that ſhe was not there, he extended his enquiries every way; and, at laſt, ſucceeded in diſcovering her concealment at Summerhill, in the houſe of old Thomas Wills.

Jenny was ſomewhat alarmed, when ſhe perceived, one morning, her godfather approaching. She ran to warn her young friend of the circumſtance.

"You muſt defend me!" ſaid ſhe; "for I will never return with this wicked man, who would have ſold me to my Lord!"

"I will kill him firſt!" ſaid Francis, raiſing an axe which he had in his hand; "let him dare even to touch my little Jenny!"

There was, however, no neceſſity for

the good Francis to have recourſe to murder.

The godfather approached them in a very civil manner. He embraced Jenny; praiſed her for the prudent ſtep which ſhe had taken, in going to dwell with ſuch reſpectable people; recommended her to remain with them; and to conduct herſelf well: and promiſed to ſend her the few effects which ſhe had left with him.

"You might have been richer than you are," continued he: "however, you have not wiſhed it; and, perhaps, you was in the right! Theſe great Lords are but fickle beings! My Lord departed, the next day, without thinking any farther of you."

However, he related to her his apprehenſions that ſhe was drowned; and he added, after a ſhort pauſe, as if on re-

flection, that it would not be amiſs, as this report had ſpread, if ſhe came and paſſed two or three days with him, in order to ſuppreſs it.

Jenny looked at Francis; and, in a moment, flatly refuſed him. It was harveſt time; ſhe could not quit them; ſhe was uſeful to the family. Francis affirmed the ſame. At length it was agreed that, to quiet the godfather, a certificate of her being alive ſhould be drawn up in form, and ſigned by the chief inhabitants of the village, the curate, &c. which was immediately done.

Poſſeſſed of this, the ſteward ſet off to Lord Lindſay, at London; whoſe mind was much eaſed, by ſuch a proof of the exiſtence of Jenny. The remembrance of that unhappy girl had perpetually haunted him, and ruffled all his pleaſures. He thought, that he could not pay too liberally for ſuch news: he therefore

gave John, his ſteward, ſix guineas for himſelf; and a bank bill of two hundred pounds, as a dower for Jenny, which he had promiſed.

John, well ſatisfied with his journey, returned to Ferſham; his mind entirely occupied with the means of appropriating the whole ſum to his own uſe. This, however, was not an eaſy thing: his Lord would return there ſoon, and would inform himſelf reſpecting Jenny's circumſtances.

But, fortune ſometimes favours even rogues; a ſhort time after this act of juſtice and generoſity, his Lordſhip was ſeized, on his return from a hunting party, with a violent fever; which brought him, in a few days, to the grave.

His ſteward of Ferſham, thus freed from the only witneſs he had to dread, kept his ſecret, and Jenny's money. He brought her, himſelf, her few effects; and

generouſly added to them a preſent of ſix guineas, to eaſe his conſcience: which, however, ſmote him ſeverely, when he beheld the poor girl throw herſelf at his feet, ſhedding tears of joy and gratitude, and calling him her benefactor.

Jenny, rich with ſix guineas; living under the ſame roof with her friend Francis, and ſharing generally his occupations; beloved by him, as tenderly as ſhe loved him; would not have changed her fate, for that of a queen. She did not, however, find herſelf completely happy. Sarah, by her ſpirit of contradiction, made Jenny pay dearly for the protection which ſhe afforded her. Thomas and Francis could not always reſtrain themſelves; and the ſmalleſt ſign of friendſhip, the ſlighteſt approbation, that Jenny received from either of them, was ſure to produce her, inſtantly, ſome ill treatment from Sarah.

Jenny bore all with patience. If ſhe was with Francis; a look of his conſoled her: and when Sarah, after having unkindly treated her, would ſay—"Go, idle girl, and aſſiſt my ſon, yonder, who wearies himſelf to death with work!" ſhe would fly to him; ſincerely wiſhing a ſimilar ſcolding the next day, provided it might be followed by the ſame puniſhment.

Two or three years thus paſſed away: our young lovers were attached to each other, with an innocence worthy of the golden age. Content to live together, to ſee and converſe with each other, they imagined no more; and their condition, to them, appeared incapable of augmented happineſs. This happineſs, however, was not to laſt long.

Francis was the handſomeſt, and richeſt lad in the village: Francis, likewiſe, was only twenty-two years of age; gay, and lively. Every laſs liked him, and

endeavoured to gain his affections: the more, probably, as the indifference of handſome Francis, whoſe heart and eyes were ever fixed on Jenny, gave an additional value to the conqueſt.

At length, the father of an only daughter, came to make Thomas, or rather Sarah, propoſals of marriage, which were immediately accepted. The day of the nuptials was agreed on between the good people, without the youth being informed at all of the buſineſs; for Sarah never troubled herſelf about his conſent.—"Truly!" ſaid ſhe, "I ſhould like to ſee him dare to diſobey me!"

However, the next morning, after breakfaſt, ſhe condeſcended to tell him, that he muſt prepare himſelf, by ſuch a day, to marry Peggy Morton: then, without waiting his anſwer, ſhe turned towards Jenny; and ordered her, in the ſame tone of voice, to clean the houſe

from top to bottom by that day, to waſh Francis's linen, to fatten up ſome poultry, &c.

Poor Jenny heard not a word of all this; her heart was ready to burſt: ſhe was juſt able to leave the room, and gain her own little chamber; where, throwing herſelf on the bed, ſhe yielded her ſoul to grief and deſpair.

Alas! ſhe was not long ſuffered even to deplore her misfortunes, in privacy. The loud cries of Sarah; the ſupplications of Francis; ſome oaths even from old Thomas; her name often repeated, accompanied with the vileſt terms of reproach; informed her, that Francis had ſpoken, had revealed their affection for each other, and that the ſtorm would preſently burſt with all its fury on her.

Francis, indeed, immediately on her quitting the room, had poſitively declared to his parents, that his heart, and his pro-

miſes, attached him to Jenny Tompſon; that he loved her better than life; and, that he would never marry any other woman.

What pencil, what words, could deſcribe the fury of Sarah? For ſome minutes, ſhe was mute with aſtoniſhment and wrath. Of little knowledge in love affairs, ſhe had never ſuſpected the affection of her ſon; and, what a moment to inform her of it! when a rich heireſs offered to marry Francis; and bring him, on the day of her eſpouſals, a hundred pieces of ſterling gold.

Alas! Jenny, richer than her, might have offered double, had her godfather been honeſt; but this was a circumſtance ſhe little ſuſpected.

At length, Sarah broke ſilence, by a torrent of abuſe, and maledictions, againſt poor Jenny. Her rage was ſuch, that for once ſhe was of the ſame opinion as

her huſband; who, indeed, here heartily joined her.

The good Thomas, however, loved Jenny; but, then, he loved money ſtill better. Beſides, as he knew it was perfectly uſeleſs to ſtrive againſt his wife, he ranged on her ſide: ſhe excited and animated him; and, preſently, his exclamations were louder than her own.

The end of this horrible uproar was, that Sarah entered like a fury, the chamber where the trembling Jenny was withdrawn; and, after ill-treating her, both by words and blows, ſhe turned her out of the houſe, forbidding her ever again to appear in her preſence. Franeis, forcibly held by his father, could not go to the aſſiſtance of his young friend, and ſuffered as ſeverely as herſelf.

It would certainly not have been difficult, for a youth in all his vigour to have torn himſelf from the weak arms of

an old man: but, this old man was his father; and Francis, in a ſtate of deſpair. He endeavoured, however, to profit by his ſituation, and to ſoften Thomas's heart.—"My father," ſaid he, embracing him; "Oh! my father, grant me Jenny; let me owe to you more than life!"

Sarah was not there: Thomas idolized his ſon; he loved, likewiſe, Jenny; and was not much accuſtomed to reſiſtance. Thomas did not anſwer; but the tears ran down his cheeks. His arms, in which Francis was claſped, ſlackened. Francis was free; he now flies, and hears his mother ſcolding, as ſhe faſtens the ſtreet door on poor Jenny. Francis inſtantly reſolved: a window, about ten or twelve feet from the ground, was preſently opened, and out he leaped.

Sarah, who beheld this, without being able to prevent it, uttered a loud ſhriek; expecting her ſon muſt be either killed

or wounded: and, probably, ſhe would have preferred the latter misfortune, to ſeeing him fly, like a young ſtag, after Jenny. He had little trouble to come up with her: trembling, deſpairing, ſhe had ſat down on a ſtone, at the extremity of the village; and, with her face concealed in her apron, abandoned herſelf to grief.

She could have wiſhed to die; but, to die without again ſeeing Francis, without once more ſaying to him—"Dear Francis, I ſhall ever love you!" And, now, could ſhe deſire to die; to part with life, and love, together; to render poor Francis ſtill more unhappy than he was?—No: however unfortunate we may be in other reſpects, a reciprocal affection attaches us to life; we feel too well, that a mere exiſtence is the leaſt we have to part with; and, what misfortunes cannot be ſupported, under the rapturous idea of having inſpired as warm an affection

as that we feel! Our very troubles, then, create freſh claims of fondneſs, and almoſt become pleaſures.

Jenny did not experience this yet. She feared at firſt, that ſhe had loſt Francis for ever; but, now, hearing his voice, ſhe raiſes her head: he ſtands before her; ſhe throws herſelf into his arms; and weeps, indeed, but it is with tears of joy. He haſtily led her to that thick wood, which you ſee yonder behind the village, and with the various windings of which he was well acquainted. Jenny could hardly walk, ſhe trembled ſo exceſſively: he ſuſtains, he encourages her; and they enter, together, the impenetrable foliage, where they ſit down.

After having ſighed, and wept, for ſome time; after having ſworn, a thouſand times, eternal conſtancy to each other; they held together a little council, on what was beſt to be done.

"In the firſt place," ſaid Jenny to him, "I adviſe you ever to love me, and not to marry Peggy."

"And my advice is," ſaid Francis, "for you to follow me, let us be married immediately, and love each other elſewhere."

The tender Jenny liked this project very well; and, undoubtedly, it would have been put in execution, if our two poor lovers had not, by I know not what chance, recollected that, between them both, they could not muſter up a ſingle ſhilling. If they had poſſeſſed but one guinea, they would have been content; and have thrown themſelves on the high road of the world, convinced that their treaſure would laſt as long as their love: but, here, there was no room for illuſion; they had nothing—abſolutely, nothing—neither one nor the other. Jenny had only one half guinea remaining, of the ſix guineas which her godfather had given

her; the reſt had been expended on ribbons; a coloured gown, which much became her, and which Francis had choſen for her; ſhoe-buckles, and neckcloths, for Francis's holidays; a white dimity waiſtcoat, which ſhe had nicely embroidered for him, early in the mornings, before Sarah was riſen; and, laſtly, in a ſmart pair of ſhoes, and fine ſtockings, for herſelf, becauſe Francis had told her ſhe had a very pretty foot. But all theſe were remaining in her wardrobe, in the houſe of the implacable Sarah; and Francis, who little foreſaw, that morning, that he ſhould wiſh to run away in the evening, had not even, about him, his pinchbeck watch, the only thing of any value which he poſſeſſed.

It was, therefore, neceſſary to renounce, at leaſt for that day, their project of flight. Yet they were of that age which, in general, fondly thinks love will ſupply all; and, certainly, their affection for each other could not be doubted: but, it

was the exceſs of their love which rendered them prudent; each feared, for the other, what they both would, with pleaſure, have ſuffered alone. They muſt, however, decide on ſomething: the day was advancing; and the name of Francis, repeated by the echoes of the foreſt, had already ſeveral times reached their ears. They were certainly ſeeking him; it would not be long before he was diſcovered; and they would tear him away from his Jenny. It was, therefore, better that their ſeparation ſhould be voluntary, than forced: at leaſt, they would know where to find each other again. It was agreed, therefore, that Francis ſhould accompany Jenny through a bye-road, which he knew, to the village of Ferſham; that ſhe ſhould go and requeſt, for a ſhort time, an aſylum, of her godfather: alledging ſome plauſible excuſe for her leaving old Thomas; or, if neceſſary, confeſſing the true reaſon.

"His Lordſhip is dead, thanks to

Heaven!" ſaid Francis; "elſe, you ſhould never return to him."

"Cruel!" replied Jenny; "had I a Francis in my heart when I knew how to reſiſt him?"

"You are in the right, Jenny; and I might confidently leave you with him, even in that caſe—however, it will be all the better as it is!"

After leaving Jenny at Ferſham, Francis was to return to his parents; and endeavour to appeaſe their anger, and induce them to comply with his wiſhes. If he ſhould not ſucceed, he would make his eſcape with Jenny's half guinea, which ſhe made him ſwear to take, and would go to London. There he would enter into the ſervice of ſome great lord; and get, at once, twenty guineas wages: Lord Lindſay's valet-de-chambre had that ſum; and, as Jenny aſſured him, he was a hundred times more handſome and gen-

teel. Once ſo well eſtabliſhed, it would be eaſy to bring Jenny up to London; and to find, likewiſe, ſome lady, who wanted a handſome chamber-maid. Thus, both their fortunes would preſently be fixed: they would owe all to themſelves; they would be free to marry; and Thomas and Sarah would be ſoon reconciled, on beholding them return very rich, and very happy. This "caſtle in the air," which could not fail to ſucceed, and that in a very ſhort time, allayed all their griefs. They believed themſelves on the eve of being united, formed the niceſt plans for their domeſtic economy, and agreed on the cloth and colour of their wedding dreſſes. They had even a very warm debate, on the place where they ſhould finally eſtabliſh themſelves, whether it ſhould be at Summerhill or Ferſham; each preferred the other's birth place: but, their arrival at the latter of theſe villages preſently ſettled the diſpute, by recalling to their recollection that their choice was not inſtantaneouſly

neceſſary to be fixed on; and that, on the contrary, it was now the time for their ſeparation.

Jenny aſſured Francis, that this village, ſo near them, could never be Ferſham; that ſhe had been ten times longer on her way when ſhe left it! But, alas! ſhe could not long doubt, for ſhe preſently recollected all it's environs. Her tears now began to flow; and, throwing her arms round Francis, ſhe cried—"Oh, what a diſagreeable place is this Ferſham!"

"Yes," replied Francis; "it is, indeed: and, I will never dwell in it."

We will paſs over the moment of farewell. They have, at length, ſeparated. Francis, though he climbed up a tree, could no longer ſee Jenny: Jenny, though ſhe ſtood on tiptoes, could no longer perceive Francis; and, indeed, feared that ſhe ſhould never behold him again. However, they had made an ap-

pointment to meet each other next morning; but, that was an age.—How many hours! how many minutes!—And, if his parents ſhould confine him!—And, if my godfather ſhould keep me priſoner! Or, if he will not receive me, where can I go! what will become of me!" She went forward, and trembled.

Since the death of his Lord, her godfather, with the two hundred pounds belonging to Jenny, had been employed in building a houſe, ſurrounded by a ſmall garden; where Mr. Steward dwelt, and endeavoured to forget, in floods of wine and beer, the unworthy action of which he had been guilty. The continual preſence of the victim of his deceit, the intereſting and unhappy Jenny, would have produced a very contrary effect: and, undoubtedly, he would have ſent her away, for this ſole reaſon, had it not been for a lucky accident. John's old ſervant had been very ill for ſome time; he had, in vain, ſought for one to nurſe

, and supply her place; and had once ught of again demanding his god- ghter, at Summerhill. Remorse, how- r, prevented his adopting this plan. t, when he saw her before him, beg- g his protection; his interest told him, the moment, that he should receive : and was, for this once, in agreement h his conscience. This, too, loudly gested to him, that Jenny had more ht than himself to inhabit this house; that he could not refuse her a cham- r in a dwelling which was her own. e was therefore received, without many estions being asked her respecting her sons for leaving the family of Wills.

" Sarah is a little cross and unkind!" d she, blushing.

" So much the better! so much the tter, young lass! Hannah is a very vil; and myself, when I have drunk a le, am not much better: therefore, will not be spoiled here!"

Jenny, indeed, thought ſhe ſhould gain but little by the change; but, ſeparated from Francis, every thing elſe became indifferent to her.

An intenſe grief abſorbs, or extinguiſhes every other feeling; perhaps, indeed, when we love, as Jenny loved, we find a kind of melancholy pleaſure in being unfortunate; when afar from the beloved object, in being ſo with reſpect to every thing. We ſhould reproach ourſelves, if, proſperity and happineſs illumined theſe intervals. Jenny, therefore, patiently bore the rudeneſs of her godfather; and the ill humours of Hannah, whom ſhe tended and nurſed as well as ſhe could. She had ſome trouble to eſcape, for a few minutes, in the evening, to the entrance of the village, the place agreed on for her rendezvous with Francis. They both arrived there almoſt at the ſame moment.

When their tranſports had a little ſub-

ſided, and they were able to talk and liſten to each other; and when Francis, likewiſe, had been informed of Jenny's reception, he related to her, that he had met with a party of the inhabitants of his village, in ſearch of him, who were much ſurpriſed to ſee him returning alone, and very quietly, on his way to Summerhill. Sarah had been ſounding an alarm, from houſe to houſe. To hear her, it was Jenny who had run away with her ſon;—at leaſt, it was her who had ſeduced him!—She was a wicked huſſey, an ungrateful creature, who would have ſtarved, but for her aſſiſtance! and this was the reward of all her goodneſs!—This way of repreſenting things, was not favourable to Jenny: thus, every one—parents, at leaſt—ſhared, in ſome degree, Sarah's anger; promiſed to purſue the yoiding lovers; to bring Francis back to her; and to ſend Jenny to the houſe of correction. Their firſt queſtion, when they came up with Francis, was—"Where

is Jenny?" "I have left her at Fersham."—"You are not, then, going to elope together?"—"We never thought of it. She will remain at her godfather's, and I am returning to my father's houſe." Theſe few words; the honeſt and open air of him who uttered them; the power that youth and beauty poſſeſſes over the heart; perhaps, likewiſe, the general character of the vulgar, which a very trifle will turn over from one party to another, changed, in an inſtant, the diſpoſition of the crowd. Inſtead of returning home as a rebellious ſon, who came to intreat pardon; his entry into the village, and his father's cottage, was a kind of triumphal one. He was conducted to it by all the inhabitants; who hemmed him round, and would not return him into his parents hands, without conditioning that they ſhould not reproach him, nor aſk him any queſtions, but ſhould receive him with open arms. Some young folks wiſhed to add, to this treaty of peace, "*that he ſhould marry his Jenny.*" The

elders of the village, however, repreſented that it was entrenching on Engliſh liberty, thus to curb parental authority. The youngſters again maintained, that every Engliſhman, who had paſſed his one and twentieth year, ought to be free to marry whom he pleaſes. Diſputes increaſed; their ſpirits grew warm; and the hero of the moment was forgot, and left with his relations, that they might decide the argument at the alehouſe.

Sarah kept very ill the promiſe which ſhe had made. Her ſon was at firſt careſſed, then ſcolded, and at laſt abſolutely perſecuted. They had invited to ſupper the young lady whom he was to marry, with her father: Francis poſitively refuſed to appear at table; and this put Sarah into the higheſt rage. The next day, after much altercation and trouble, Francis obtained leave of his parents to abſent himſelf for ſome time, on condi-

mas and Sarah, chiefly to know if ſhe had not followed their ſon, brought her few effects, and appeared ſatisfied at finding her there. He even ſpoke a few words to the godfather, on the inclinations of the young folks.—She, indeed, had endeavoured to ſpeak to him on the ſubject: but, fearing they ſhould aſk a portion of him, he was very ſhy, and pretended not to underſtand them. He only remarked, that he was very glad to have his god-daughter with him; that ſhe was very uſeful; and that he ſtill wiſhed to keep her. He even hinted that, if he was ſatisfied with her conduct, he might, perhaps, marry her to his nephew; but, it was now Jenny's turn to be deaf to all propoſals of this kind.

She received, frequently, news of Francis, who had not yet been able to place himſelf advantageouſly. Jenny ſent him her half-guinea, and her garnet necklace; ſhe only kept a gold ring, which he had exchanged with her on the day of his

in melancholy symphony—"*Farewel then, dear Francis!*"—"*Adieu, my Jenny!*"—"*Farewel,*"—"*Farewel!*" When their voices became less distinct, and it was necessary almost to halloo this oft repeated farewel; motion almost mechanical, made them retrace their steps; and, presently, they were again in each other's arms. At length, day began to close. Francis had a walk of twelve miles, to reach his own home; Jenny recollected this; summoned up all the resolution of her soul, once more uttered a farewel, which was meant for the last, fled hastily away without looking back, and presently reached her own chamber. Old Hannah was but poorly attended to that evening; but, the next day, Jenny applied herself diligently to business; and felt consoled, for all her troubles, as she reflected, each evening, that another day had fled.

Soon after Francis's departure, one of his relations, sent without doubt by Tho-

any news from Francis: all her letters remained unanſwered.

At length, ſhe reſolved to write to the perſon with whom Francis lodged. This was an herb-woman, a friend or relation of the neighbour who had recommended him. Jenny conjured this woman, to inform her what was become of Francis; and, to intereſt her more, mentioned the relation which exiſted between them: beſeeching her, however, to keep it a ſecret. Her letter was ſimple, and feeling; ſhe waited for an anſwer, with an impatience which left her not a moment's repoſe.

Alas! this ſo long deſired anſwer arrived; but, it did not reſtore happineſs to Jenny. Mrs. Hart, after ſome bitter raillery, adviſed her, as a friend, to think no more of Francis Wills; who no longer thought of her, and who had found, at London, a match which ſuited him better

than a poor village girl: she was charged, tho' by the said Francis, to advise her to write no more, as her letters would no longer be received; requesting her, also, to send back, addressed to Mrs. Hart, his ring, as he returned her's, and with it freed her from all her promises.

Jenny's ring was, indeed, inclosed in the letter, a letter which Jenny hardly could read through, and which was presently wet with her tears.—

Yes! it was too surely that ring which Francis took from her hand; which he kissed with such ardour; and which, unable to place it on his finger, it being too small, he hung round his neck, with a ribbon of Jenny's, and deposited in his bosom.

Francis's ring, too large for her, was at this moment suspended on her heart.—Her first motion was, to tear it off;

the ſecond ..... Shall I dare to name it?—Yes, warm and feeling ſouls will allow for her .... In violently pulling it off, the ribbon, which held it, did not break, but the knot tightened round the neck of the unfortunate Jenny.—A ſingle motion more, and Jenny would no longer have exiſted ..... Oh, how ſtrongly was ſhe tempted to it! What, then, reſtrains her? Of what value was life, to her? Francis no longer loves, no longer lives for her!—Yes, but Francis ſtill exiſts; all hope is not vaniſhed; he may return to her; he may repent his infidelity; perhaps, he even already repents it.—He will return, and not find Jenny; and will ſay—"It is I who have killed her!" No, dear Francis! as long as you exiſt in this world, Jenny will not voluntarily quit it!

She even, at laſt, reſolved not to ſend back this ring, which he had the cruelty to demand of her: ſhe paſſed it through the ſame ribbon, which ſhe replaced on her neck; with ſome little hope, that it

might prove fortunate, and that Francis would return to her. But this hope leſſened every day; notwithſtanding the prohibition, ſhe continued to write, yet never obtained any anſwer. She ardently wiſhed to know, if the parents of Francis heard from him; if he was married, and her own misfortunes thus completely decided.—But, whom could ſhe addreſs on the ſubject? Sarah never wiſhed to ſee her again; and felt each day more prejudiced againſt her, as ſhe conſidered her the cauſe of her ſon's departure.

At length, after ſome months paſſed in the moſt dreadful ſtate of ſuſpenſe, ſhe received a viſit from that ſame relation of Francis, who had before brought her the few cloaths which ſhe had left behind, on quitting Summerhill.

She preſently perceived, that he came to diſcover if ſhe received letters from Francis, or knew where he was. Her deep ſorrow; the tears ſhe ſhed, on the

pronouncing of the name of Francis; proved to him, that she was no better informed on this subject than themselves, and much affected him.

Mutual confidence presently took place; she informed him, from what time she had ceased hearing from him. He confessed that, during nearly the same interval, Thomas and Sarah had received no account of him. They had been very uneasy; and, to oblige them, he had determined on going up to London, from whence he was just returned.

"Well, Sir," said Jenny, trembling like a leaf, "have you seen him? whom is he? what is become of him?"

"I am as ignorant as yourself, Miss Jenny: either Francis is no longer in London, or he keeps himself concealed there. I have been there eight days; have visited every public place, the offices for servants, wherever it was likely

o meet with him; and he has even been idvertiſed in the newſpapers; but all my exertions have been attended with no ſucceſs. I have met with people who have ſeen him, but they know not what is become of him."

"And Mrs. Hart?" ſaid Jenny.

"There I went firſt; but ſhe has diſappeared, as well as Francis. I returned to Summerhill, grieved at having ſo poorly ſucceeded; and his parents are almoſt in deſpair. It ſtruck me, Miſs Jenny, that you might, probably, know more about him; but, I find that I am wrong. He is a loſt young man. His parents would have done better, in giving him to you! You are not rich, it is true; but, you are a good girl; and I have always told my couſin ſo; and, if you have no objection to my ſupplying the place of Francis in your heart, the affair will be ſoon concluded. I am my own maſ-

ter; rich; young; and, you may meet with a worſe!"

"I am obliged to you, Sir," ſaid Jenny, endeavouring to ſuppreſs her ſobs; "you deſerve ſome one who loves you: I love only Francis, can never love any but him ....." And, her tears beginning to flow, ſhe left him; requeſting he would tell Sarah that, if by accident ſhe heard of Francis, ſhe would inform her.

Thus was poor Jenny more than ever given up to the torments of uncertainty; ignorant whether ſhe ſhould deplore the death, or the infidelity, of her lover. She almoſt looks back, with regret, on that time when ſhe believed him happy, in London, with her rival: at leaſt, ſhe could then ſay, ſhe did ſay—"He will perceive it is not his Jenny; he will return to her, and will only love her the better!" Now ſhe knew not what to think, what to conclude. Sometimes it ſtrikes her, that it

is Mrs. Hart whom he loves, that they are ſomewhere concealed together; and jealouſy affails her, but laſts not long: this violent paſſion was not fitted for the ſoft and feeling ſoul of Jenny. "No," ſaid ſhe, "if Francis had even forgot me, he would have remembered his father and mother: he ever cheriſhed and reſpected them; and, if he were ſtill in exiſtence, he would not afflict their old age to this exceſs!" She then wept his death, rather than his inconſtancy.

This unhappy condition laſted nearly two years, without there happening any change, either in the ſentiments, or the fate, of Jenny. Her godfather's old ſervant being dead, he offered his goddaughter, to whoſe attendance he was accuſtomed, the honour of ſucceeding her, on the ſame conditions; that is, to have a great deal of labour, and very ſmall wages. She accepted it, without heſitation: all was alike to her. Another maſter might have reproved her for her ſadneſs; but

here, at leaſt while her godfather was drinking or ſleeping, and theſe were almoſt the ſole employments of his life, ſhe could weep, unreſtrained, while ſhe purſued her buſineſs.

However, notwithſtanding this ſorrow, and its conſequent effect on her perſon, for grief is the greateſt deſtroyer of beauty, ſhe was ſtill handſome enough to ſhine on herſelf, each Sunday, at church, the only day on which ſhe went out, the notice of all the marriageable young men. She had, beſides, ſo excellent a reputation; the management and economy of Mr. John's houſe had gone on ſo well ſince Jenny had the direction of it; ſhe was ſo retired, ſo modeſt, that ſhe appeared, notwithſtanding her poverty, ſo good a match, that many very advantageous overtures were made to her: but, ſhe would never liſten to them; alledging, for her only reaſon, that as her godfather was growing old and infirm, ſhe did not wiſh to leave him. Francis's couſin, like

wife, often returned, for his own ends, and it was him alone whom she had not immediately estranged; for, at least, she conversed with him on the only object which could interest her, of whose fate both were still ignorant.

Grief preyed on his parents; and, as misfortunes seldom come alone, they were weighed down by various miseries; and obliged to confide their little interests to strangers, who robbed, who deceived them.

Sarah, who had the management of all, became blind. Thomas was simple, easy, and credulous, and was often deceived. Land, badly tilled, produced poor crops; obliged to pay for this unproductive labour, they gradually run in debt; and were, at length, obliged to sell their effects much below their value. To complete their misfortunes, lightning set their barn on fire; it presently reached their house, and took from them what remained. Their lives were, with difficulty

ſaved; but Sarah, who was that night expoſed likewiſe to rain, was attacked with a general rheumatiſm, which never left her. Thomas, ſtill more unfortunate, and who deſerved it leſs, broke his thigh, in eſcaping from the flames. Thus, were theſe poor old people reduced to the moſt dreadful indigence; wanting even the neceſſaries of life; laying together on a miſerable bed of ſtraw, in a wretched chamber; reproaching themſelves for their cruelty to their ſon and Jenny; and repeating—"Heaven is puniſhing us!"

Poor Jenny was ſoon made acquainted with their misfortunes, and did not content herſelf with merely lamenting them. She ſent privately to theſe unfortunate ſufferers, all the ſilver ſhe had ſaved up in the ſervice of her godfather. This, indeed, was but little, but it was much to them. They were ignorant from whence this aſſiſtance came, and never ſuſpected Jenny: ſoon, however, do they come to be acquainted, that it is from this ge-

nerous girl, whom they have deſpiſed and caſt out, and who avenges herſelf only by benefits.

Her godfather grew more attached to her every day, and had not waited till age and illneſs ſhould have awakened his conſcience to repent of the wrong he had done her, in appropriating to his own uſe the two hundred pounds which were deſtined for her. Shame, at confeſſing his guilt, had prevented him; otherwiſe, he would have repaired the injury he had done her, during his life. He, however, thought it his duty to do it before his death: and, feeling its approaches, he ſent for the paſtor of the pariſh; made a full confeſſion of his conduct, in the preſence of Jenny, whoſe pardon he aſked, and received; and delivered into his hands a will, by which he left her his houſe, and the eſtate attached to it. This was, indeed, worth more than the two hundred pounds; but he thought he owed her this ſurplus, not only for the

interest of her money, but as some reparation of his guilt. He survived, but a short time, this just disposal of his property; and died in peace, satisfied with having expiated his crime. Alas! he was ignorant of the irreparable injury he had done to Jenny! She would have married Francis; he would not have left his native village; and they had been happy. Of what service was this fortune, now she could no longer share it with the youth she loved?—Thomas and Sarah, the father and mother of her loved Francis, were in distress; and it was Jenny's first care, effectually to relieve them.

As soon as she had performed the last duties to her godfather, she hastily collected all the money she could find, shut up her house, confided her affairs into the hands of an honest neighbour, and proceeded to Summerhill.

It was now that the way appeared long, though she walked very fast. She at-

arrives at that village where she first saw Francis, where she had lived with him; she beholds the traces of that dwelling whence she was expelled with such cruelty—but she has forgot that she remembers only the happy moments which she had passed in it with her young friend, and sighs, on beholding no other vestige than rubbish and ruins.

She was but a child, when she quitted where she lived Thomas and Sarah. She flies to it: but, on the point of entering, her heart violently beats: she trembles; she hesitates; she has not sufficient fortitude to open the door which separates her from these unhappy people.

If they should mistake her intentions—should think she came to insult their misfortunes—Or if they should behold her only as the object who had deprived them of their son!—If they should refuse her assistance, and the sight of her should even give them pain!

Hitherto, ſhe had liſtened only to her affectionate heart; had foreſeen no difficulties: it is now that ſhe diſcovers them; exaggerates them; and laments that ſhe had not ſent ſome one before her, to prepare the old couple. Fatigued with her quick and hurried journey, for ſhe had not reſted by the way, ſhe ſits down on the threſhold of the door, and determines on waiting till ſome perſon ſhould paſs. But it was an hour when all the peaſants were at work; and ſhe was a long time there, buried in reflections.

Suddenly, ſhe hears ſighs in the cottage.—She was leaning againſt the door, and liſtens. Thomas and Sarah were lamenting together their unhappy fate, and the neglect which they ſuffered in their old age. She heard them pronounce the name of Francis, and her own; for, they no longer ſeparated them.

"If we had let him marry his Jenny," ſaid Thomas, "they would have been

both with us; would have nurſed us; and we ſhould not now be left alone in the world!"

"Think you, I do not repent my conduct?" replied Sarah, whoſe heart misfortunes and pain had much ſoftened; "God puniſhes us, we have deſerved it!"

Jenny hears no more; ſhe riſes, ſhe ſoftly enters.

"Who is there?" aſked Sarah.

Jenny could not anſwer, ſobs reſtrained her utterance.

Thomas has raiſed his head; he looks at her, but does not recollect her. "Who are you, my child?" aſks he, again.

"I am Jenny Tompſon!" ſaid ſhe, at length, dropping on her knees before the bed, and taking a hand of the old man, which ſhe wetted with her tears; "yes,

I am your child; I am ſo, by adoption, and am come to fulfill the duties of one. You received me under your roof when I was abandoned by all, I am now able to return your kindneſs. Stronger, more robuſt, leſs giddy, I can ſerve you more effectually, and you ſhall be better ſatiſfied with me. Deign to accept of my attentions; and, from this moment, I will never quit you."

Thomas and Sarah wept. At length, Sarah ſaid to her—"Would to Heaven, Jenny, that we could keep you; but, you ſee our misfortunes!"

"Oh, my mother!" cried Jenny, "do not ſay ſo; there will be no more misfortunes for Jenny or you." Then, placing the purſe on the bed, and giving it into Sarah's hands—"Here," ſaid ſhe, "this is your's."

"Mine!" ſaid Sarah, whom the ſight, or rather the touch, of a full purſe, re-

animated; "and from whom, my child? what beneficent angel has taken pity on us?"

Jenny hesitated; blushed; wished to arrange a story, but would not deceive: and, at length, confessed the death of her godfather, and the disposal of his property; but added, with feeling and vivacity—"You will render his benefits useless, if you refuse to partake of them with me! The hope, alone, of alleviating your afflictions, can enable me to support life, and the loss of my dear Francis. It is I who have deprived you of him, it is my duty to serve you in his stead; I have no other happiness to expect in this world; and can you refuse me this?"

Thomas and Sarah, yielding to her entreaties, no longer called her by any other name than that of their daughter; and this name, which called up in her mind

ſuch pleaſing illuſions, became her reward.

She now devoted her whole attention to make their ſituation more comfortable. Her firſt idea was, to have them taken to her houſe at Ferſham; but the ſurgeon, whom ſhe had ſent for to ſee Thomas, having declared, that the journey might be attended with danger, ſhe changed her plan: her little domain was farmed out; her houſe let; and the revenues ariſing from them, were employed, in improving the cottage which the old couple inhabited, and in procuring for them every aſſiſtance, every attention, which their age and condition required. But Jenny did not rely on any one for the ſervices more immediately regarding themſelves, repoſing each of them on a good bed, Jenny placed her own between them; night, as well as day, ſhe was with them, on the leaſt expreſſion of pain; and was to them, in every reſpect, as the

indeſt and moſt affectionate of daughers.

It is at this period that I became acquainted with her, and was rather miſnformed regarding ſome circumſtances. had been told of the condition of Thonas and Sarah; but, having only juſt urchaſed this country houſe, was ignoant of the events which had preceded heir misfortunes. I went to ſee them. The neatneſs of their dwelling, the atentions and activity of this girl, forcibly truck me. I believed, that filial love was alone capable of them. "You are appy, amidſt all your misfortunes," ſaid , "in having this charming daughter, who ſo well performs her duties."— "Alas!" ſaid they, "ſhe is not our daughter, ſhe is our benefactreſs; an angel, whom Heaven has ſent us!"

They then related to me what you have juſt heard, and ſpared not any reproaches

on their own conduct. They were convinced, they ſaid, that their only ſon no longer exiſted: but Jenny conſoled them; cheared them; even confeſſed ſhe was leſs unhappy, wept for Francis with leſs bitterneſs; ſince ſhe had formed the happineſs of his parents, and was occupied inceſſantly in their ſervice. Nevertheleſs, when that name, ſo dear to her heart, was pronounced, and it often was, emotion, trouble, and grief, ſhaded her ſweet countenance; but ſhe repreſſed her tears, would careſs Thomas, render ſome ſlight ſervice to Sarah, and preſently reſume her calm and ſerene air.

Such virtue and conſtancy deſerved to be at length rewarded. She had lived more than a year with the parents of Francis, whom ſhe now never expected to ſee again; when, one day, as ſhe was ſupporting Sarah to ſit up in her bed, and was converſing with them of the long lamented Francis, happening to look towards the window, Jenny obſerved a man in an

old ſailor's habit, who was ſpeaking to a perſon in the ſtreet, and ſeemed to be earneſtly aſking ſome queſtion. Unknowing why ſhe felt affected—"My mother," ſaid ſhe, "there is a poor ſailor paſſing; perhaps, he is in want: I will go and ſpeak to him. She was juſt on the threſhold of the door, when ſhe ſaw him enter, pale and wan. Her eyes might have miſtaken Francis, but her heart could not—"Great God!" exclaimed ſhe, "it is him, it is Francis!" She throws herſelf into his arms; and remained there, deprived of all ſenſation.

The loud cry ſtruck the ears of the old people, but they had heard nothing diſtinctly; and, when Francis entered their chamber, with an air the moſt wild, bearing Jenny in his arms, and placing her on Sarah's bed, dread and apprehenſion were all they felt. Theſe, however, preſently ſubſide. Francis is on his knees, before the bed of his mother; he has already pro-

nounced that loved and tender name—"Oh! my mother," cries he, "it is Francis, it is your ſon." He has preſently riſen, to throw himſelf into the trembling arms of his father; and now, returning to Jenny, he labours to reſtore her, by the moſt affectionate careſſes. Happily, age and illneſs had blunted the ſenſibility of Thomas and Sarah, and they were able to ſupport, without danger, a joy ſo intenſe, a return ſo unexpected. The fear of having loſt Jenny, now employed all their thoughts; but the attention of Francis ſoon reſtored her.

Let us paſs over the firſt moments; in which, theſe four perſons experienced, without doubt, all that the human heart is able to taſte of joy. It is a ſon, a lover, it is that being ſo long lamented, whom they had believed loſt to them for ever, whom they now claſp by turns in their arms! Nor is Francis leſs happy; who finds again his Jenny, with his father and

mother; finds, her, too, ſtill tender and faithful!

At length, a very natural curioſity ſucceeded theſe tranſports; but, who was firſt to be ſatisfied? Francis wiſhes to know what circumſtances have reunited Jenny to his family. The old folks are willing, likewiſe, to relate all that they owe to this excellent girl. Jenny ſilences the three—"What does it ſignify," ſaid ſhe, to Francis; "they love me; I am attached to them; I am already their daughter; and ſhall ſoon have ſtill ſtronger claims for that dear title; what more is neceſſary? You know the whole, details are uſeleſs, and your ſtory muſt be far more intereſting."

Francis conſents, and relates his hiſtory; which, however, I ſhall not repeat: we may ſay, like Jenny, what does it ſignify? They are happy, what can be wiſhed for more?

If, however, you ſhould wiſh to know what had become of him all this time, I will inform you, in a few words—That, deceived by Mrs. Hart, who endeavoured to gain his affections, he was made to believe that his Jenny was inconſtant, and had married her godfather's nephew; that, in his anger, being reſolved never to ſee her more, he had engaged himſelf as a ſailor, in a veſſel which was going to the Indies; and that, the day before his departure, Mrs. Hart had diſappeared with all his effects.

"I only regretted the loſs of your letters, and your ring," ſaid he to Jenny, "In the firſt tranſports of paſſion, I had torn it from my neck; but, notwithſtanding your ſuppoſed perfidy, I wiſhed to have taken it with me, that it might recal your image to my mind, and thus give me ſome fortitude, while living far away from you."

Jenny ſmiled, drew a ribbon from her

boſom, and ſhewed him the two rings together.—Notwithſtanding her impatience, ſhe was obliged to relate, firſt, how it came into her poſſeſſion, and he then reſumed his ſtory.

Tempeſts, wars, and illneſs, formed its chief particulars; and, at length, a ſea-fight with a French privateer, who ſunk their veſſel, and carried the crew priſoners to Breſt: where Francis would have ſtill remained, if his name had not, by ſingular good luck, been included in an exchange of priſoners.

Arrived at London, he had learned from a lad of their village, the misfortunes of his family, and the wretched condition of his parents. This youth, who had been at ſervice in London more than a year, was ignorant of what Jenny had done for them. He only told him, that ſhe was not married; and, that all the vil-

lage believed ſhe ſtill tenderly loved him.

Francis wanted no more, to induce him to ſet off immediately. He brought back with him only a good heart, and affectionate feelings; all the reſt had been taken from him by the French: but Jenny wiſhed for nothing more.

He was now informed, that ſhe joined to her virtues, a conſiderable portion and beheld the effects of her good fortune in the happineſs and comfortable accommodation of Thomas and Sarah. He owed, already, too much to Jenny, not to conſent to owe all to her; and their happineſs was ſoon afterwards crowned by their marriage.

They are the moſt affectionate couple in Summerhill. Sarah is dead; but Thomas ſtill ſurvives, and ſhares, with two infants, the love and attentions of Francis

and Jenny. When they ſhall have loſt him, they will go to live at Ferſham, in Jenny's handſome houſe. They will be regretted by all the village; and, eſpecially, by myſelf: for, ſaid Mrs. Melvin, concluding, I conſider Jenny as the model of her ſex; having fulfilled all its duties, under every poſſible relation.

Mrs. Melvin did not then inform me of a circumſtance which I have ſince learned—that it was to herſelf alone, that Francis's return was owing. From his ſtory, ſhe had ſuſpected, that he might have gone to ſea: ſhe wrote, therefore, to London; exerted herſelf; and, at length, ſucceeded in diſcovering him in the priſons of Breſt; where, ſick and wounded, he might have died in wretchedneſs. She ſent him aſſiſtance; and, by the recommendation of a nephew of her's, in the admiralty office, at laſt obtained his ex-

What a fight, for the heart of this ſenſible and affectionate woman, was the happy meeting! She could not relate the ſtory, without feeling too much affected; and it was not without emotion, that I heard it: truly happy, if my readers have ſhared in my pleaſure and admiration.

END OF THE HISTORY OF JENNY.

THE

LOST VEIL;

OR,

THE LAKE OF THE SWANS.

A POPULAR TALE.

AT a ſhort diſtance from the little village of Zwikau, in the mountains of Hartz, is a plain which is called, to this day, the Field of Swans. An ancient tradition informs us, that this name was originally derived from a large piece of water which once occupied this place: it was called the Lake of Swans; and its waters had the wonderful property of reſtoring youth and beauty to the women who bathed in it. This precious lake no

longer exiſts, but the ſource which formed it is not entirely dried up: it ſtill gently flows beneath the ſhade of a few trees, and preſently again conceals itſelf; as if diſpleaſed at being ſo little known, while other ſprings, which have but the doubtful reputation of reſtoring health, flow with rapid violence, proudly announce themſelves by clouds of hot vapours, and attract every year, at a vaſt expence, all the real and imaginary diſeaſes of Europe.

Ah! if the properties of the little ſource of the Lake of Swans were ſufficiently known, with what eagerneſs would it be viſited by the fair moiety of the human race! Proceſſions of women would be ſeen, arriving from every quarter; who would ſeek it with, at leaſt, as much fervor, as the pilgrims of Mecca viſit the tomb of their prophet.

Let us, however, confeſs a truth.—Each cloud has not, always, its edges tinged by the rays of the ſun; each

ver, refreſhed by the dew, does not ſtantly diſplay brilliant colours: the ct may fail, without any fault in the or the dew; but, probably, may le in the cloud or the flower. The ues of the ſource of the Lake of ns are infallible; and yet, it may not pen that all the women who bathe e ſhould equally ſucceed in acquiring th and beauty: for, one condition is ched to the effect of theſe ſalutary ers; they will render young and beau- l all thoſe females who are deſcended n the race of fairies, however dif- ly, but no others. Thoſe who have in their genealogy, a ſingle fairy, deſtined to bathe in vain: they will loſe a year, nor leave behind them a ckle; and their pilgrimage will be lly uſeleſs.

do not however think, that this ſhould er *any* female from making the trial. *can* be quite certain, that ſhe has ded from our mother Eve, in an

uninterrupted line, without a ſingle fairy having ever once glided in amid the long train of her anceſtors; theſe potent dames ſo well know how to render themſelves inviſible, or to change their forms?

Probably, ſome new Lavater will ſucceed in diſcovering the profiles of the fairies; and, like the Greek profile, they may become the type of beauty. While waiting till we obtain more poſitive proofs, what prevents us from regarding, as an inheritance from the fairies, thoſe very charms which we now, every day, admire in the ſex: the elegant little ſhape of one, the faſcinating look of another, the harmony of voice, the beautiful ſymmetry of features, the delicate complexion, the enchanting ſmile, the vivacity of wit, the grace of motion, &c. and where is the woman, who has not ſome trace of the fairy; one, or another, of theſe enchantments?

There will, therefore, be nothing im-

proper, in recommending that all women ſhould make a ſingle pilgrimage to the ſource of the Lake of Swans: thoſe, more eſpecially, who begin to deſcend into the vale of years with regret, and as ſlowly as they poſſibly can; the very reverſe of their wiſhes, to poſſeſs always the full bloom of beauty. For their encouragement, we will relate the hiſtory of this ſource, and the wonderful Lake of Swans, ſuch as tradition has delivered it down to us.

WITHIN view of the little lake into which this ſpring poured its ſilver waves, and towards the baſe of the declivity of a hill, ſtood a ſmall grotto, the reſidence of a pious hermit named Bruno. This name, which he had borrowed from that of the Biſhop of Munich, announced his virtue and holineſs: and his reputation for ſanctity equalled, at leaſt, that of his patron.

Nobody knew the origin of this Bruno, nor whence he came. Many years before he had arrived, as a pilgrim, into this canton, and had eſtabliſhed himſelf near the Lake of Swans. He had formed, with his own hands, a neat hermitage; and planted a garden, in which he had made many beautiful arrangements. He raiſed exotic ſhrubs, and formed arbours of the richeſt vines: he likewiſe reared melons; which, at that time, were little known in Europe, and conſidered as a great luxury. With theſe choice productions, he regaled the gueſts who came to ſee him; and his hoſpitality, and gaiety of heart, rendered him generally beloved.

The ſimple inhabitants of the mountain addreſſed themſelves to him, as their advocate and mediator at the celeſtial tribunal. He promiſed all of them his prayers; frequently, however, for very oppoſite demands; and without requiring many alms. Indeed, he never wanted for

the neceſſaries of life: the bleſſing of Heaven, and the gratitude of the inhabitants, procured him every thing he wiſhed for, and that in abundance.

The true reaſon which had induced Bruno to quit the tumults of the world, for his preſent ſequeſtered retreat, we ſhall learn in due ſeaſon: whether it was a call from Heaven; or, whether an Heloiſe had inſpired him, like the pious Abelard, with this taſte for a contemplative life.

At the period when the Margrave Frederick was at war with the Emperor Albert, and the army of Suabia deſolated Auſtria, age had already furrowed the cheeks of the venerable Bruno, and bleached the little hair which ſtill ſhaded his forehead; he walked much bent, and leaning on a ſtick: he had no longer ſtrength to labour in his garden; and wiſhed greatly for a companion to aſſiſt him. He had ſome trouble to find one

who might ſuit him; years had rendered him miſtruſtful, and ſomewhat whimſical. At the moment, however, when he leaſt expected it, chance threw in his way what he ſo much wanted.

The Auſtrians had beat the Suabians near Zwikau, and had killed three thouſand of them: a general panic ſeized the reſt; and they fled, with rapidity, in every direction. Many of them ſaved themſelves in the woods, where they lay concealed in the hollows of old trees; and, in various ways, the troop of runaways eſcaped, moſt of them, the enemy who was in purſuit of them. One, however, harder preſſed on than the reſt, was at the point of being taken. He was a young man, ſtrong and vigorous; who might have defied, on the courſe, the beſt runner of Milan: but, he now was completely exhauſted with fatigue. Unable to proceed, and ſeeing the enemy cloſe at his heels, he took refuge in a little ſolitary building, which he found in

his way; hoping, that he might ſo conceal himſelf in it as not to be diſcovered.

It was the bakehouſe belonging to a neighbouring village; and without furniture, or any other hiding place than the oven. This appearing to the young ſoldier the ſole retreat, he did not heſitate getting into it; and ſat down, in a corner, as ſnug as a loaf. An oven was, undoubtedly, not the beſt bed, and any other place would to him have proved preferable. However, neceſſity had this time choſen his lodging; and fear and fatigue made it ſeem not much amiſs to the young ſoldier.

He had no ſooner fixed himſelf in it, than he fell into as profound a ſleep as if he had been repoſing on down. It was full day when he awaked, though he had intended to have marched before ſun-riſe. He was, indeed, diſturbed from his deep ſleep, by the cries of ſome female peaſants, who had juſt diſcovered him.

Having been informed, the preceding evening, of the victory, they had quickly kneaded ſome cakes to celebrate it, and now came early to bake them. As they were about to put fire in the oven, they diſcovered that it ſerved for the lodging of a man; whom, by his tattered uniform, they preſently recogniſed as a ſoldier of the oppoſite army. Their patriotic zeal took the alarm: and, after having held around the mouth of the oven a council of war, to decide on what they ſhould do with the unhappy priſoner, they unanimouſly determined to revenge, on him, the wrongs done to the chaſtity of women during the courſe of the war, and the death of their huſbands and lovers who had been ſlain. In vain did the unfortunate youth endeavour to plead againſt this cruel ſentence, and to proteſt his individual innocence: his voice was drowned by the clamours of his female judges, whoſe number increaſed every moment; and who, being all agreed on his death, no longer held any other diſpute than that

reſpecting the manner in which he ſhould ſuffer. Some were for his dying by fire; others, by the ſword. Like Bacchantes, wildly ſhaking their thyrſuſes, one ſeized a flaming brand! another, a fork, or ſpit: the rights of humanity, of hoſpitality, thoſe even of nature herſelf, were forgotten; and vengeance appeared to them, at this moment, the only virtue. Their unhappy victim no longer raiſed his lamentable voice, and appeared reſigned to his fate; unleſs, indeed, he had already expired with fear: when ſome of the more furious drove their weapons into the oven, where they wielded them about on every ſide; and did not ceaſe, till they clearly perceived that they were only aſſailing the bare walls, and that their priſoner had eſcaped. Ranged, like a rampart, about the mouth of the oven, they had conſidered flight as impoſſible; and none of them, in their rage, ever once thought of the chimney: but, during their diſpute on the manner of diſ-

patching the young ſoldier, he had diſcovered this ſole method of ſaving them the trouble; and, climbing with all his ſtrength up the ſooty funnel, he at laſt got to the roof, leaped from thence on the ground, and fled into a neighbouring wood for ſhelter, till the departure of his formidable enemies.

He ſoon beheld them return to the village; more grieved, probably, at their intended victim's eſcape, than they would have been at the loſs of the battle. He did not, however, conſider himſelf in ſafety, till the deepeſt ſilence aſſured him that there were no more women in the environs of the bakehouſe. He now quitted his retreat; and, trembling like a hare purſued by the hunters, filled with the imagination of being ſtill ſurrounded by furies armed with brands and ſpits, he fled as faſt as poſſible from this dangerous place, and at length fell down under a tree, exhauſted with fatigue and hunger.

When the freſhneſs of evening had a little reanimated him, he aroſe; and perceived at a diſtance, an old hermit, who was performing his devotions before a large crucifix. He now aſſumed courage; and, approaching the holy man in the attitude of humility, fell on his knees before him. The hermit, on riſing at the concluſion of his prayer, perceived the young ſoldier, and gave him his bleſſing. Then, obſerving him ſo pale and exhauſted, and judging, by his dreſs, that he came from the army, he entered into converſation with him. The honeſt Suabian related his misfortunes with as much ſincerity as if he had been at confeſſion. He did not even conceal the dread of death, which yet agitated him; as he ſtill thought he ſaw, at his heels, all the exterminating angels of the village.

The good hermit, taking pity on the innocence and apprehenſions of this youth, offered him an aſylum under his

peaceful and reſpected roof. The young ſoldier accepted it, without heſitation, and followed him in: but, his imagination ſtill haunted by terror, the entrance of the grotto appeared to him like that of an oven; the vault of the rock, the chapel, the little cell, the hermit's cave, even the azure dome of Heaven, all preſented the ſame idea, and made him ſhudder with dread. The old man ſpoke to him mildly, and in the tones of friendſhip; and, at laſt, ſucceeded in quieting his mind. He heated ſome water to bathe his feet, as well as to waſh away the effects of the chimney ſoot; placed before him ſome excellent bread, and the delicious fruits of his garden; moiſtened his parched tongue with ſome good wine; and then prepared for him a comfortable bed of freſh moſs.

Friedbert, for that was the name of the young Suabian, ſlept as ſoundly as he did in the oven: but, inſtead of being rouzed by the terrific clamours of the

village Amazons, he was awakened by the mild voice of the pious Bruno; who invited him to prayer, and afterwards to breakfaſt. While eating, with appetite, this acceptable meal, he was anxious to expreſs the gratitude which he felt for the hermit's kindneſs: words, however, failed him; but the happy and contented air which had ſucceeded to his wild mien of the preceding evening, ſpoke ſufficiently for him. At length, after three days paſſed in happineſs and repoſe, he thought it neceſſary to depart. He felt, nevertheleſs, as little inclination to quit this pleaſant and quiet retreat, as the mariner, who has juſt ſuffered in a violent ſtorm, feels deſirous of returning to ſea, while he ſtill, from the ſafe bay, hears the bluſtering voice of the winds, and the deep roar of the threatening waves.

Bruno likewiſe found, in this honeſt young Suabian, a heart ſo ſimple and ſincere, ſuch candour and complaiſance,

that he conceived the design of retaining him for the remainder of his life. This coincidence of their wishes, presently settled the business. Friedbert suffered his crown to be shaved; changed his tattered uniform for a good hermit's cloak; and remained with Bruno, in quality of fraternal servant, to assist his benefactor in looking after the garden and kitchen, and attend on the pilgrims who came to visit the hermitage.

At the time of the solstice, when spring yields its place to summer, and the sun enters the sign of Cancer, Bruno never failed to send his faithful servant, for discoveries, to the lake: charging him to observe if there were any swans there, and to notice, carefully, their flight and number. He listened to the accounts brought back with the greatest attention. A visit of the swans always made him gay, and inspired him with courage: but when, at the usual time, they did not make their appearance, he shook his head; raised his

eyes to Heaven, and then depreſſed them to the earth; appeared abſorbed in melancholy reflections; and, for ſome days, was ſorrowful, and in an ill humour.

The innocent Suabian obſerved nothing extraordinary in this; he honeſtly thought, that the arrival or abſence of the ſwans, was a preſage of the fertility or barrenneſs of the earth.

One evening, as Friedbert was near the lake, he obſerved ſome beautiful ſwans fly round his head; and went, as uſual, to inform father Bruno of the circumſtance. The old man expreſſed great joy at this intelligence; he ordered a good ſupper to be prepared, and drew from his cellar ſome bottles of his beſt wine. They drank off many bumpers, to the happy arrival of the ſwans; and the liquor preſently demonſtrated its effects on our two holy hermits.

The old man, forgetting his age, as well as the gravity of his profeſſion, became gay, lively, and animated: expatiated on the virtues of wine, on the pleaſures of love; and even ſung, in tremulous and broken but correct tone that ancient ſong, which derives its date we are told, from the period when people firſt began to love, and to preſs the juic of the grape.

"Without love, or without wine,
"What has life of joys divine?"

He ſung it with fire and animation and reſembled much more the old voluptuary of Theos, than the pious hermit on the mountain. After this, he again fille his glaſs: and preſented it, ſmiling, to hi adopted ſon, whom he now thus addreſſed—

"My ſon! I am going to aſk you heart a queſtion; but, let me warn it, before hand, that it muſt not, in its an

ſwer, deceive me: keep a ſtrict guard on your tongue, that it be not the meſſenger of a lie; for, if you ſay what is falſe, it will, Friedbert, become as black as the ſoot of your bakehouſe chimney, or as the tongue of Satan himſelf. Tell me, therefore, ſincerely, and in truth, has love, and the ſweet deſires which accompany it, ever occupied your thoughts; or has that paſſion, to this moment, never been awakened in your boſom? Have you carried your lips to the honied cup of chaſte love; or, have you drank in that of voluptuouſneſs? Do you nouriſh the flame of, perhaps, a ſecret ſentiment; or, has it been extinguiſhed by the gale of inconſtancy? Or, indeed, does not ſome ſpark ſtill exiſt, under the aſhes of jealouſy? Are you not the object of ſighs, to ſome young maiden; who, having given you her promiſe, now deplores your death, or languiſhes in expectation of your return? Diſcover to me your heart: I will lay mine open to you; and

perhaps, ſhall inform you of ſome things which may inſpire you with pleaſure?"

"Revered father," replied, with ſimplicity, the innocent Suabian, "as to what regards my heart, it is not acquainted with love; and is as free as the bird that wings the air. I was but a lad, when obliged to bear a lance under the banners of the Emperor Albert. Hardly, then, had the light down began to ſhade my chin, and the girls paid no regard to me. Beſides, I am ſo baſhful, that if I had ſometimes happened to meet with a maiden handſomer than her companions, ſhould not have had courage to look her full in the face. It has never chanced that any one made advances to me; or encouraged me, by any obliging regard to court her: I therefore know not, that any female tears have ever flowed for me except, indeed, thoſe of my mother and ſiſters, who wept bitterly, indeed, when I departed for the army!"

The old man heard, with pleaſure, this anſwer, and thus replied—"Young man, you have now ſerved me three years with fidelity, and I owe you a reward. I could wiſh that you ſhould receive it from the hands of love; and that, in this reſpect, your fate might be more fortunate than my own: for know, that it is love, and not devotion, which has conducted me from diſtant countries to this cell! You ſhall now learn my adventures; and, at the ſame time, thoſe of the lake: of that lake, whoſe ſilvery waves, at this moment, reflect the ſoft light of the moon.

"In my youth, I was a brave and gallant knight: my country was Switzerland; my family, that of the counts of Kybourg. Love, and pleaſure, were my ſole purſuits. I killed a prieſt; who had ſeduced a young maiden to whom I was attached, and rendered her faithleſs to her vows. I was obliged to go to Rome, to aſk abſolution of the Holy Father for this mur-

der. He granted it: but, at the ſame time, impoſed on me, as a penance, the performance of three cruſades to the Holy Land, againſt the Saracens; conditioning likewiſe that, if I fell in theſe enterpriſes, all my wealth ſhould devolve to our holy mother church.

"It was neceſſary to ſubmit to the abſolute orders of the vicar of God. I took my paſſage in a Venetian galley, and gaily embarked for my firſt cruſade; but, in the Ionian ſea, we were aſſailed by a violent tempeſt, accompanied by a furious wind blowing off the coaſt of Africa. The ſea roſe mountains high: our little bark became the ſport of the waves; and, being driven into the Egean ſea, near the iſle of Naxos, it there ſtruck on a concealed rock, and preſently went to pieces.

"Though I knew not how to ſwim, I eſcaped death: by what means, I know not. My guardian angel muſt ſurely have

ſuſtained me on the water, for I reached land. The inhabitants humanely received me; and, making me diſgorge the ſalt water which I had ſwallowed, at length reſtored me to life. I proceeded to the city of Naxos, the court of Prince Zeno, a deſcendant of Marcus Zenata; on whom the Emperor Henry of Suabia had conferred the Cyclades, with the title of duke. I was well received by him, under the title of an Italian knight.

"It is there that I beheld the beautiful Princeſs Zoe, his wife. Her figure ſo completely combined every beauty in the Grecian forms, that Apelles would have needed but her alone, as a model for the Goddeſs of Love. The firſt ſight of her kindled in my breaſt a flame which annihilated every other ſenſation, every other deſire. I forgot the beauties of Europe, as well as my cruſade to the Holy Land; and all my attention was taken up on the means of revealing my paſſion to the beautiful Zoe. I diſtinguiſhed myſelf

at all the tournaments, and bore away the various prizes. This was not very difficult; the effeminate Greeks were very far from equalling me, either in ſtrength or addreſs. I ſought, by a thouſand little attentions, which I had found, by experience, generally ſucceed with women, to obtain the affectionate regards of the enchanting Princeſs. By means of intelligence, which I contrived to gain at the palace, I was always appriſed what would be her dreſs at the next court feſtivity; and her favourite colours were always thoſe of my ſcarf, and of the ribbons in my helmet. She loved the ſong and the dance: herſelf, indeed, danced like the famous Herodias. When ſhe went in the evening, to take the air on the terrace of her garden, or on the borders of the ſea, I ever took care that ſhe ſhould be agreeably ſurpriſed by a cheering concert of muſic: or with dances, and ballets, performed by a company of ſkilful dancers, whom I had ſent for expreſsly from the Morea. I employed, inceſſantly, the

curious artiſans of Conſtantinople, that the lady of my heart might be the firſt to receive every new faſhion, and poſſeſs all that could heighten the ſplendor of her beauty, or flatter her taſte. Though every thing was addreſſed to her in an anonymous manner, I took care that ſhe ſhould be at no loſs to gueſs the author of theſe gallantries. If, my ſon, you had any experience in love, you would know, that all theſe attentions, which appear to you perhaps, indifferent, are hieroglyphics in the world of gallantry. The ignorant regard them as unmeaning follies; but they have a ſenſe and ſignification as determinate as the letters, and words, of our common language.

"The language of love, is a kind of ſymbolical language; in which two perſons, who underſtand it, may eaſily converſe, in the preſence of a third, without being obſerved: and lovers very ſoon acquire a knowledge of it, without any other tutor than their own hearts.

"These mute tokens of my affection, which I sent to the inmost recesses of the palace, spoke there very clearly in my favour; and I soon remarked, with rapture, that the beautiful eyes of the Princess sought me, sometimes, amidst the crowd of courtiers which surrounded her, and expressed the liveliest gratitude for my attentions.

"At length, more emboldened in my enterprises, by her notice, I sought to gain over one of her women, with bribes. Explanations were by this means given, on both sides, and a rendezvous several times appointed; which, however, always failed. There always happened some trifling circumstance, to counteract the plan formed by love. Sometimes, Zoe had not an opportunity to escape, without suspicion, from her company, to join me; and, at others, the place where she appointed to meet me was inaccessible.

"At length, the demon of jealousy so

ſtrictly watched the motions of the fair Grecian, that I never was able to ſee her otherwiſe than in preſence of the whole court. My hopes and deſires, now reſembled a veſſel about to be daſhed in pieces againſt the rocks: but, like the famiſhed lion, whom want of food renders furious, my paſſion became more inflamed by reſiſtance; it was a kind of inward rage, a devouring fire, which conſumed even the marrow of my bones. My cheeks loſt their colour; my ſteps became unſteady; and my knees trembled like the weak reed agitated by every breath of wind. In this dreadful ſtate, I felt the want of a faithful friend: in whoſe boſom, I could have confided my ſorrows; and who, at leaſt, by ſhedding over my wound the balm of hope, might have aſſiſted to ſuſtain my ſinking ſpirits.

"I was in this wretched ſituation; had already renounced all hope; and beheld, with melancholy ſatisfaction, the end of my exiſtence approaching; when I re-

ceived a viſit from the phyſician, Theophraſtus, whom the Prince had ſent to ſee me. I held out my hand to him, ſuppoſing he wiſhed to know the ſtate of my pulſe; but he put it back, with a ſmile, entirely diſregarding the irritability of my nerves.

"Do not ſuppoſe, noble chevalier," ſaid he, "that I am going to order you "potions, medicaments, &c. as a com- "mon phyſician might do, who ſo often "preſcribes them at hazard. Your health "has fled away on the wings of love, "and can only return to you by the "ſame vehicle."

"I was much ſurpriſed, at finding the phyſician, Theophraſtus, ſo well acquainted with my ſecret: I knew him to be very ſkilful; but little imagined that he could read my heart, as if he held it under his anatomical ſcalpel. Without, therefore, attempting to conceal from him, what he already probably knew, I ſorrowfully re-

plied—"But, how may love reſtore me "to health! he who has treacherouſly "bound me in his chains? The knot in "which he has drawn them, cannot be "broken; and death, therefore, is my "only reſource."

"I agree with you," replied he, "that "love, without hope, is worſe than "death; therefore, we muſt not give up "hope. There is nothing new paſſes "under the ſun; and what has happened, "may happen again. Old Phaëton little "imagined, that the fair Aurora would "be his bride. When the ſhepherd of "Mount Ida played on his flute to his "ſheep, he did not think that he ſhould "one day carry off the fair Helen "from the proud and mighty Menelaus. "What had King Anchiſis more than "you? and yet, the Goddeſs of Beauty "gave him the preference over the "valiant God of War: the mortal war-"rior, ſupplanted the immortal one."

"It was thus, by ſcience and philoſophy, that this able phyſician endeavoured to diſpel the grief of my heart; that grief, which conſumed it like a ſlow, but infallible, poiſon. I liſtened with eagerneſs to the ſalutary words which flowed from his intelligent lips, and their effect was far more potent than all the remedies of chemiſtry, added to that of the moſt active ſimples.

"I ſoon regained my health; and, with it, reſumed my amorous purſuit. I ſeemed, likewiſe, to have better ſucce[illegible]s. The phyſician, Theophraſtus, became [illegible]y intimate friend, the confident and int[illegible]r-preter of my paſſion. The beautiful Z[illegible]oe eluded the vigilance of her every Arg[illegible]s. I ſurmounted all difficulties; and, at length, in a jeſſamine bower of her ga[illegible]r-den, obtained the interview which I ha[illegible]d ſo long deſired.

"The raptures I felt, on beholdin[illegible] myſelf at the point of experiencing th[illegible]

:licity which had been ſo long the object f my vows, were ſuch as no other human :nſation can poſſibly be compared with. ıtoxicated by love, I threw myſelf at er feet. I preſſed, with tranſport, gainſt my lips, a hand ſoft and fair as the own of the ſwan; and was endeavouring › collect all my fortitude for the con-:ſſion which I had to make her: hen a detachment of the Prince's guards ſued from an ambuſcade, and tore me iolently from the arms of the lovely ;oe; who vainly endeavoured to pro-:ct me, by her prayers and tears.

" The ſhock which this dreadful ſcene onveyed to her ſpirits, added to the noiſe f my aſſailants, made ſuch an impreſſion n her ſenſes, that her ſtrength failed her; ıe roſes of her cheek fled; ſhe fell lifeleſs › the ground; and it is in this ſtate, ıat I was compelled to leave her. urely, if for a moment. I had imagined ıyſelf the happieſt of men, I now paid

dearly for it; ſince I was now, certainly, the moſt unfortunate!

"At the diſtance of a ſtone's throw from the iſland, is a ſteep rock, entirely ſurrounded by the ſea. On the ſummit of this rock is erected a ſtrong tower, which can only be entered by a draw-bridge, which is conſtantly guarded by armed troops. In Pagan times, joy had inhabited this rock; this tower had been, anciently, a celebrated temple conſecrated to Bacchus. Its ruins were converted, by the Chriſtians, into a priſon deſtined to deſtroy, by hunger, the unhappy victims of the deſpot's wrath. Nothing could ſave them from inevitable death; and theſe rocks now reverberated, inſtead of hymns in honour of the God of Wine and of Pleaſure, the cries and ſobs of deſpair.

"Into this horrible place, I was obliged to deſcend, by a ladder, which

was drawn up as ſoon as my feet touched the bottom. The deepeſt obſcurity reigned around; and the putrid ſtench which almoſt made me faint, too ſurely informed me that I was in the neighbourhood of death. Deſpair in my ſoul, I invoked that death by which I was ſurrounded, to abridge my ſufferings. Anxiety and wearineſs, however, ſpeedily induced ſleep; which relieved me, for a ſhort time, from reflections on my horrid ſituation.

"On awaking, I was ſurpriſed by the light which prevailed in my dungeon. I ſought the cauſe; and ſoon perceived a lamp in the middle of the tower, which reſted on a baſket attached to a rope by which it had been let down from above. This baſket, I found, was filled with plenty of proviſions; ſome bottles of Cyprus wine; and a cruiſe of oil, to ſupply my lamp. Though its gloomy light revealed to me all the horrors of the place in which I was confined, hunger prevailed

over my diſguſt; and, ſitting down by the ſide of my baſket, I eagerly devoured a large portion of its contents. Habit and neceſſity render all things poſſible. The grave-digger, reſting on the edge of the tomb which he is about to open, gaily enjoys his repaſt: mine was not gay, but it inſpired me with ſtrength and courage.

"Some days had thus paſſed away—at leaſt, as well as I could judge, for I had no means of meaſuring time in my ſubterraneous abode—when I heard a noiſe over my head: it was the great ladder, which was let down the wall, and a man deſcended it. I ſuppoſed, at firſt, it was ſome companion in misfortune; but my joy was equal to my aſtoniſhment, when I recogniſed, in him, my friend, the phyſician, Theophraſtus.

He did not leave me long in ſuſpenſe, with regard to his intentions. He ordered me to follow him in very conciſe terms, and as a man very deſirous of remounting;

for the mephetic air of this gloomy dungeon ſeemed to accord but little with his taſte. I was, probably, the firſt being who had ever eſcaped from this den alive.

"Under the guidance of my guardian angel, I now again beheld the firmament of Heaven, and the light of the day. He conducted me to his own houſe, and there revealed to me the ſecret of my ſtrange deliverance.

"Thank," ſaid he, "your ſtars, "and the power of love, for having "eſcaped the cruel death which awaited "you. Haſten to fly the enchanted abode "of the Cyclades, before your extri-"cation from this dangerous labyrinth is "rendered impoſſible. A jealous Prince "is more to be feared than an Argus, or "a Briareus: he has a hundred eyes to "watch your motions, and a hundred "hands to lay hold of you. Zeno is,

"perhaps, the moſt amorous huſband
"and the moſt revengeful enemy that
"exiſts. The blood of a tiger flows in
"his veins; love, alone, can repreſs his
"fury: thus he ſeverely avenges the
"frolics of this God on the lovers of
"the beautiful Zoe, but never on her-
"ſelf. Your fate would have been like
"that of many others who have periſhed
"in the tower, if ſhe had not loved you
"better than all the reſt together. She
"engaged to prove your innocence, and
"her virtue, by the fiery ordeal, and de-
"manded your liberation from the tower.
"The Prince having refuſed her, and that
"even rudely, ſhe quitted his preſence;
"making a ſolemn vow that ſhe would
"take no nouriſhment, but die the ſame
"death as yourſelf. Her implacable
"huſband laughed at this menace, and
"ſet out for the chaſe. She pro-
"fited by his abſence, to gain over the
"guard of the tower: and, by this
"means, ſent you food; while herſelf,
"faithful to her vow, refuſed to taſte

"any. At the end of three days, weak "and exhauſted, ſhe was haſtily ap- "proaching the end of her exiſtence; a "mortal paleneſs had taken the place of "the roſes of her complexion, and the "ſpark of life began to grow dim in her "heavenly eyes. Her ſpouſe was in- "formed of it, and returned; he beheld "her in this condition, and his alarm "was extreme. He threw himſelf re- "pentantly at her feet, and conjured her "to renounce her deſign. He granted "her your life; on condition that you "ſhould leave Naxos, as our father "Adam did the terreſtrial Paradiſe, with- "out ever attempting to return to it. "The Prince ſent for me: he recommend- "ed to my care the health of the beautiful "Zoe; and Zoe, that of your liberation. "Prepare, therefore, immediately, to de- "part; a veſſel, ready to ſet ſail for the "Helleſpont, will carry you to the con- "tinent."

"When my friend had finiſhed his relation, I embraced him, and called him my deliverer.—But, to quit Naxos! how could I think of it? The charms of Zoe, ever preſent to my thoughts, had made ſuch an impreſſion on my heart, that it appeared more eaſy to give up my life, than this object of my adoration.

"My friend," ſaid I, "your laſt "words are, to me, the words of death: "have you not, yourſelf, confeſſed to "me, that love without hope is worſe "than death? If you had left me in the "tower, I ſhould preſently have been "freed from an exiſtence which, if I "muſt paſs it far away from Zoe, can "only prove a torment! Suffer me, "however, to finiſh my days like a "brave knight. Go, and tell the Prince, "without evaſion, that I have choſen "his lovely bride for the lady of my "thoughts; that I am ready to fight for "her, to the death; and, ſince I cannot "obtain her for my reward, I will com-

" bat with his knights even till I fall:
" I ſhall, at leaſt, have the pleaſure of
" knowing that I die for her; and, that
" ſhe will ſhed a tear over my fate!"

" The friendly Theophraſtus regarded me with the air of a phyſician who ſees his patient in the delirium of a fever.

" Your project," ſaid he, " is ridicu-
" lous! A brave knight ſhould not
" fight to be conquered; but to conquer,
" and add new trophies to his glory.
" Beſides, it is probable that the Prince
" will not conſider your challenge as ac-
" cording with the laws of chivalry;
" but, rather, as inſpired by jealouſy:
" and he will, without heſitation, im-
" mediately ſend you back to the anti-
" chamber of Pluto. You have already
" eſcaped it, by a miracle; do not, by
" folly, incur a return. But, ſince I per-
" ceive that love prevails more in your
" mind than the fear of death, and that

" your paſſion is ſtronger than your rea-
" ſon; I will ſhed over your wounded
" heart one drop of the dew of hope,
" which will not cure it, but may, per-
" haps, abate the pain.

" Learn, therefore, a ſecret, which is
" known only to a few ſages: which
" no offer, no reward, ſhould have
" induced me to reveal; but which, now,
" yields to friendſhip, and the com-
" paſſion that your ſtate inſpires.

" This Zoe, whom you adore, is de-
" ſcended, as well as many other beau-
" ties of Greece, and other nations, from
" the race of Fairies. The ancient tra-
" ditions of the divinities which former-
" ly inhabited Greece, are not, as people
" now pretend, mere chimeras, the
" creatures of the imagination. The
" poets have mingled with them, it is true,
" many fables and fictions: it would be
" more difficult to ſeparate the true from
" the falſe, than it is to ſeparate ſilver

" from mercury. It is certain, however, " that the family of the Gods, is no other " than a race of aerial ſpirits who inhabit " the higher regions of the atmoſphere; " that is to ſay, Olympus. In the long " chain of beings, they form the neareſt " connection with man: they lived for- " merly with the human race, in union " and familiarity; they aſſociated with " the children of Adam; and the poſ- " terity reſulting from this connec- " tion, has perpetuated itſelf to this day. " The happy ſwan, who ſurpriſed in her " bath the beautiful Leda, and from " whom ſprung, according to the poets, " the God of Thunder, was no other " than one of theſe Genii of whom I " ſpeak; who has left, to the females of " her poſterity, the power of aſſuming, " in ſome circumſtances, and for certain " views, the ſhape of a ſwan.

" From the boſom of the earth, and in " each of the three known continents

" of the world,* ariſe three ſmall ſprings,
" deſigned for the uſe of aerial ſpirits;
" their waters have the faculty of pre-
" ſerving, for ever, the youth and beauty
" of the enchanting beings who inhabit
" the ſuperior regions. Thoſe beings
" are known among us by the name of
" fairies; and our anceſtors honoured
" them, under the title of the Divinities
" of Heaven. Theſe ſprings poſſeſs the
" ſame virtue, for every mortal female
" who is deſcended from a Genius or a
" Fairy; if ſhe bathe in it once every
" year, on the day of the ſolſtice: but, as
" theſe ſprings are in very remote coun-
" tries, and as that branch alone of the
" Fairies which deſcend from Leda have
" the power of employing wings, there
" exiſt few women who can enjoy the
" prerogative of their birth. Though
" deſcended from fairies, they ſhare the
" fate of Adam's children, and fade away
" like a frail flower.

*America was not then diſcovered.

"However ſtrange it may appear to
"you, noble chevalier, it is not leſs true,
"that the genealogy of the beautiful Zoe
"traces up to the eggs of Leda: the
"ſtrongeſt proof which I can give you of
"this, is the undoubted fact that, every
"year, ſhe becomes a ſwan; or rather,
"as ſhe herſelf aſſerts, puts on the downy
"covering of the ſwan: for the daughters
"of Leda are not born naked, like the
"daughters of men. Their delicate bo-
"dies are covered by an aerial veil, form-
"ed of the rays of ether: it extends as
"they grow; they can take it off, or re-
"ſume it, at pleaſure; and not only has
"it the property of ſubſtances formed
"from celeſtial fire, to render light the
"bodies which they ſurround, and en-
"able them to fly above the clouds, but
"has likewiſe that of beſtowing on the
"woman who poſſeſſes it the form of a
"ſwan, as long as ſhe is covered with it.
"The annual voyage to the baths of
"beauty, laſts nine days; and, when no-
"thing prevents, or interrupts their

" courſe on this pilgrimage, it procures
" to theſe ladies the deareſt ſatisfaction—
" that of ſeeing perpetuated their youth
" and beauty. If, then, you are not
" afraid to perform a long voyage, and
" contrive to eſtabliſh yourſelf near one
" of theſe wonderful fountains, you may
" enjoy the pleaſure of ſeeing there the
" beautiful Zoe, and making her that
" confeſſion of your love which it would
" have been very difficult for her to lif-
" ten to at Naxos. I now will inform
" you where you are to ſeek for them.

" The firſt of theſe fountains is found
" in the inland part of Africa, in the
" kingdom of Abyſſinia, and is the ce-
" lebrated ſource of the Nile—The
" ſecond, is an unfathomable lake, at the
" foot of Mount Ararat, in Aſia—and
" the third, which is in Europe, riſes in a
" country called Germany. The waters
" of this laſt, ſituated at the foot of the
" mountains of Hartz, flow into a lake,
" which occupies the middle of a pleaſant

" valley, and the natives of the country
" call it the Lake of Swans: it is this
" that Zoe generally viſits, becauſe it
" lies neareſt her own country. You
" will very eaſily diſtinguiſh the fairy
" ſwans, from the natural ones, by a
" crown of gold, which floats on their
" heads. Be on the watch there, at early
" morn, before the rays of the riſing ſun
" have glanced on the waters; or elſe,
" in the evening, after the ſun has diſ-
" appeared, but ſtill colours, with his
" light, the weſtern horizon. Obſerve
" well, if you ſee any flights of ſwans;
" if you do, immediately they touch the
" ſurface of the water, you will behold,
" inſtead of ſwans, nymphs bathing.
" Your eye will ſoon diſtinguiſh if the
" beautiful Zoe is among them. Should
" you prove ſo fortunate as to diſcover
" her, loſe not an inſtant, but gain poſ-
" ſeſſion of her veil, which you will find
" on the banks of the lake. The Prin-
" ceſs will then be in your power, having

" no longer the means of flight. Love " will inſtruct you what advantage to " take of it."

" My friend Theophraſtus had now concluded; and, for my own part, I knew not whether I ought to believe him, or ſhould regard all he had juſt ſaid as a tale which he wiſhed to impoſe on me. He, however, confirmed it by an oath; and, in a tone of ſincerity, which I could no longer doubt, aſſured me, that every circumſtance was as he had related.

" Be it ſo, then!" ſaid I, after a moment's pauſe: " lead me to the veſſel. I " will try the adventure which you have " marked out for me; and will wander " over the whole world, rather than not " diſcover one of thoſe fountains where " I may gain all my wiſhes!"

" I departed; and, after croſſing the Helleſpont, arrived at Conſtantinople. I there aſſumed a pilgrim's habit; and ſet

forward, in company with ſome others, who were returning from the Holy Land.

"Though directing my way, in as ſtraight a line as poſſible to the mountains of which I had been informed, I wandered for a long time in theſe countries, before I could diſcover the tranquil Lake of Swans, that object of my ardent wiſhes. At length, I found it: and, in its neighbourhood, I built this hermitage; concealing my deſigns, under the hypocritical maſk of devotion. I was preſently viſited, in my retreat, by all pious ſouls. Each took me for a ſaint: and came to ſeek, in my company, celeſtial conſolations; while I nouriſhed, in a heart conſumed by love, only terreſtrial deſires. My eyes were inceſſantly turned towards Heaven; but, it was not in pious extacies: I was only looking for the arrival of ſome of my charming ſwans. One of my firſt employments was to conſtruct a cabin of reeds on the borders of the lake, that I

might obſerve the beautiful bathers, without being myſelf noticed. I there ſpent moſt of my time; and it was not long, before I ſaw what Theophraſtus had told me.

"At the time of the ſummer ſolſtice, I ſaw ſwans arriving, in greater or leſs numbers. Some preſerved, in the water, their natural ſhape; others, took that of charming young women: but, her whom I expected, did not come. For three ſucceſſive ſummers, my hopes were always diſappointed. I did not, however, deſpair: but, remained ever attentive, at my poſt; diſdaining all the other heavenly nymphs, and thinking only of Zoe.

At length, towards the fourth ſummer's ſolſtice, I heard, at the dawn of the morning, the noiſe of wings over my head; and, preſently after, perceived nymphs bathing in the pond: who, not thinking themſelves obſerved by an indiſcreet, gave themſelves up to their gaiety, and a

thouſand innocent diverſions. As ſoon as day permitted me to diſtinguiſh their features, what were my raptures, on obſerving my lovely Zoe among the number? My heart beat with violence; and the emotion of my ſoul was ſo great, that I entirely forgot the leſſon of my friend Theophraſtus. Inſtead of aſſuring myſelf the poſſeſſion of her I adored, by taking from her the myſterious veil; in the exceſs of my joy, I flew out of my cabin: then, extending my arms towards the lake, I exclaimed—

"Lovely Zoe of Naxos! life of my "ſoul! thou, whom I have never "ceaſed to adore! again behold thy "faithful knight, to whom love has be-"trayed thy ſecret, and who has been "expecting thee theſe four long years at "the fountain of beauty, with all the ar-"dour and impatience of the moſt tender "and paſſionate lover!"

"The nymphs, greatly terrified at this

unexpected interruption, ſhrieked loudly. They then took up water, in the hollow of their fair hands, and threw it in my face, to prevent my beholding them. At that moment, recalling to my mind the fate of Acteon, I retreated back a few ſteps. They preſently glided away among ſome ruſhes, where they concealed themſelves. A few moments after, I ſaw ſeven ſwans riſe into the air, who flew with ſwiftneſs, and were preſently out of ſight.

"It was then, that I perceived all the folly of which I had been guilty, and I tore my hair and beard with paſſion. Profound grief ſucceeded my deſpair; and I ſadly proceeded on the way to my cell, with my eyes fixed to the ground. In paſſing by the place whence the ſwans had taken their flight, I noticed, on the turf, ſome ſteps which I could trace by the wet, and the trampled graſs: and preſently perceived, on the ſand, the impreſſion of a delicate foot, which I imagined was that of Zoe; with, by its ſide, a ſmall packet,

which I eagerly ſeized. On opening it, I found a female glove of white ſilk, which could belong only to the beautiful hand of Zoe; and a ring, with a ſparkling ruby, cut in the form of a heart.

" I looked on this glove and ring—left here, without doubt, deſignedly—as the happieſt omens to my love.

" Zoe," ſaid I, " has wiſhed me, cer-" tainly, to underſtand by it, that ſhe left " me her heart; that ſhe was not inſenſible " to my paſſion: and, though the laws of " decency have not permitted her to quit " her companions, to remain with me; I " may conclude, from this gift, that ſhe " will return alone to the Lake of Swans, " as ſoon as poſſible."

" This ſweet hope ſerved yet ſome years to conſole me, and fortified me with patience, while I awaited the much deſired viſit; but my imprudence appeared to have frightened away, entirely, the

ſwans from the lake. It was a long time before I had the pleaſure of ſeeing ſome return, who revived my hopes and my paſſion. I carefully noticed them, and ſometimes felt pleaſure in ſurveying their heavenly forms; but no one ever made an impreſſion on my heart, my eyes only ſought Zoe. Alas, they never beheld her again! I preſerve her ring, as a relic, in my cheſt, as well as her image in my heart.

"I planted roſes, and other odoriferous flowers, around the place where I had found my treaſure. Years have fled away, in the ever diſappointed expectation of ſeeing the well-beloved of my heart. Even now, though my form be bowed down by the weight of years, and my countenance furrowed by the deep wrinkles of age; yes, even now, the arrival of ſwans on the lake ſtill rejoices me: it recals to me, my youth, my affections, and the pleaſant dreams of my life! Nevertheleſs, it is true that, when I look back, and ſeriouſly

reflect on the purſuits of my youth; I cannot forbear the confeſſion, that I have paſſed it without ſecuring its fruits; as an inconſiderate ſpendthrift diſſipates his wealth, without enjoying it. My life has glided away, like a dream in a long winter's night: our imagination cannot free itſelf from its ſcenes, till we awake; all then, ſpeedily vaniſhes; but the ſoul is fatigued by this deceitful ſleep, and feels no ſubſtantial repoſe! Experience alone conſoles me; by deſcribing it as the uſual lot of mortals. A dream occupies their life: they paſs it, in running after a ſhadow; and ſacrifice, to the idle purſuit, their beſt years of ſtrength and activity. Every kind of exultation, either of the heart or the fancy, be its object in heaven or on earth, is but mere folly. Men who wiſh to diſtinguiſh themſelves from others, and to turn from the path which is marked out to them by nature, whether they inhabit a cloiſter or a hermitage; whether they wander into the

country to look at the moon, or to throw into the rivulet the flowers and blades of graſs which they have juſt gathered; or elſe to relate their dangers and eſcapes over mountains, and by the ſide of cataracts; all theſe beings are only indolent dreamers. The purſuits of contemplation, and ſyſtematizing, when they cannot be adopted at the plough, when they do not aſſociate with the ſpade and the pick-axe, can alone reſult from ſelf-love, or ſome derangement of the underſtanding. I have purſued a more meritorious employment, in raiſing fruit trees, in planting the vine, or in rearing the melon, to refreſh the thirſty traveller; than in ſubmitting to all thoſe faſts and penances which have gained me the reputation of a ſaint, while I was, in fact, but a weak mortal, agitated by a prophane paſſion.

"Of what uſe, then, has been the romance of my life? It is on the point of being extinguiſhed; and there will re-

main of me only a reputation, which I have little merited. Therefore, Friedbert, I wiſh not that, like me, you ſhould waſte the moſt important years of your life in this ſolitude. You will remain with me the little time that I have to live; but when you ſhall have cloſed theſe eyes, and my bones are repoſed in the tomb which I have dug under the rock, you will return to the world; and ſeek to gain, by your labour, the bread of yourſelf, and of a good and lovely companion, as well as of your children. This is the true deſtiny of man. The rape of the Sabines, once brought the Romans happineſs. You can make a trial; and, if fortune favours you, may procure, by means of this lake, an amiable female, deſcended from the race of fairies. Once familiariſe her mind to love, and ſhe will conſent to be your's: but, if her heart be already engaged, and ſhe can no longer diſpoſe of it in your favour, reſtore her immediately to liberty; and ſuffer not con-

ſtraint and jealouſy, thoſe two daughters of Satan, to poiſon your domeſtic felicity."

The morning began to dawn, when the old man concluded his relation with theſe uſeful reflections: he then went to ſeek, on his couch, the repoſe which he needed. Friedbert did the ſame, but he found it impoſſible to ſleep: a thouſand confuſed ideas flitted acroſs his brain; he beheld the ſun ſoon after riſe, and took, for a ſwan, every bird which flew over his head.

A few months after this, Father Bruno peacefully repoſed in the ſleep of death, and was buried, by his adopted ſon, with the deep lamentations of all the inhabitants of the mountain, who ſincerely regretted the loſs of their celeſtial advocate. They performed frequent pilgrimages to his tomb, and the heir of the ſaint found theſe not a little conduce to his advan-

age. In their devotional ſimplicity, theſe good people all much wiſhed to poſſeſs, as a relic, ſomething belonging to the holy man; and Friedbert, on granting what they aſked, never failed to receive ſome ſlight reward.

Time, however, diminiſhed the crowds who reſorted to this ſacred ſepulchre; and, at length, the hermitage became a compleat ſolitude. Friedbert was not ſorry for it; as he felt himſelf more at liberty to devote his mind to romantic ideas.

He obſerved, with pleaſure, the increaſing length of the days, and the approach of the ſummer ſolſtice. He did not fail to go and eſtabliſh his poſt of obſervation near the lake: morning and evening he was on the watch, in the cabin of reeds.

At length, one day, he made the much deſired diſcovery: three fine ſwans ar-

riving about noon, approached the lake, in majeſtic flight: they circled it round, ſeveral times, at an uncommon height, as if obſerving whether there was any thing to dread, and then deſcended into its waters. A few moments after, he beheld, in their place, three young beauties; who, holding each other by the hand, like the three Graces, formed the loveliеſt group that the eye of mortal had ever contemplated.

After having ſported, for ſome time in the waves, they began to converſe with each other, without ſuſpicion; and, at length, to ſing. The young obſerver was intoxicated with pleaſure; and, like his maſter, was on the point of letting the opportunity eſcape of ſecuring ſo lovely a prey. He luckily, however, recollected himſelf in time; and, recovering from his extaſy, ſoftly quitted the cabin, and glided unperceived through the thickets, to the ſpot where the lovely females had left, on the bank, their aerial wardrobe.

He found, on the graſs, three veils, of a texture unknown to him; finer, more delicate, and lighter, than the ſpider's web, and whiter than the ſnow newly fallen. Near theſe, were habits of a ſtronger quality, of ſea-green and fleſh-colours, and which appeared to him Indian ſilks. The daring robber ſeized, at hazard, with a raſh hand, one of the veils; and fled, with his prey, full of joy, to his habitation, impatiently waiting for the prize which fortune had reſerved for his audacity.

As ſoon as he had concealed his treaſure in an iron box, he ſat down on a bank of moſs; preparing himſelf, like a Roman augur, to obſerve the flight of the birds, that he might draw from it an omen of his ſucceſs.

The evening ſtar began to ſhine; and, a moment after, aroſe two ſwans, in a hurried flight, which marked their con-

ſternation: they fled, as if they had been purſued by a bird of prey.

It was then that his heart began to beat, and a paroxyſm of joy pervaded his whole frame. Two ſwans, only, had fled: curioſity leads him to the lake, to ſee what is become of the third.

However, after having advanced a few paces, prudence inclines him to return to the grotto. He reflected, that it would be wiſer, and more ſuitable to his intereſts, to conceal his robbery; that hypocriſy would ſucceed, in this caſe, better than ſincerity; and, that it was much more eligible to preſent himſelf as a protector, than as a thief.

He kindled his lamp; hoping, with reaſon, that its light would not fail to attract the beautiful bird of night. He took up his roſary; placed himſelf in the attitude of a man at prayers; and, while pretending ſlowly to count his beads,

kept his ears on the watch to give intelligence of what was paſſing without.

He preſently heard a ſlight noiſe; like that of a timid ſtep, which feared to betray itſelf while trampling on the yielding ſand. The roguiſh hermit redoubled his apparent devotion, perceiving he was obſerved; at length, having finiſhed his prayer, he ſlowly aroſe, and caſt his eyes towards the door.

He then beheld his lovely priſoner: ſhe was there, decked in all the charms of her age, her ſex, and beauty; with a countenance which expreſſed the livelieſt ſorrow, and the pangs of alarmed modeſty.

This firſt moment decided the affections of the tender Friedbert: indeed, the expreſſion of grief on her heavenly face, had ſomething in it ſo lovely and impreſ-

ſive, that he could not forbear feeling deeply affected. Her delicate mouth opened to addreſs him; and her mild and ſuppliant attitude was in perfect harmony with her ſpeech.

The young hermit liſtened, in raptures, to her melodious voice; but did not comprehend a ſingle word, the language in which ſhe ſpoke being quite unknown to him: nevertheleſs, he could eaſily gueſs what ſhe aſked of him.

Indeed, it was to pray him to reſtore her the veil which he had taken from her: but, he feigned not to underſtand her; and only endeavoured, in his turn, to make her ſenſible, that her virtue had nothing to apprehend in this pious retreat.

He ſhewed her, in a ſeparate part of the grotto, a neat and comfortable bed; he ſerved her with ſome excellent fruits

and preſerves; and did all that his hermit's policy could ſuggeſt, to acquire her confidence.

But the afflicted beauty appeared to pay attention to nothing; ſhe ſat down in a corner, abandoned herſelf to grief, and wept and ſobbed inceſſantly.

The good-natured and feeling Friedbert was ſo touched at ſeeing this, that he began to weep too: and he ſo well played his part in this ſcene of tears, that the lovely ſtranger appeared to feel ſome conſolation from the ſympathy which he expreſſed in her ſorrow.

She no longer ſuſpected him as the pilferer of her veil; and aſked his pardon, in her heart, for having accuſed him. She wiſhed only to find ſome means of making her benevolent hoſt comprehend what was the ſubject of her grief, with which he appeared to her totally unacquainted.

The firſt night paſſed but ſadly, in the grotto of the hermitage: but Aurora has, at all times, the amiable function of drying up, with her roſy fingers, the tears of the unhappy. Friedbert performed, on the riſing of the ſun, his uſual devotions, which the young beauty was not diſpleaſed to obſerve.

She was perſuaded to eat ſomething at breakfaſt, with which he ſerved her: then ſhe went out to ſeek again, on the bank of the lake, her loſt veil; ſhe now imagined that, perhaps, ſome indiſcreet zephyr, ſporting with ſo light a ſubſtance, might have carried it among the thickets.

The officious Friedbert accompanied her, and aſſiſted in her ſearches; which, however, he well knew would be uſeleſs. This renewed, in ſome degree, the grief of the beautiful daughter of fairies: but the blood which flows in their veins, is more fluid than that of ſimple mortals;

grief preſently is effaced from their hearts, like the ſhades of night from the ſurface of the earth.

By degrees, ſhe grew accuſtomed to her ſituation: her eyes began again to brighten, like the clouds after a ſummer's ſhower. She likewiſe felt reconciled to the companion of her ſolitude; and her regards ſometimes reſted with pleaſure on the animated and pleaſing countenance of the young hermit.

He obſerved all theſe circumſtances with ſecret joy; and, by numerous little attentions, which love alone could have ſuggeſted, he ſought to deſerve and increaſe the favourable regards ſhe already evinced for him. Love had changed the ſimple and common good ſenſe of the Suabian, into a refined ſentiment; and had given him a ſagacity to read all the receſſes of the female heart. It was, likewiſe, this inventive love, which ſoon

taught them a conciſe but expreſſive language, by means of which they learned to underſtand each other as well as Inkle and Yarico.

It was long before Friedbert's curioſity was ſatisfied, with regard to what language the fair ſtranger ſpoke: of what country ſhe was; her name; the condition of life in which ſhe had been brought up, and if it were ſimilar to his own. By the aſſiſtance of their new language, he learned, at length, that fate had thrown into his hands a beautiful Grecian: his ſurpriſe and pleaſure increaſed, on being likewiſe informed that ſhe was a Princeſs, and the youngeſt daughter of Prince Zeno and the lovely Zoe of Naxos, ſo long beloved by Father Bruno.

"And now, my good hermit," ſaid ſhe, "tell me how happens it that you are acquainted with the properties of the lake; and why did my mother always warn me and my ſiſters to avoid the weſtern bath?

Had ſhe ſome adventure here, ſimilar to my own? Did ſhe, likewiſe, loſe her veil? She ſent us, every year, to the ſources of the Nile, without ever herſelf accompanying us: for my father, inſpired by jealouſy, ſtrictly confined her. He rather preferred her loſing her beauty, to preſerving it for any other than himſelf. It being no longer in her power to viſit the fairy baths, to refreſh there her youth and beauty, ſhe has loſt both. My father is dead, and my mother paſſes her widowhood in melancholy ſolitude; for, when no longer young and beautiful, there remains to our ſex little but ſorrow and regret. We live under the guidance of my mother; remote from the court of our uncle, who ſucceeded our father in the government of the Cyclades; and we never leave her, except during our voyage to the fairy baths.

"My elder ſiſters once determined to direct their flight towards the weſt. They

had forgot, through youth and imprudence, my mother's advice; or, perhaps, thought they would be leſs incommoded by exceſſive heat in thoſe countries, than in the deſarts of Egypt. During this voyage, which we undertook ſome years ago, and which we carefully concealed from our mother, there happened to us nothing amiſs: and, the ſucceeding years, we have continued to take this courſe; till that unfortunate day, when I became the victim of my ſiſters folly.

"Where is that wicked magician concealed, who watched the nymphs in the bath, to rob them of a veil which could not be of the ſmalleſt ſervice to himſelf? Conjure this wicked genius, you who are a holy man: let him deſcend, from on high, to my feet, if he inhabit the ethereal regions; or elſe, call him up from the centre of the earth, if that be his dwelling; that he may reſtore me my property and inheritance, which diſtinguiſhes me from

mortals, and of which he can make no uſe!"

Friedbert was pleaſed at Caliſta's error, who attributed the loſs of her veil to an enchanter: and, to confirm her ſtill more in this ſuppoſition, he related to her a ſtory of a Prince of the Genii, who often uſed to travel round the Lake of Swans, and took a malicious delight in playing off tricks on the bathers. He likewiſe told her, that he did not poſſeſs the power of convoking ſpirits; but that he had heard of a certain ſylph who, many years before, had likewiſe loſt her veil; and that ſhe had, in exchange, found a faithful lover, who ſoon made her forget, or at leaſt no longer regret, the loſs of her wings.

The charming Caliſta felt ſomething, in all this, very conſoling: nevertheleſs, to remain in ſuch a ſolitude, whatever might be the beauties with which nature had adorned it, by no means ſuited her:

a certain proof that ſenſibility, the twin ſiſter of love, had not yet touched her heart; for we know that, the more ſolitary is a valley, the more deſart an iſland, the more is it a Paradiſe to the feeling ſoul.

The complaiſant hermit was no ſooner made acquainted with the wiſhes of his fair friend, than he profeſſed his readineſs to quit the hermitage; but, at the ſame time, took care to inform her, that nothing could indemnify him for ſuch a ſacrifice, but domeſtic happineſs, in the arms of a virtuous wife.

While he ſaid this, his eyes were fixed on her with ſuch expreſſive tenderneſs, that it was not difficult for the beautiful Caliſta, to gueſs the full extent of his meaning.

She bluſhed, and looked down; Friedbert underſtood her anſwer.

From that moment, he employed him-

ſelf diligently in preparing for their departure. He reſumed a military dreſs; and ſet off, with his lovely companion, for Suabia.

In this province, there is a little town, called Egliſau, belonging to the Lords of Gravenek. Here lived the mother of Friedbert. She bleſſed the memory of her deceaſed huſband; and curſed the Auſtrians who, as ſhe ſuppoſed, had killed her ſon. She never failed to beſtow a trifle on every maimed ſoldier, returning from the army, who ſtopped before her door, to aſk charity. She aſked them a thouſand queſtions reſpecting her dear Friedbert: and, when one of theſe invalids, more talkative, or more artful, was able to impoſe on her ſome ſtory reſpecting this young man—how he had fought like a brave ſoldier, and had fallen like a hero—and how many bleſſings he had charged him, while dying, to bear to his dear mother—ſhe failed not to ſet before him a bottle of her beſt wine; while her

maternal eyes overflowed with tears, and her heart with grief.

Four years had thus paſſed away, in liſtening to, and believing, falſe relations. The winds of autumn had began to ſcatter from the trees the leaf tinged with every various hue, when the good mother, and all the town, were awakened from their lethargy by ſtrange news.

A courier, on horſeback, announced that the brave Friedbert had not periſhed in the conteſts of Suabia; but was on the road, returning to his native country: that he came from diſtant lands, with the equipage of a chevalier of the firſt rank; that he had experienced many adventures in the eaſt; and brought back with him a bride of exquiſite beauty, the Sultan of Egypt's daughter, with conſiderable treaſures for her portion.

Fame, we ſee, had here exaggerated every thing: the truth was, that Friedbert

had found himſelf rich enough, by what he had found in Bruno's cave, and his ſale of relics, to augment, gradually, his train, as he approached his native place. He had bought ſome horſes, decked with ſuperb harneſs; and had arrayed himſelf, as well as the lovely Caliſta, in very ſplendid apparel. He had hired ſeveral domeſtics; and was advancing towards Egliſau, as proudly as an ambaſſador of the King of Arragon.

When the inhabitants of this town ſaw the cavalcade paſs through the ſtreets of Augſbourg, they hailed their fellow-citizen with loud acclamations, and ſhouts of joy. His brothers, his male and female couſins, even to the tenth degree, as well as a large party of the moſt reſpectable citizens, conducted by the magiſtrate, went to meet him with the city flag unfurled, while the bagpipe and the hautboy, celebrated his triumphant return to the place of his birth.

The eyes of his good mother ſhed torrents of joy and pride, while ſhe embraced her ſon. She gave a great feaſt, to which all his friends and relations were invited; and diſtributed, at once, among the poor, all the money in her pocket. She could not keep her eyes off the lovely bride of her ſon; and fatigued her with her careſſes and affectionate enquiries.

Nothing was heard of, in the city and ſuburbs, but the beautiful Grecian. Many chevaliers and gentlemen, great amateurs in beauty, eagerly courted an acquaintance with Friedbert: one called himſelf his fellow-ſoldier; another, his old friend; a third, his couſin; and all profeſſed for him a ſincere friendſhip.

But Friedbert, whoſe mind began now to be inſpired with ſome few jealous apprehenſions, concealed his beautiful Caliſta from the eyes of all; and, every time he left his home, to viſit the court of

the Lord of Gravenek, or elſewhere, ſtrictly recommended her to the care of his good mother.

His ſuit, thus, went on well: and the handſome Grecian, who ſaw no proſpect of ever returning to her own country; who, beſides, felt no diſinclination for a young man, now in the full bloom of youth, and who appeared, likewiſe, in other reſpects, to much advantage, ſince he had thrown off the grey hermit's cloak for the dreſs of a cavalier; yes, the lovely Grecian, laying aſide the prejudices of birth, and the diſtance of their ranks in life, conſented to beſtow on him her hand.

He had ordered a magnificent wedding dreſs to be made for her; the day of the ceremony was fixed on; the fatted calf, and the poultry, were killed; and the good mother had already ſet her hands to the paſtry.

The day preceding the marriage, the bridegroom went on horſeback, according to the cuſtom of the country, to give invitations to his friends. Caliſta, in the mean while, was employed in trying on her wedding dreſs; and preſently perceived ſomething in it which did not pleaſe her, and required alteration. She ſent for her mother in-law, to aſk her advice. The good woman comes; and the ſight of the bride thus ſplendidly arrayed, puts all her ſpeaking faculties in motion. She poured forth a torrent of praiſes on the beauty of her ſhape; the charms of her countenance; and, laſtly, on the habit itſelf, and on her ſon's good taſte in the choice of the colour and ſtuff, as well as the maker's cleverneſs in the fine form of the dreſs. But, when ſhe found that Caliſta did not agree with her on this laſt point, ſhe preſently changed her note, through dread of betraying her ignorance of the faſhions. The fair Grecian's objections reſted principally on the awkward form of the wedding veil; which

was, however, in the neweſt faſhion of that country.

"Ah!" ſaid Caliſta, ſighing, "why have I not, on my wedding day, my beautiful Greek veil; which, in texture, light and dazzling as the flakes of ſnow, floated gracefully round my form, ſportively agitated by the zephyrs, and attached on my head by a golden crown! I ſhould have been an object of envy to all the young maidens of the city; and your ſon's bride would then, indeed, have appeared the moſt beautiful of women! This ornament of Grecian daughters, is no longer in my poſſeſſion; which beſtows on them irreſiſtible charms, and captivates every youthful beholder!"

At this recollection, a tear flowed down the lovely cheek of Caliſta, and fell on her alabaſter neck. The mother was quite melted, at ſeeing this. Her heart was ſoft; the good woman was likewiſe ſuperſtitious, as all the good people of

that age were: she thought, that a woman's tears, on the eve of her espousals, appeared no good omen to the marriage; and she could no longer refrain from divulging a secret which had been, many times before, at her tongue's end.

The sanguine Friedbert had, on this occasion, displayed a distinguishing trait of his country. He had related to his indiscreet mother, the account of his taking away the veil; without, however, revealing to her its properties: only to preserve it more carefully, without incurring the risk of its being found by Calista; he had confided it to his mother's hand as a pledge of love, recommending her carefully to keep the secret.

The matron was pleased at this opportunity of communicating the secret which she could no longer contain—"Weep not, my dear child," said she, "those bright eyes must not be sullied by tears, and the joy of the happy day

"changed into regret. Be not in trou-
"ble about your veil, it is perfectly safe,
"for it is in my hands; and, since you feel
"so great a desire to put it on, I will
"instantly fetch it, if you promise not
"to betray me to your husband: I shall
"vastly like to see how it becomes you,
"and whether it agrees with your wed-
"ding dress!"

Calista remained mute with astonish-ment, at what she had just heard. She, at once, experienced the most lively joy at finding again her veil, and the bitterest resentment at having been so deceived by the hypocritical Friedbert. She had, however, in some degree, recovered her surprise, by the time of the good woman's return; and received with joy, from her hands, the precious veil.

She then opened the window, and fixed t on. As soon as the aerial tissue ouched her shoulders, she resumed he form of a swan; and, instantly ex-

tending two ſilver wings, took her departure through the window.

It was now the mother's turn to be aſtoniſhed at this ſtrange metamorphoſis: ſhe ſhrieked aloud; made the ſign of the croſs; and recommended herſelf to the Holy Virgin, and all the ſaints in Paradiſe.

As ſhe was neither acquainted with Leda, nor genii, nor ſylphs, ſhe had no notion of ſpiritual beings, and was involved in all the ignorance of her country and age. She thought the lovely Caliſta no other than a witch; or, perhaps, the devil himſelf: and her dear Friedbert was no longer, in her opinion, any better than a vile magician. She lamented that he had not died, like a good Chriſtian, in the wars, before he had ſuffered himſelf to be entrammelled in the nets of Satan and ſorcery.

Friedbert, however, was too little of

the conjuror to foreſee the fatal cataſtrophe which had taken place during his abſence. He returned home in the evening, his heart filled with joy and hope, and haſtened to the apartment where he expected to find his charming bride.

Inſtead of what he expected; he was welcomed, on opening the door, by a volley of curſes from his mother, accompanied with torrents of abuſe and reproaches.

He ſoon learned what had happened, and his deſpair and rage had no bounds. The firſt paroxyſm of paſſion was ſo violent, that his mother might have become its victim, if ſhe had not ſounded an alarm, by her loud cries, and called up all the ſervants; who ſucceeded, at length, in diſarming this new Orlando.

When the firſt violence of paſſion had ſubſided, more peaceful explanations were reſorted to. Friedbert endeavoured, all in his power, to free himſelf from the

ſuſpicion of magic, or ſorcery; and that of a deſign to beſtow on his mother, for a daughter-in-law, a devil in the form of an angel.

He related to her the whole of his adventures with the beautiful Caliſta; and explained, likewiſe, the myſtery of the veil: but, in the opinion of the good woman, who underſtood nothing of Grecian mythology, this did not acquit him from ſuſpicions of magic.

It is ever uſeleſs, to endeavour to eradicate a preconceived idea, when once it has taken root in a woman's head; and if ſhe did not proceed to have Friedbert tried by the law, as a ſorcerer, he owed it only to ſome remains of maternal tenderneſs.

[redacted] mean while, this ſtrange ſtory [redacted] to a thouſand conjectures, in [redacted] own of Egliſau; and, if Fried- [redacted] been leſs young, or leſs hand-

ſome; if he had been followed by a black dog, &c. he would have preſently had his mittimus made out for ſorcery, and that on much better grounds than many others.

Friedbert found himſelf in a moſt unpleaſant dilemma; in deſpair, at the loſs of Caliſta, whom he paſſionately loved, he was undecided what to do: to loſe an amiable woman on the eve of his marriage with her, was ſuffering ſhipwreck in view of port. If the object of his affection had been ſnatched from him by death or ſome rival, or if a barbarous father had immured her in a convent, there ſtill would have remained ſome reſource; either to follow her to the tomb, to kill her raviſher, or to ſcale the walls of the convent: but, when ſhe flies away by the window, how could he purſue her?

In our days, indeed, he might have

He luckily recollected the route Father Bruno had taken: he went to Venice; embarked on board a Venetian galley; and, after having ſurmounted the uſual difficulties of a long navigation, arrived freſh, and fit for enterpriſe, at Naxos.

Full of joy and hope, he leaped on ſhore, and ſaluted the native ground of his well-beloved. He no longer doubted, that he ſhould find her returned to her own country; and his firſt enquiries were, reſpecting the Princeſs Caliſta: but, no one could tell him what was become of her. They related to him the different reports that had circulated regarding her; reports which, when a lovely young woman diſappears ſuddenly from the circle of her acquaintance, are ſeldom to her advantage. Friedbert now almoſt deſpaired of ever finding her again. He was undecided, whether to return to his hermitage, and wait for her at the borders of the lake, or perform a pilgrimage to the ſource of the Nile;

ſure as he was, that the wiſh to remain young and beautiful, would induce her to viſit one of theſe fountains!

While he was conſidering at which of thoſe places he ſhould ſpread his ſnares, to catch again his beautiful fugitive bird, Prince Iſidor, of Paphos, a vaſſal of the Sovereign of the Cyclades, arrived at Naxos, to marry the Princeſs Irene, Caliſta's eldeſt ſiſter. Preparations were making for ſplendid feſtivities on the celebration of this marriage, and a tournament was to conclude them. This news reanimated the warlike diſpoſition of our Suabian hero: and, tormented as he was by vexation and diſappointment, to relieve his mind, he determined to take a ſhare in theſe games; eſpecially, as all foreign knights were invited to them by a herald who proclaimed it through the whole city.

Friedbert, indeed, would not have been

admitted to the tournament in Germany; and, if he had preſented himſelf there in quality of a citizen of Egliſau, he would undoubtedly have ſuffered the diſgrace of being conducted out of the barriers: but, at Naxos, and under the protection of a well repleniſhed purſe, it was not difficult for him to aſſume the prerogatives of knighthood and an illuſtrious birth: Friedbert, therefore, played off the character of a chevalier, with as much grace and dignity as a French valet de chambre does ſometimes that of a Marquis in a German court, or a German tailor's boy, at Paris, ſports that of a Baron. He procured himſelf a ſuit of armour, of the colour of the ſwan; that is, white: he bought a beautiful horſe, finely capariſoned; and, on the day fixed for the tournament, he was admitted, without difficulty, into the barriers, his ſole paſsport being his noble appearance. His imagination, however, played him an unlucky trick, in repreſenting to him this circular barrier, and the amphitheatre

decked round with ladies as ſpectators, under the frightful form of the oven in which the village women had intended to cook and impale him. This emotion of terror, however, laſted not long: he ſaluted the aſſembly with grace and magnanimity; broke many lances; ſtood firm on his ſaddle; and gained the tournament prize, which he received from the hands of the bride.

He had, likewiſe, the honour of kiſſing the hand of the once lovely Zoe; who, according to the etiquette of courts, preſerved her titular honours of beauty. Yet, had the ravages of time, and the want of the bath, made deep impreſſions on the features of the good lady. She was no longer as Bruno related, the perfection of beauty; and the fair Zoe could now only have ſerved the Apelles of Naxos as a model for the head of an old woman.

He introduced himself to her, as Bruno had done, under the title of an Italian knight. Whether Zoe felt tender recollections associate with this country and title; or had already noticed the ring which once was her's, and the beautiful ruby of which, cut in form of a heart, glistened on the finger of the young knight; she certainly gave him a very flattering reception, and seemed particularly to distinguish him.

When the festivities and games in celebration of the marriage had concluded, and the Princess Zoe had quitted the court, to retire to the peaceful seat of her own palace, Friedbert obtained access to this retreat, where was admitted but a select party, and Zoe shewed him a truly maternal affection.

One day, while he was walking with her beneath the pleasant shades of her fine park, she led him to a solitary grove, and thus addressed him—"Dear knight,

I have a requeſt to make of you, and hope that you will not refuſe me. Tell me how you came in poſſeſſion of that ring which is on your right hand: it once belonged to me; and I have loſt it, without knowing where or when. I feel a great curioſity to know how it came into your hands?"

"Noble lady," replied the artful Suabian, "I have gained this ring in combat, and in an honourable manner, from a brave knight of my own country: but, if you aſk me how he acquired poſſeſſion of it; if he gained it from a warrior, or received it from a fair lady; I am unable to inform you."

"What would you do," continued Zoe, "if I requeſted you to reſtore it to me? An honourable knight, as you are, could not refuſe a lady ſuch a boon. However, I do not require of you, gratuitouſly, to beſtow a jewel which your

valour has well deſerved; but wiſh you to receive a reward from me, proportionate to the value you attach to it; moreover, in yielding it to me, you will ever have a claim on my gratitude."

Friedbert was not embarraſſed at this propoſal. On the contrary, he exulted in his deſign's having ſo well ſucceeded.

"Your wiſhes, virtuous Princeſs," ſaid he, "are to me as the moſt ſacred of laws, when it is in my power to grant them: my fortune, and my life, are your's, whenever you ſhall demand them; but do not require of me what is againſt my oath, and my conſcience. When, in mortal combat, I gained poſſeſſion of this ring; I took an oath, on my ſoul, and my eternal welfare, that it ſhould never paſs from my hands, but into thoſe of a bride; at the moment I pledged my heart and faith to her at the foot of the altar. If, through your aſſiſtance, I have the pleaſure of gaining

this ſpouſe whom my heart deſires, I ſhall not oppoſe your receiving again, from her, this ring, which once was your's."

"Indeed!" replied Zoe; "then chuſe, in my court, any young maiden who pleaſes your fancy: you ſhall receive her from me, with a rich dower, on condition that ſhe gives up to me the ring which ſhe will receive from you; and, as to yourſelf, knight, I will exalt you to the firſt dignities in the ſtate."

This ſecret treaty was no ſooner concluded on, than the palace of the Princeſs Zoe was transformed into a ſplendid harem. She collected, and took into her ſervice, the moſt ſeductive beauties of the country; and ſhe cloathed them in the moſt magnificent dreſſes, to heighten their natural charms. The good Zoe, however, was in this reſpect wrong; for daily experience teaches us, that a gala habit is not more favourable to love,

than the brocade dreſs, and falſe jewels, of our lady of Loretto, are to devotion. A ſimple and modeſt attire, is the true uniform of this God: and, by its means, he gains more conqueſts, than by all the jewels, dreſſes, or plumes of feathers, in the world.

Friedbert ſwam in the ſeas of pleaſure; without, however, being carried away by the currents. Amidſt the tumult of this brilliant court, and all the bewitching charms of the ſex; notwithſtanding the ſong, and the joyous dance; grief ſtill ſhaded his countenance. Though for him were all theſe lovely Grecians adorned; though they diſplayed all their charms before him, to gain his heart; yet, that heart remained cold and inſenſible.

The Princeſs little expected to meet with ſuch indifference, in a young man, ſeemingly formed for love, in the bloom and vigour of youth. She had, herſelf, it is true, ever followed, in love, the ſyſ-

tem of her wife compatriot Plato; whether it was from natural virtue, or the vigilance of her husband: but she thought a young knight, like Friedbert, ought rather to give preference to the lessons of the voluptuous Epicurus. She found, to her great regret, she was deceived; that neither the voluptuousness of Epicureanism, nor the spiritual and delicate pleasures of Platonic love, appeared to have any effect on him. She observed, in him, only the principles of the severe stoic; which, while they excited her astonishment, left her but little hope of ever recovering her jewel.

Some months fled away in this inaction. The Princess, impatient to gain possession of a ring which inspired such tender reflections, wished to have another interview with her knight, as she called Friedbert, and to question the state of his heart. One day, therefore, and this day had been consecrated to celebrate the return of spring, all the young maidens be-

longing to the court of Zoe, ornamented with new garlands of flowers, and themſelves freſher and more blooming than even theſe flowers, had began the merry dance. Friedbert was alone; ſitting mournfully, in an arbour, where he gave himſelf up to an employment which is uſually the effect, or the preſage, of an unhappy paſſion: he muſed, while ſcattering about ſome flowers which he had juſt gathered. Zoe ſurpriſed him in this ſtate.

"Cold and inſenſible knight!" ſaid ſhe, "has new-born nature ſo few attractions for your mind, that you feel a melancholy ſatisfaction in deſtroying her precious gifts, and thus profaning the feaſt of Flora? Is your heart ſo indifferent to all the ſoft affections, that neither the freſh and beautiful flowers of my garden, nor the youthful charms of the females of my court, can make on it any impreſſion? Why remain in this ſolitary receſs, when joy invites you to

the neighbouring ſaloon; and love invites you, from every thicket, every grotto, and every moſſy ſeat, in this luxurious retreat? Is an unfortunate paſſion the cauſe of your ſorrow? Reveal to me the ſecret, with confidence; I am, I would be, your friend and protectreſs: let me ſee if it is not in my power to diſpel your melancholy!"

"Indeed, wiſe Princeſs Zoe, I confeſs it!" replied Friedbert; "you have penetrated to the inmoſt receſſes of my heart: a hidden flame conſumes it, and I know not whether I may nouriſh it with hope, or abandon myſelf to deſpair. Yes, my heart is inacceſſible to all the nymphs who here celebrate the feaſt of Flora. The heavenly creature to whom I have yielded my heart is not among this joyful group; and yet it is in your palace that I have ſeen her. Alas! perhaps, it is only a production of the ardent fancy of the painter; though, ſurely, ſuch a maſter-piece of creation could only be the

work of a divinity! He muſt, certainly, have had a model; and the all-powerful being who formed theſe beautiful flowers, and charming nymphs, has united all the features of beauty, to form the original of this divine picture!"

The Princeſs felt much curioſity and impatience, to know what picture in her gallery had produced ſo ſurpriſing an effect on the young chevalier. "Come, and ſhew it me, directly!" ſaid ſhe—"Let me ſee if it be not a frolic which love has played you; by giving you a cloud to embrace, inſtead of a Goddeſs: or if, this once, he has really acted fairly, in diſplaying to your view an object, which it is in your power to obtain?"

Zoe had a choice collection of paintings; ſome of them were chef-d'œuvres of the moſt celebrated artiſts; the reſt were family portraits. Among theſe laſt, were many of the moſt celebrated beauties of ancient and modern Greece; and, in the

number, were many repreſentations of herſelf, adorned in all the charms of youth and lovelineſs, which ſhe once poſſeſſed, when ſhe performed her annual voyages to the fairy baths. A ſlight emotion of that vanity which, at every age, preſerves its rights over the female ſex, inſpired her with the idea, that it might be one of theſe pictures which had taken ſuch hold of Friedbert's imagination. She already felt a ſecret pleaſure, in ſaying to him—"My friend, it is myſelf whom you love: but, as I no longer reſemble this picture, I conſent to your paſſion's being ſuppreſſed, and to your aſpiring after a leſs ideal object."

But Friedbert was ſure of his aim; he well knew that his flame was no fancy of the painter, and that its original poſſeſſed even more beauty than he had been able to throw into his picture: yet, he was ſtill ignorant where was this original, or how he ſhould ſee her again.

able to renounce it, or to think of any thing elſe."

Friedbert appeared much ſurpriſed on hearing this fragment of family hiſtory; but he was internally tranſported with joy, at having diſcovered Califta's retreat, and being able ſtill to flatter himſelf that he was beloved by her. The indignation ſhe felt for his conduct, the contempt Zoe expreſſed for the object of her daughter's paſſion, did not make him very uneaſy. By dint of deceiving others with regard to his birth, he had now almoſt deceived himſelf; and the knight of the Princeſs Zoe appeared to him very well qualified to obtain her daughter's hand.

He continued to interrogate Zoe, regarding the circumſtances of the young Califta's intrigue; with an air of intereſt which was not feigned, as his curioſity had been. She ſatisfied him as well as ſhe could, without revealing the ſecret of

the ſwans; which was conſidered, in the families who poſſeſſed it, as important as the philoſopher's ſtone, or free-maſonry: but ſhe made up an allegorical ſtory, the true ſenſe of which he very well underſtood.

"Caliſta," ſhe ſaid, "was walking, one evening, on the borders of the ſea, with her ſiſters; they had the imprudent curioſity to go beyond the bounds I had preſcribed to them, through places which were quite unknown to them. Behind the cape, was a Corſair veſſel at anchor: my young and fooliſh girls did not ſuſpect the danger which awaited them. One of the pirates darted ſwiftly from a thicket which concealed him, and ſeized poor Caliſta; who had ſomewhat loitered behind, employed in ſeeking for an ornament which ſhe had juſt loſt. He carried her, in his arms, to the veſſel, and conveyed her to his own country. He ſought, by his enticing manners, to gain her affection. He was handſome,

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t and ſeparate her from her ſiſters.
She felt ſuch indignation at this artifice,
that ſhe thought, in the firſt moments of
paſſion, ſhe could never love him more.
A veſſel of her own country arrived, the
ſame day, on the ſhores he inhabited.
The love of her country, the idea of her
mother's grief, the voice of reaſon, all
aided her reſentment; and theſe motives
at once determined her, to releaſe herſelf
from the captivity in which ſhe had been
held: which was not very difficult; as
her ſeducer, truſting to the affection ſhe
had inſpired, now little watched her
motions. Alas! the unhappy paſſion that

had taken poſſeſſion of her heart, has followed her to her native land. Deep grief daily wears her away, and renders her inſenſible to all the pleaſures of her age; and ſoon will that fire, which once ſhone in her bright and animated eyes, be extinguiſhed. Inſtead of a ſpouſe, it is the grave that ſhe invokes, and her wiſhes will ſoon be ſatisfied; ſoon will the unhappy object of your abſurd paſſion be incloſed in it!"

"Her tomb, then, will be mine alſo!" exclaimed Friedbert. "My life is at my diſpoſal, and I will die with the lovely Caliſta; happy to be united with her, even in the grave! You will place near her my mortal remains; and our ſouls ſhall, together, wing their flight towards eternity. But, before this, grant me the conſolation of telling her how well ſhe is beloved, and that I die for her. I will, even before my death, once call her my bride; her, whom my heart has choſen. In pronouncing that ſacred word, I will

give her this ring, as the gage of my love. Then ſhall I be acquitted of my vow; and you may, in turn, receive it from her, and thus recover what once was your's."

Zoe was ſo affected at theſe words of the knight, that her eyes filled with tears; beſides, ſhe wiſhed ſo ardently to regain poſſeſſion of her ring, that ſhe could not refuſe his requeſt: yet ſhe feared that, in the preſent ſtate of Caliſta's heart, ſhe would not like to receive either a viſit or a preſent of this nature. Friedbert employed all his eloquence to perſuade her, that there was nothing in his requeſt which could alarm, or wound, the moſt ſcrupulous delicacy. The more Caliſta's heart was engaged, the leſs impropriety could attach to ſuch an introduction. Zoe, therefore, aſſented to what he aſked; and gave him an order, addreſſed to the principal of the convent, to obtain his deſired audience of the unhappy Caliſta.

Friedbert inſtantly departed: his heart fluctuating, between hope and fear, reſpecting the reception which he might expect. It was probable, however, from what Zoe had related, that ſhe paſſionately loved him, and did not feel any rancour towards him for depriving her of her veil.

His heart beat violently, when he entered the virgin's cell which incloſed his beloved. She was ſitting on a ſofa, oppoſite the door. Her fine hair negligently tied by a blue ribbon, floated in ringlets on her ſhoulders; her wild and fixed aſpect was expreſſive of the deepeſt grief; and her head leaned on her ivory arm. She did not immediately notice his entrance: nor, till Friedbert threw himſelf at her feet, had ſhe any idea of a more important meſſenger, than ſuch as her mother, or other enquirers after her health, uſually ſent. She ſlowly raiſed her fine eyes, and inſtantly recollected the proſtrate ſtranger before her.

Surpriſe, and even ſome degree of terror, made her involuntarily ſtart. He attempted to ſeize her hand, that he might retain her; ſhe repulſed him with indignation.

"Leave me, treacherous man!" ſhe exclaimed. "Is it not enough, to have been once your dupe and your victim? You ſhall not deceive me again, by your aſſumed virtues!"

Friedbert had expected theſe reproaches: he felt not diſconcerted; and began to addreſs the heart of the lovely Caliſta, by laying all the wrongs he had done her on the violence of his paſſion. This expedient rarely fails in its effect, even when the offence is more ſerious than the taking away a veil; and, eſpecially, when the parties really love each other.

Every argument which Friedbert made uſe of, took ſomething from the anger of Caliſta; and he, at length, pleaded ſo effectually, that he completely gained his

cauſe, and no longer feared her eſcaping, either by the door or by the window. She quietly ſat down on the ſofa, and permitted him to take one of her hands; while the other covered her beautiful eyes: from whence tears copiouſly flowed; which, however, were not thoſe of grief.

Friedbert, ſtill at her feet, ſwore that he would have ſought her through the world: and the voyage from Suabia to the Cyclades was long enough to prove that he told the truth. This aſſurance not only gained him his pardon, but the confeſſion that their love was reciprocal. Once agreed, on this eſſential point, the reſt was ſoon concluded: they each vowed to unite their hands and fates, and never more to ſeparate.

This victory at length obtained, after ſo much difficulty, threw the happy Friedbert into ſuch tranſports of love and joy,

that we ſhall not attempt to deſcribe them. He returned with the lady to the palace of Zoe.

Judge of her aſtoniſhment, when ſhe beheld her daughter Caliſta enter, with a ſerene countenance, on which there remained no traces of melancholy or grief; and was informed of the ſudden change which had taken place in her mind, and the triumph of the noble cavalier!

Friedbert was on the point of being again ſuſpected of magic and ſorcery; eſpecially, when Caliſta's mother learned that the preliminaries of their union were as good as ſigned, and that they only awaited her conſent.

Whatever predilection ſhe might have for Friedbert, or however ſhe might wiſh to recover her ring; theſe circumſtances were not ſo ſtrong, as to induce her to permit an improper alliance. Therefore, before ſhe gave her final conſent,

ſhe required of the knight his proofs of nobility.

Though it would not have been more difficult to forge ſuch credentials at Naxos, than elſewhere; he preferred, to theſe falſe titles, the more real ones of love and valour.

"Love," he ſaid, "aſſociates together only beings who reſemble each other. My ſword, and my lance, will ever enable me to ſuſtain, and prove, the honour of my birth!"

Zoe had no reply to reaſons of ſuch force; urged, likewiſe, by the taſte and choice of the fair Caliſta, who proudly declared that ſhe was ſatisfied with him. In theſe circumſtances, a prudent mother cannot do otherwiſe than appear ſatisfied alſo. She thought, beſides, that the cavalier, whatever might be his birth, was at

leaſt better than either the little citizen of Suabia, or a convent.

The fair Caliſta gave her happy huſband the rank of Tetrarch of Suabia: and, under this title, he conducted her to the altar; and gave her the ring, which was again reſtored to her impatient mother.

The new Tetrarch thought he might now relate to Zoe the whole ſtory of this ring; and how he received it, as an inheritance, from Father Bruno. He, at the ſame time, related to her the hiſtory of the venerable hermit.

Mutual confidence now took place. Zoe confeſſed, that ſhe had deſignedly left the ring and glove near the Lake of Swans: adding, that Bruno had well explained the true ſenſe of this hieroglyphic. That it was not in her power to repeat her viſit: as her huſband had learned, through the treachery of one of her couſins,

the whole adventure of the bath; which ſo greatly enraged him, that he got poſſeſſion of the myſterious veil, and inſtantly tore to pieces this beautiful preſent of nature.

The conſtancy of her old lover affected her, and ſhe ſhed ſome tears to his remembrance. Her ſon-in-law, therefore, eaſily obtained her pardon, for depriving her of Caliſta. She found, by his recital, that herſelf had been the original cauſe, as it was the fruit of Bruno's counſels; and ſhe owed him ſome return for his kindneſs and fidelity to this good old man till death.

Friedbert lived with his ſpouſe in a union of which we obſerve few examples, except in romance: it is true that ſhe was ever young and beautiful, which is ſtill more rare. The only regret Caliſta felt, was that of her huſband's being unable to ſhare, with herſelf, the invaluable privilege of thoſe wonderful baths:

but love can make thoſe young, whom he inflames; and Friedbert was thus, for a long time, his wife's contemporary. When, however, they celebrated the twenty-fifth year of their happineſs, the fine auburn hair of Friedbert began to whiten; and, like a firſt ſnow in the month of November, to portend the approach of winter: while the lovely Caliſta ſtill reſembled the roſe, as it ſpreads its charming leaves to the day, in the beautiful month of May.

The tradition does not inform us, whether the conjugal felicity of the affectionate couple received any ſhock from this union of winter and ſpring; or if, as ſometimes happens, when theſe two ſeaſons meet, we behold the ſun melt the dazzling ſnows.....

The laſt lines of the manuſcript are eraſed.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

H. Reynell, Printer, 21, Piccadilly.

TALES,

BY

MADAME DE MONTOLIEU.

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BY

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AUTHOR OF

CAROLINE OF LICHTFIELD.

"OF BODIES CHANGED IN VARIOUS FORMS I SING."
POPE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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MELECHSALA;

OR, THE

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

POPE Gregory the Ninth, one ſleepleſs night, was intenſely conſidering, as uſual, how he might prevent the barons, the lords paramount, and the haughty German nobility, from exalting themſelves above the proud and imperious Rome: the means, which he had long unſucceſsfully reflected on, now preſented themſelves ſo forcibly to his mind, that it appeared to him almoſt an inſpiration.

Morning had hardly dawned on the walls of the Vatican, when his Holineſs

gave orders to the chamberlain of the houſehold to convoke the ſacred college. The Holy Father, in his pontifical habits pronounced a ſolemn maſs: after which, he communicated to the aſſembled cardinals the idea that had ſtruck him, of what would conduce to the proſperity of the holy church; and this was—a cruſade againſt the infidels.

The cardinals immediately conjectured the real motives of the Holy Father: but the pride of the German nobility wounded them as much as himſelf, and they all chearfully gave their votes for a meaſure which would tend to ſuppreſs it.

They immediately diſpatched to Naples, at which place the Emperor Frederick of Suabia then held his court, the moſt ſkilful and eloquent of their ambaſſadors. He was charged, by every endeavour, to gain over the Emperor: at firſt, by perſuaſion; but, if this ſhould fail of ſuc-

ceſs, and he found him abſolutely rebel againſt the commands of the Holy Pontiff, to threaten him with excommunication.

It was, indeed, neceſſary to have recourſe to this dreadful menace; which, in thoſe times, never failed to render every ſovereign ſubmiſſive to the authority of the heavenly vicar. The Legate of Rome ſaw that his eloquence was loſt, in attempting to perſuade the Emperor that he ought to ſend all his vaſſals to be ſacrificed in Paleſtine: this he endeavoured to reſiſt; but, when the dreadful word of excommunication was uttered, he trembled from head to foot, and could no longer dare to oppoſe him. He wiſely reflected, that it was better to give up part of his vaſſals, than to loſe the imperial crown: he therefore ſent, to the Holy Father, aſſurances of his perfect obedience.

He now ſignified, to the princes of empire, the day fixed on for the e: dition to the Holy Land. The pri ſent the order to the counts; the cou to their vaſſals, the knights and ge men; and theſe, accompanied by t armed ſervants and ſquires, aſſeml together on the day appointed, each der his reſpective banner.

Never did a night, except perhaps ever memorable one of Bartholom cauſe ſuch deſolation and ſorrow, as fatal one in which Pope Gregory c ceived the deſign of a cruſade. H many tears were ſhed, as the knights t themſelves from the fond arms of tl wives and miſtreſſes! Their long cruel abſence deſtroyed the hopes c race of German heroes; as the Seiro blaſt dries up and deſtroys the flow in the burning fields of Syria. The ba of ten thouſand fortunate unions w torn aſunder for ever: and many a lo ly maiden languiſhed a ſtranger to

joys of love and Hymen; as the roſe-buſh flouriſhes unknown, in the deſart, without cultivation; without one to inhale its ſweet perfume, without a ſingle hand to gather its blooming flowers.

Among the number of unhappy wives whom the Holy Father had deprived of their huſbands, were Elizabeth, the holy Landgravine of Thuring; and the lovely Odile, Counteſs of Gleichin: this laſt lady's reputation for ſanctity was not equal to the former; but ſhe yielded to no one in the charms of her perſon, and her virtues.

The Landgrave Louis, a faithful vaſſal of the Emperor, proclaimed through all his eſtates, a general order for all his knights, and their armed men, to meet him in the appointed camp: but moſt of them, by different excuſes, endeavoured to elude this fatal journey. Count Erneſt of Gleichen, only, and ſome other young

warriors, his friends and companions in arms, attended the ſummons, accompanied by their troops, and all animated with hopes of diſtinguiſhing themſelves in this brilliant and dangerous expedition.

Count Erneſt had been married two years. His young and charming ſpouſe had already borne him two children, a ſon and a daughter; who, according to the cuſtoms of thoſe ages, grew up and bloomed, without any other aſſiſtance than that of nature: like the tender flower, nurtured only by the dew. Odile was pregnant with a third pledge of her huſband's love, which the wakefulneſs of the Holy Pontiff would deprive of the firſt paternal embraces and attentions.

Though Count Erneſt endeavoured to ſupport this ſeparation with fortitude, nature and love too ſtrongly poſſeſſed his heart. Fearing to betray his feelings, he preſerved, while on the point of

parting with his wife, a melancholy ſilence. But, when ſhe flew to the cradle where her ſon repoſed, took him in her arms, preſſed him with emotion againſt her maternal boſom, and preſented him to his father, that he might receive the farewel kiſs on his innocent cheek; and likewiſe brought him, for the ſame purpoſe, his infant daughter; the Count could no longer ſupport it! His eyes filled with tears, all his features ſuffered inſtant diſtortion, and his ſobs were audible! He took his two children, claſped them againſt his ſteel breaſt-plate, beneath which beat a tender and feeling heart. Having awakened them by his embraces, he placed them again gently in their cradles; recommending them, and their mother, to the protection of God and the ſaints.

He then departed, with his troops; and, while he deſcended the winding path from the fortreſs of Gleichen, Odile fol-

lowed him, with her eyes, as long as ſhe could diſtinguiſh his banner, and the red croſs with which ſhe had adorned his arm.

The Landgrave Louis, was much pleaſed to ſee his brave vaſſal arrive at the head of ſo noble a body of knights and armed men, rallied under the ſtandard of the croſs: but, when the Count approached him, and the Landgrave remarked on his countenance traces of the deepeſt grief; indignant at imagining that he diſapproved of the expedition, and did not engage in it with a good reſolution, his countenance inſtantly clouded, and diſſatisfaction was depicted on all his features.

Count Erneſt, who was a ſkilful phyſiognomiſt, preſently gueſſed the cauſe of this change: he, therefore, went ſtraight to his maſter; and, without evaſion, confeſſed the true reaſon of his regrets. This confidence inſtantly appeaſed the

reſentment of the Landgrave. He affectionately took the hand of the Count, and ſaid to him—"There, my comrade, we are wounded in the ſame place; for my faithful ſpouſe, Elizabeth, has not a little affected me on taking our farewel. But, let us have courage! While we fight the Pagans, our wives, at home, will pray to God for ſucceſs to our arms, and that we may ſpeedily return, crowned with victory and glory."

The pious Landgravine, Elizabeth, lamented as ſincerely this kind of widowhood, as her companion in misfortune, the tender Counteſs of Gleichen.

Though her dear ſpouſe, the Landgrave, was very violent in his temper, they had lived together, in general, with perfect union and happineſs. The piety of his lady, indeed, ſeemed reflected on himſelf; as many hiſtorians have given him, likewiſe, the title of pious: this,

however, was merely an honorary title, as those of our days are of honourable, his excellence, &c. From what has come to our knowledge, we may conjecture that this illustrious couple did not always agree in the exercise of holy works; that there sometimes arose little differences regarding their domestic economy, in which the powers of Heaven were obliged to interpose, to aid their protegé, the pious Elizabeth. We may judge of this, by the following anecdote; to which it would be difficult to give credit, were it not affirmed by all contemporaries: it shews us, at least, that people are not holy for nothing.

The pious Landgravine, to the great displeasure of the pages and officers of the kitchen, naturally great gluttons, had a custom of reserving part of the provisions which were served up at the Landgrave's table; going, herself, after the repast, to distribute them among the poor mendicants who besieged the gates of the castle.

The Landgrave, informed of this, and being a friend to economy, regarded theſe charities as fooliſh prodigality; and forbade his wife, in future, from beſtowing them, which was depriving her of the greateſt ſatisfaction of her life. She ſubmitted without a murmur; but, one day, more weak or more courageous than uſual, ſhe could not reſiſt the double pleaſure of ſatisfying her favourite paſſion, and ſecretly diſobeying an order which ſhe conſidered as tyrannical. When taking away the proviſions, ſhe privately deſired her waiting women to put aſide ſome meats which had not been touched, and likewiſe ſeveral ſmall loaves. She then went out; and placing them all in a baſket, eſcaped with it through a ſmall private door, cut in the rock on which the caſtle was erected, and which looked into the open country.

A Princeſs can do nothing ſecretly:

ſhe had been obſerved; and the Landgrave, appriſed of it, had given orders to watch all her motions. As ſoon as he learned that his wife had gone out with this baſket, he mounted his horſe, under the pretence of taking a ride, and paſſed the draw-bridge. When Elizabeth heard behind her the clang of his gilt ſpurs, ſhe was much terrified, her knees doubled, and ſhe could ſcarcely walk. She concealed her baſket in the folds of her petticoat; but this aſylum, though inviolable, without doubt, by others, was not ſo by a huſband. The Landgrave perceived ſomething; he advanced quickly on her, and his dark countenance was inflamed with anger.

"Woman," ſaid he, in a ſevere tone, "what do you carry in that baſket which you ſo carefully conceal? Are they not the proviſions reſerved for my table, which you are going to diſtribute among a troop of beggars and idlers?"

"No, Sir," ſaid the pious Landgravine, in a mild and modeſt tone; who, this once, on account of the motive, thought it would not derogate from her piety to deceive him: "no! they are roſes which I have juſt been gathering in my garden."

If the Landgrave had been our contemporary, he muſt have immediately given credit to what his wife had aſſerted; and would not have dared farther to extend his reſearches: but, theſe were not the manners of that age.

"I will ſee theſe roſes, then!" ſaid he, in an imperious tone of voice; and violently endeavouring to uncover the baſket, which ſhe held concealed.

His weak and trembling wife could oppoſe this rudeneſs only by expoſtulations—"Fair, and ſoftly, then!" ſaid ſhe; drawing back, and reddening with anger, at being treated in this manner, and eſpe-

cially at being detected in a falſehood before all the courtiers..... But, O wonderful! the baſket is uncovered, and the proviſions were found actually changed into theſe flowers: the ſmall loaves were white roſes; the meats, red; and the omelets, yellow!

The pious Landgravine could ſcarcely credit her eyes: never had ſhe preſumed to expect ſuch an exceſs of civility from her good patrons.

So undeniable a proof of Elizabeth's innocence, inſtantly appeaſed the irritated Landgrave; or, rather, changed the object of his wrath. He turned his gloomy looks on the aghaſt courtiers, who had dared to calumniate his pious counterpart; ſeverely reprimanded them; and ſwore that the firſt ſlanderer who again endeavoured to ſully her reputation, ſhould be inſtantly thrown into the black tower, and there ſuffer the puniſhment ſuch a crime deſerved. He then took a

roſe from the baſket, and placed it in his cap, as a teſtimony of his wife's triumph.

The tradition fails to inform us whether, the next day, inſtead of a faded roſe, he did not find there a fauſage. We may ſuppoſe that, for him, the miracle was prolonged: but, as to Elizabeth, after having received the kiſs of peace from her illuſtrious huſband, ſhe deſcended the mountain, to diſtribute the proviſions among the poor indigent families; perſuaded that the miracle would ceaſe, now it could be of no farther uſe to herſelf. Indeed, ſhe judged rightly; for, by the time ſhe had reached the objects of her benevolence, the roſes were again become proviſions!

When her huſband departed for the Holy Land, ſhe was delivered from his ſevere inſpection, and free to exerciſe her charities. Nevertheleſs, ſhe ſo tenderly loved this huſband, imperious as

he was, that ſhe could not take leave of him without feeling the livelieſt affliction. Alas! ſhe foreſaw, that ſhe would never again behold him in this world; and, as to the other, ſhe feared, with ſome reaſon, he was not pious enough to aſſociate with her there. She would, at leaſt, have wiſhed for time to convert him, and ſecure him a reſidence in the celeſtial regions; but, this ſatisfaction was denied her, nor could her prayers and tears obtain the prolongation of her huſband's life.

He was attacked with a malignant fever before Hidronte; and periſhed, in the flower of his age, without having ever had the ſatisfaction of cutting down a ſingle Saracen completely to the ſaddle.

In his laſt hours, he ſent for his knights and vaſſals, and named Count Erneſt as his ſucceſſor in the command of his little army; making him at the ſame time ſwear, that he would not return to his

native country, before he had thrice drawn the ſword againſt the infidels. He then received the holy ſacrament, from the hands of his chaplain; and, having ordered a number of maſſes ſufficient to ſecure his pompous reception into the heavenly Jeruſalem, he expired.

Count Erneſt directed his maſter's body to be embalmed, and ſent it to the Landgravine Elizabeth; who went in mourning for her ſpouſe, after the manner of the Roman empreſſes—ſhe did not leave it off, to the day of her death!

The Count of Gleichen purſued his journey; and, at length, arrived with his troops at head-quarters, near Ptolemais. Of the innumerable band of heroes who had quitted Europe, and their native country, for the Holy Land, vaſt numbers never even reached the frontiers of the country which they had propoſed to conquer. Many of theſe periſhed by the ſword of the Saracens, and that of

their various powerful allies. Hunger, fatigue, tempeſts, plague, and other malignant diſeaſes, peculiar to this burning climate, daily thinned the ranks of the brave warriors: numbers, likewiſe, fainting under their ponderous armour, and unable longer to reſiſt the wiſh of once more beholding their native land, took the firſt opportunity to deſert.

Theſe circumſtances gave Count Erneſt little hope of finding it poſſible to fulfil his oath, by wielding his ſword three times in the faces of the Saracens. Not an Arab was to be ſeen, within a diſtance of three days journey round the camp; the weakneſs of the Chriſtian army obliged it to conceal itſelf in entrenchments. It dared not proceed onward, to attack the enemy: but, truſted to aſſiſtance from the Pope; which, however, never arrived. The Holy Father, ſince the night on which he planned the cruſade, had enjoyed an uninterrupted repoſe, and troubled himſelf little about

the ſucceſs of the holy war which he had kindled.

In this inaction, which redounded as little to the glory of theſe Chriſtian warriors, as did that formerly of the Grecians before proud Troy; the knights employed their time in games and diverſions, to diſſipate their anxiety, and relieve their wearineſs. The Italians ſung, and thrummed on their guitars; the French reſorted to dancing; the Spaniards amuſed themſelves at cheſs; the Engliſh, with boxing; and the Germans, in getting drunk. As to Count Erneſt, who had no taſte for any of theſe purſuits, he paſſed his time in hunting: ſometimes, he purſued the fox through the barren deſart; and, ſometimes, he chaſed the nimble goat, from rock to rock, on the neighbouring mountains. The knights of his ſuite dreaded the heat of the ſun during the day, or the pernicious dews of theſe climates in the evening; they, therefore, never went with

their maſter to the chaſe: the active and faithful Curt, his ſquire, accompanied him in theſe raſh diverſions, with a ſingle other attendant.

One day, he had ſo entirely forgot himſelf, in the purſuit of the wild goat, that the ſun was ſetting in the Mediterranean before he had once thought of return. He, at length, endeavoured to gain the camp; but night ſurpriſed him long before he had reached it. Some wandering lights,* which he had taken for ſignals from the camp, led him ſtill farther aſtray; and, perceiving his miſtake, he determined to paſs the night beneath a tree. The faithful ſquire prepared for his tired maſter a good bed of moſs, on which he threw himſelf, and preſently fell aſleep, exhauſted with heat and exerciſe, without ever thinking to make the ſign of the croſs, as uſual. The diligent Curt, however, wakeful as

* The Ignis fatuus.

a mouſe, and ſincerely attached to his maſter, never once cloſed his eyes, but kept ſtrict watch the whole night.

The night was, as the nights uſually are in this climate, extremely ſerene, and the ſtars ſhined with the moſt reſplendent luſtre. A ſilence as deep as that in the valley of death, reigned throughout theſe immenſe ſolitudes; not a wind breathed, yet a delightful freſhneſs ſhed its reſtorative balm over plants and animals. Towards the third watch of the night, when the morning ſtar had already announced the approach of day, a diſtant noiſe was heard, like that of a torrent roaring down precipices. The vigilant ſquire, whoſe piercing ſight was intercepted by the thick veil of night, intenſely liſtens. The ſounds ſeem to approach nearer: he lies down on the ground; places his ear to the turf; and now diſtinctly hears the noiſe of horſes galloping. He ſuſpects it is a detachment of the enemy's army advancing, and

trembles with agitation. He instantly awakened his master, who was still peacefully reposing, unsuspicious of the danger which surrounded him. He was, however, presently informed of it; and armed himself for the enterprise, while his squire bridled the horses.

The shades of night gradually dispersed, and the eastern horizon began to redden. Count Ernest now clearly perceived, what he had already suspected, a troop of armed Saracens advancing to attack the Christians. Their escape was impossible; and the hospitable tree under which they had reposed, was not large enough to conceal them and their horses. That of the Count, unfortunately, was not a hippogriff, but a heavy German horse; which, in its structure, was little adapted to extricate its master from danger by rapid flight. This brave knight, therefore, after having recommended his soul, his Odile, and his children, to God and the Holy Virgin, determined to die

like a warrior; and, ordering his two ſervants to follow him, and to ſell their lives as dearly as poſſible, he vigorouſly ſpurs on his horſe, and flies into the thickeſt battalions of the enemy, who were much ſurpriſed to ſee themſelves attacked by a ſingle knight: the infidels immediately opened their ranks; and fled, in diſorder, as the light chaff diſperſed by the wind: but, when they diſcovered that theſe three men were really all the enemies they had to contend with, they reſumed courage; and a moſt unequal battle began, in which valour muſt at length yield to numbers. The Count fought with deſperation, and the point of his lance carried fear and death through all the enemy's ranks! Not a blow fails; even the Chief of the Saracen troop, reached by the deadly weapon which the powerful hand of the Chriſtian Knight wielded, falls, and expires. The active Curt is no leſs ſucceſsful: more adroit, than ſtrong or robuſt, he ſwiftly follows in the ſteps of his maſter; parries the

blows that are dealt him, and returns them with uſury. The other horſeman, likewiſe, did his beſt; and, for a long time, theſe three bravely reſiſted, without yielding, the whole power of the infidel forces. But the time will arrive, when ſtrength and courage muſt finally yield to numbers! Nine waſps, we are told, will kill the ſtrongeſt horſe; four bulls conquer an African lion; and, if we can credit popular rumour, or the Chronicle of Hubner, an archbiſhop may fall under the attack of a legion of mice.

Count Erneſt was thus under the neceſſity of yielding to numbers, after a moſt vigorous defence. His arm had loſt its ſtrength, his lance was broken; his ſword blunted; and his horſe, at length, fell to the ground. The fall of the knight decided the victory: a hundred vigorous arms at once aſſailed him, to deprive him of his ſword; and his hand was no longer able to retain it.

As ſoon as the dexterous Curt ſaw his maſter fall, he loſt all courage; and, kiſſing his lance, ſurrendered it at diſcretion: at the ſame time, however, demanding quarter. The horſeman, likewiſe, ceaſed to contend; and awaited in ſilence, and with gloomy indifference, the expected fatal blow.

The Saracens, however, were found to be more humane conquerors, than the conquered had dared to hope. They were ſatisfied with diſarming their three priſoners, without doing them any farther injury. Indeed, this regard for their lives was, in the preſent inſtance, leſs an effect of their humanity, than the hope of gaining ſome needful intelligence from them. Nothing was to be learned from a dead enemy; and it was of much importance to them, to gain ſome accurate knowledge reſpecting the ſtate of the army encamped at Ptolemais.

Immediately after the prisoners had been interrogated, they were chained, and conducted to Alexandretta, on board a vessel ready to set sail. The Bey of Ardoch sent them to the Sultan of Egypt, to gain from them a fuller confession respecting the condition of the Christian army.

The report of the valour of the German knight had reached Grand Cairo before his arrival, and such a prisoner of war would have deserved to be treated with the regard due to his bravery. In honouring a conquered enemy, we evince what value we attach to the victory: but mussulman self-love wears a very different character, and exults not in rendering justice to a deserving stranger. Count Ernest, loaded with chains, was confined in a strong tower, where the other slaves of the Sultan were kept. There, during the sad and solitary days, and the still sadder and more wearisome nights, of his hard captivity, he was left

to ponder on his misfortunes; and it required more courage and firmneſs not to ſink under them, than even that which he had diſplayed in contending againſt a whole hoſt of Arabs. Often did his fancy preſent to him the image of the felicity that he had enjoyed in the ſociety of his lovely and tender ſpouſe, with the offspring of their chaſte love! How frequently did he execrate the unfortunate war, which had ſnatched him from all the pleaſures of domeſtic love, to plunge him into miſerable ſlavery! He was almoſt in deſpair; and all his virtue and piety were on the point of being wrecked by this ſevere trial.

In the age when Count Erneſt of Gleichen, flouriſhed, a romantic adventure was often related by lovers of anecdotes; it was that of Henry Duke of Brunſwick, ſurnamed the Lion: and, however extraordinary this ſtory may appear, it was generally believed in theſe times of credulity.

It informs us, that this duke, in his journey on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, was thrown, by a violent tempeſt, on an uninhabited part of Africa; that, being the only one who had eſcaped the ſhipwreck, he paſſed two years in theſe deſerts, without any other company than that of the wild animals, which he had the art of taming, and who did him no injury. He even ſucceeded in forming a friendly connection with a lion, who became his guard and his hunter. The game, however, which his friend brought him, was not dreſſed by his Brunſwick cook; he did not eat from covers of gilt ſilver, ſurrounded by a brilliant court of noble dames and gallant knights: the roarings of his lion were not ſo melodious as the ſongs of his Troubadours; nor was his moſſy bed equal in ſoftneſs to the down on which he once repoſed by the ſide of his charming ſpouſe, the Dutcheſs of Brunſwick. We muſt not, therefore, be ſurpriſed if, after two years of ſolitude, he ſtill ardently wiſhed to return to his

native country; and if, in a weak moment, he yielded to the ſolicitations of Satan; who appeared to him, ſays the Chronicle, under the form of a little black man, whom he at firſt took for an orang-outang.

He offered to tranſport him and the lion into the midſt of his court, if he would yield up his ſoul to him after a certain number of years. He ſubſcribed to the condition, and all ſucceeded wonderfully well. He traverſed the air; and, in a few moments, arrived at Brunſwick, juſt time enough to prevent his wife, who ſuppoſed him dead, from marrying again. He once more enjoyed the poſſeſſion of his dutchy; his good dinners; his brilliant court; his pleaſures of every kind; and, likewiſe, his ſoul: for, when the ſpirit of darkneſs wiſhed to get poſſeſſion of him, at the time appointed, according to their agreement, he found him ſurrounded by ſo many virtues and chari-

ties, that they amply ſecured him from all the danger which he had incurred in a weak moment; and Satan was obliged to renounce his intended prey, and let him peacefully aſcend to Heaven, with ſo admirable an eſcort.

Count Erneſt had, in his infancy, often been told, by his nurſe, this ſtrange tale. Arrived at years of diſcretion, he had ventured to doubt its truth; but, in the obſcurity and deep ſolitude of his dungeon, its ſtrange circumſtances made a vivid impreſſion on his fancy. By degrees, his doubts were removed; and he ſoon felt as fully convinced of the truth of this anecdote, as he was when he firſt heard his nurſe relate it. Exceſſive ſorrow, renders us impious or credulous; it had this laſt effect on the mind of the Count: and a voyage through the air, in the claws of the devil, appeared to him the eaſieſt and moſt natural thing in the world.

Faithful to his religious principles, he never went to ſleep, without firſt performing his uſual devotions, and making the ſign of the croſs: notwithſtanding this, a ſecret deſire, which he dared not even confeſs to himſelf, aroſe in his ſoul; and this was, to run the hazard of the ſame adventure as Duke Henry's of Brunſwick. As ſoon as he heard the ſmalleſt noiſe in his dungeon, whether it was a mouſe nibbling his ſtraw, or a fly that by chance entered at the air vent of his dungeon, buzzing around him; he felt perſuaded, that one or the other would preſently change itſelf into a little black devil, and propoſe to him the ſelling his ſoul, for liberty and a return to his country. He determined to cloſe with this offer; in the hope, it is true, of again redeeming his ſoul, like Duke Henry, by dint of his future virtues. He already imagined himſelf purſuing his aerial voyage; arriving in his country of Gleichen; and embracing his dear

Odile, and his lovely children. Theſe illuſions employed ſome hours of his ſolitude, and were not unattended with pleaſure: but, this was all; nothing happened to realize them. The mice ſtill remained mice, and the flies likewiſe continued flies; neither devil, angel, nor man, ever appeared in his priſon: and yet, as hope is the ſole ſupport of the unfortunate, he did not forbear dreaming and hoping.

While Count Erneſt, amid theſe romantic illuſions, entertained a weak hope of being freed from his captivity; and thus relieved, at leaſt, the heavy moments of adverſity: his faithful ſpouſe received, from his ſervants whom he had left in the camp, the fatal news that their maſter had diſappeared; but, they knew not by what adventure. Some believed, that he had been carried away by a dragon = others, that he had been ſeized, in the deſarts of Lybia, by a peſtilential exhalation, which had deſtroyed him; or, that he =

had been there devoured by a panther, or robbed and murdered by the Arabs. All, however, agreed in the opinion, that ſhe might conſider him as dead; and the lovely Counteſs Odile was a widow, and free from all her engagements.—She, indeed, lamented her huſband, as if he was no more; and, while her innocent children, who knew not the magnitude of their loſs, pleaſed themſelves with the little new mourning dreſſes in which their mother had cloathed them, her ſoul was agonized with ſorrow, and her tears inceſſantly flowed. Notwithſtanding this, a ſecret ſentiment continued to inſpire her heart, that her huſband ſtill exiſted; and this hope, wild and improbable as it might appear to be, alleviated in ſome degree her affliction. To ſtrengthen this hope, ſhe ſecretly diſpatched one of her moſt faithful domeſtics; whom ſhe ordered to ſet ſail for the Holy Land, and to make the moſt diligent enquiries throughout the whole country.

This meſſenger departed; but, like Noah's dove, never returned. She ſent a ſecond, who came back, after wandering ſeven years, over ſeas and lands, but without bearing in his mouth the olive branch of hope. Notwithſtanding this, the faithful Counteſs ſtill believed that her huſband was numbered with the living. She was convinced that a huſband ſo tender, and ſo true, would not have quitted this world, without at leaſt giving his wife and beloved children a parting farewel. Nothing had been ſeen in the caſtle, ſince the departure of the Count: no ſound of arms had been heard in the arſenal; nor, in the galleries, the noiſe of a knight walking in his boots; nor, in the bedchamber, the light ſteps of an inviſible being—No mournful groans were heard to reſound, in the night, through the turrets of the caſtle; nor did the bird of night utter his woeful cries round the battlements. The total abſence of all theſe ſymptoms, made the Counteſs conclude, according to the

logic of thoſe times, that her well-beloved huſband was ſtill in the land of the living. She therefore did not deſpair at the ill ſucceſs of her two firſt meſſengers, and determined on ſending a third.

This laſt was naturally of a very idle diſpoſition. He was of opinion with thoſe, who think it by no means neceſſary to run after what may be wanted: conſequently, he travelled quite at his eaſe from poſt to poſt; freely ſtopping, whenever he found himſelf in a good birth. He likewiſe conſidered, that it would be much more pleaſing for thoſe who could give him information reſpecting the Count, to bring him the intelligence, than to fatigue himſelf by going in ſearch of them; and thus, probably, wander over the world in vain. He, therefore, eſtabliſhed himſelf at a place where, without running the dangers of a ſea voyage, he might, as he thought, learn all

that he wiſhed. This was the port of Venice; whi her, at this period, all pilgrims and cruſades reſorted: in ſhort, all who had left, or were going to, the Holy Land. Our hiſtory will preſently inform us, whether the tender Counteſs's indolent meſſenger had well or ill choſen his poſt of obſervation.

After ſeven years impriſonment, in the ſubterranean priſons of Grand Cairo, which appeared, to the Count, at leaſt, as long as the ſeventy-two years repoſe of the ſeven ſleepers in the Catacombs, he believed himſelf abſolutely abandoned, both by God and the devil: and only hoped, that he might be ſoon freed, by death, from this fatal priſon; into which the pleaſant light of the ſun had never once penetrated, and where even the day was hardly to be diſtinguiſhed through a narrow window, grated with thick bars. He no longer thought of the infernal romance; but began again to doubt the truth of Duke Henry's ſtory. He truſted

no more to the power of Beelzebub; or even that of his guardian angel, who ſeemed to have abandoned him with equal cruelty. In ſhort, he had loſt all hope: his life was but a kind of vegetation; and, if he was able to form a wiſh more, it was for ſpeedy death.

From this gloomy lethargy he was one day awakened, by a loud noiſe of keys, and bolts undrawing, at the door of his priſon. From the moment he had entered the dungeon, this door cloſed on him, and had never ſince been opened; all his proviſions were ſupplied to him through a ſmall aperture cut in the wall. The key would not turn in the ruſty wards; and the door, at length, yielded only to the moſt violent efforts. In the mean while, hope again played round the heart of the Count: he felt the livelieſt impatience, to learn what would be his fate; and, whether liberty, or death, ſhould be announced, he regarded it as felicity. Two black ſlaves entered with

the gaoler: they took off the priſoner's chains; and, by a ſign, he was ordered to follow them. He obeyed, trembling. His limbs were ſo benumbed, that he could ſcarcely ſtand; and he was obliged to lean on the two ſlaves, to aſcend the ſtairs of the tower.

He was led to the governor of the priſons, who ſaid to him, in a ſevere tone—"Obſtinate Chriſtian! why, when you was firſt confined in the tower, did you not tell us what talents you were maſter of? One of your companions has mentioned it, and revealed to us your knowledge of gardening. Go, where the will of the Sultan calls you: form a garden after the German ſtyle; watch it, as thou wouldſt the apple of thine eyes; and ſo cultivate it, that the paragon of flowers, the ornament of the eaſt, may there diſplay its beauties!"

If they had announced to the Count, that he was elected a doctor of the Sor-

bonne, he could not have been more ſurpriſed, than he was at thus learning his nomination to the poſt of chief gardener to the Sultan of Egypt. He was as ignorant in this calling, as any layman could be in the myſteries of the church. It is true, that he had ſeen gardens in Italy, and even at Nuremberg: the firſt dawn of this art had began to diſplay itſelf in Germany; though, at preſent, it extended no farther than in forming a gravel walk, bordered by an edging of flowers. But the poor Count had never thought, in his life, of the arrangement of a garden; of the name of a plant, or of the culture of a tree: and even that paragon of flowers, of which they had ſpoken, was totally unknown to him. He was ignorant whether it grew naturally, like the roſe, or required cultivation. He dared not, however, expreſs his doubts, from fear of betraying his ignorance; nor refuſe the honourable poſt offered him, leſt they ſhould ſend him back to his hor-

rible priſon, or endeavour to perſuade him, by a thouſand blows on the ſoles of his feet, that he was fully able to undertake the taſk aſſigned him.

He accepted, therefore, the employment of Boſtangi; and, in this capacity, had the command of a delightful park, which he was to transform into a garden, after the European ſtyle. Nature had done every thing poſſible for this charming retreat, and art and cultivation had ſtill more embelliſhed it; ſo that our new Abdolonimus was obliged to put in requiſition all his invention, that he might find a fault to mend, or an ornament to add.

Excluſive of the real charms of the place, the Count had been ſo long ſhut out from beholding the beauties of nature, that every thing which ſurrounded him ſerved to inſpire delight. Each flower he beheld, tranſported him with pleaſure;

and he could no more think of changing any thing he perceived than our firſt father of criticiſing the terreſtrial Paradiſe.

The Count, therefore, was very much embarraſſed how to proceed in his new employment. He really could make no alteration in this delightful garden, but what was at the expence of a beauty; and feared that, by intermeddling with it, he ſhould ſpoil all, and betray his ignorance.

The Scheik Kramel, ſuperintendant of the gardens, and a favourite of the Sultan, had charged him, however, to proceed immediately with his work. In conſequence of this, he at firſt boldly demanded fifty ſlaves to aſſiſt him in his labours; without knowing, as yet, how he ſhould employ them.

Early the next morning, they were all brought to their new maſter, and paſſed in review before him: but what was his

joy, to behold among them, his faithful ſervants, and companions in misfortune; the nimble Curt, and his groom! An enormous weight ſeemed removed from his heart, when he recollected them; the traces of anxiety diſappeared from his countenance; and his eyes glowed with a fire, and animation, to which they had for years been ſtrangers.

He took aſide his faithful ſquire, and confided to him the embarraſſment in which fortune's frolic had involved him: by thus making a gardener of an illuſtrious knight; and placing in his hand a ſpade and pruning knife, inſtead of his formidable ſword and lance.

When he had concluded, the good Curt, with tears in his eyes, threw himſelf at his feet, while he thus addreſſed him—"Pardon me, my dear maſter; it is I who am the cauſe of what ſurpriſes you, and of your preſent embarraſſment, as well as of your deliverance from the

fatal tower. Be not, however, offended at an innocent deceit, to which you owe your liberty; but rather rejoice at being again reſtored to the light of the ſun. The Sultan wiſhed for a garden arranged after the German ſtyle; and he cauſed it to be proclaimed among the Chriſtian ſlaves, that he who had a talent for this art ſhould be handſomely rewarded, provided he exerted it with ſucceſs. Nobody came forward; the idea of your hard captivity, and your good genius, inſpired me with a thought. I announced you as the moſt accompliſhed gardener in all Europe, and you ſee how I have ſucceeded. You are freed from confinement, and I have again found the beſt and moſt beloved of maſters. Do not be uneaſy reſpecting your ſucceſs: the Sultan, like other great people, does not deſire any thing better than what he already poſſeſſes; but ſomething new and extraordinary. Thus, let us labour boldly in this magnificent encloſure; and all you do, provided it has only novelty to

recommend it, will not diſpleaſe the Sultan."

This diſcourſe was, to the Count, as the murmur of a diſtant ſtream to the thirſty traveller; it reſtored to him the courage which he required for this enterprize: for he would have rather choſen to contend ſingly with a thouſand Saracens, than to form a garden. But, encouraged by what his ſquire had told him, he gaily ſet to work with his ſlaves; cutting down and deſtroying, all at a venture, and without any fixed plan. His hatchet, as formidable now to the fruit-trees, as was once his ſword to the infidels, left not one ſtanding; inſtead of theſe, he planted tufts of roſemary and valerian. The uſeleſs and frail acacia, and the inodorous amaranth, ſucceeded the majeſtic palm, and the fragrant lemon-tree. Our new gardener was likewiſe ignorant of botany, and knew not the proper time to ſow and to plant. This, like the reſt, he left entirely to chance;

ſo that his garden was, for a long time, between life and death.

Scheik Kramel, and the Sultan, let the weſtern gardener work, without troubling him with their preſence and opinions, or diſcouraging him by premature criticiſms: unlike the Europeans, who criticiſe and prejudge, even from their very birth, the moſt intereſting and uſeful eſtabliſhments, at the riſk of depriving thoſe who undertake them of the courage and reſolution neceſſary for bringing them to maturity.

One day, while the noble gardener was ſurveying with complacence the work of his own hands; and thinking, probably on account of its being ſo, that he had really improved the garden; the miniſter and favourite of the Sultan ſuddenly appeared before him—"German ſlave," ſaid he, "where are the fruits of your labour?"

At theſe words, the Count foreſaw that

he was going to receive ſome ſevere cenſure; but, he had long prepared himſelf for ſuch an interview. Under his preſent impreſſion, however, in favour of the garden, he reſolved to defend it with intrepidity; and, therefore, ſummoning all his preſence of mind, he replied, in a confident tone of voice—"Maſter, come and ſee! This park, once a deſart, without order, without ſymmetry, has obeyed my art: it is become the image of Paradiſe, and the houris need not diſdain to adopt it for their dwelling." The Scheik, hearing him ſpeak with ſuch aſſurance, and warmth, of the reſult of his labour, began to entertain ſome doubts of his own taſte: he was ſtaggered in his opinions; and attributed to habit, the diſagreeable effect that all he beheld produced on his ſenſations. He therefore took care to conceal them, that he might not betray his ignorance, and aſſumed a ſatisfied air. However, he could not forbear aſking ſome queſtions, for his own inſtruction, of this ſatraps of garden-

ers; who replied to him, in that tone of aſſuming confidence which had already ſo well ſucceeded.

"Where," demanded the Scheik, "are thoſe delightful trees which once ſhaded this ſandy plain; and which, loaded with blooming peaches, and refreſhing lemons, gratified at once the eye and the palate?"

"I have had them cut down, and deſtroyed even the roots."

"And why ſo?"

"Are ſuch vulgar trees, which are found in the garden of every little citizen of Cairo, and fruits which they ſend to market on their aſſes, adapted to ornament the garden of the Sultan?"

The Scheik, convinced by the ſtrength of this reaſon, made no reply. But, after a moment's pauſe, reſumed his obſervations.

"What induced you," ſaid he, "to deſtroy that charming arbour of date trees and tamarinds, which offered ſo delightful and cool a retreat from the burning heat of the day?"

"Of what uſe is ſhade," replied the Count, "in a garden which no one enters while the ſun darts his burning rays on the earth? None come here, except to breathe freely the freſh and balmy air of the evening."

"But, that arbour," replied the Schiek, "was deſigned to conceal, within its impenetrable ſhade, the myſteries of love. It was thither that the Sultan conducted the beautiful ſlave whom he honoured with his careſſes, from the jealous regards of her companions."

ill he not find the ſame advantage bower of honey-ſuckles; or elſe cool grotto, where the limpid deſcends an artificial rock,

and murmurs as it meanders through the valley; or in that pleaſant receſs on the banks of the water, externally reſembling a fiſhing hut? Beſides, theſe places will not ſerve, like the arbour which I have deſtroyed, for retreats to venomous reptiles and troubleſome inſects; nor will they prevent the circulation of the refreſhing zephyrs."

The Schiek was convinced, but ſtill took pleaſure in criticiſing. "Why," ſaid he, "have you planted ſage and hyſſop on thoſe walls, inſtead of the balſamic plant of Mecca?"

"Becauſe," replied the Count, a little impatient, "the Sultan does not wiſh for an Arabian, but a European garden. In our countries, and in the gardens of Nuremberg, neither the palm-tree, nor the plant of Mecca, grows."

There was nothing to reſiſt this argu-

ment; neither the Schiek, nor any one of his ſuite, had ever been at Nureinberg. He was, therefore, conſtrained to take his word for this being a German garden; but he, nevertheleſs, could not perſuade himſelf, that this disfigured garden was an image of the Paradiſe promiſed to Muſſulmen. On ſuch a ſuppoſition, he could not promiſe himſelf much felicity, in a future life: he, therefore, now quitted the Count; much doubting this latter aſſertion, however he might give credit to the reſt.

The Sultan who at this period reigned over Egypt, was the valiant Melechal-azir Othman, ſon of the famous Aladdin. This Prince, who is little known in hiſtory, except for the prodigious number of his children, had yet never any but ſons. At length, the prophet granted him a daughter; a favour which he ardently deſired: and this daughter was the laſt of his numerous family; ſhe was,

therefore, named Melechſala, or the daughter of Melech.

This young Princeſs was now ſixteen years of age: ſhe was the idol of her father, and deſerved to be ſuch, for all the precious gifts with which nature had endowed her; ſhe was the glory and ornament of the court, and her brothers ſhewed her the moſt tender and affectionate attentions. In the conferences of the divan, it had often been diſcuſſed, who was the happy ſovereign they ſhould attach to the intereſts of Egypt, by uniting him to this wonderful beauty. As to the Sultan, he had never yet conſidered it; and to be ſeparated from his daughter, in favour of a huſband, appeared to him almoſt impoſſible.

The Princeſs had been truſted, in her infancy, to a Chriſtian nurſe, who was of Italian extraction. This ſlave, carried away from her country, in early youth,

by a barbarian Corſair, after having been many times ſold, at length paſſed to the palace of the Sultan, where her good conſtitution had cauſed her to be ſelected as the young Princeſs's nurſe. To her good health, ſhe joined a moſt loquacious tongue, and a head as well furniſhed with tales of every kind as any nurſe ever poſſeſſed. She thus formed the delight of the Sultan's little family: like the fair Scheherazade, ſhe was for ever telling her ſtories, and the Princeſs long liſtened to them with increaſed delight. However, this young lady now began to think theſe tales rather inſipid, and to feel deſirous of herſelf forming the ſubject of ſome new ones.

From her infancy ſhe had diſcovered a taſte for flowers, which ſhe delighted to cultivate. Her chief employment, was that of forming noſegays, and garlands; to which, according to the ancient cuſtoms of the Arabians, ſhe gave peculiar ſignifications: and, by means of theſe,

was often able to convey, in an ingenious manner, her ideas and ſentiments. She had even carried her addreſs and invention ſo far this way, that ſhe often ſucceeded in expreſſing, by arrangements of different flowers, whole paſſages in the Alcoran; and amuſed herſelf with making her companions diſcover their meanings, which they ſeldom failed to do.

The Sultan took pleaſure in every thing that amuſed his charming daughter, though he poſſeſſed little talent for decyphering all her hieroglyphics. He was not, moreover, ignorant of the Princeſs's decided taſte for European manners: and though, as a good Muſſulman, he could not entirely approve of it; yet, as an indulgent and tender father, he did not diſcourage it, but rather favoured the inclinations of his daughter this way. To reconcile his taſte to flowers, and likewiſe other foreign things, he once thought of having a garden eſtabliſhed in

the ſtyle of the weſtern nations: this appeared to him ſo felicitous an idea, that he loſt not a moment in having it executed. He therefore ſignified his wiſhes to his favourite miniſter, the Scheik Kramel; and ordered him to proceed immediately with the work. The Scheik, who well knew that, when Sultans adopt any whimſical notions, it is dangerous to counteract them, and that his maſter was very impatient in his temper, did not repreſent to him the difficulties which he ſaw would attend the execution of his deſign. He had no idea of the arrangement of a European garden, and all the inhabitants of Cairo were as ignorant in this reſpect as himſelf: he endeavoured, therefore, to find a gardener among the Chriſtian ſlaves; and we have ſeen how the zeal of the good ſquire induced him to devolve the employment on Count Erneſt.

From the talents we have obſerved in him for this occupation, it will not appear ſurpriſing, that the Scheik felt ſome un-

eaſy doubts ariſe, when he beheld the reſult of his operations; and began to fear that, if the Sultan ſhould not like the alterations far better than himſelf, he would be loaded with all the reſponſibility, and probably forfeit, at the leaſt, the entire favour of his maſter.

This affair had, till now, been conceal-ed from all the court. The Sultan, who wiſhed agreeably to ſurpriſe his daughter, had forbidden all the ſlaves entering the garden, except thoſe who worked under the orders of the German Boſtangi. The lovely Melechſala's birth-day was approaching, and her father anticipated the pleaſure of conducting her into the new garden, and giving it to her as excluſively her own. His Highneſs, however, wiſhed to ſee it firſt, and ſpoke on the buſineſs to the Scheik; who, however, did not much approve of it. He was, in fact, conſidering what he ſhould ſay, to extricate himſelf from this unpleaſant dilemma:

either by perſuading the Sultan, in ſpite of his ſenſes, that all he ſaw was charming; or elſe, by attributing to the bad taſte of the Europeans, all that muſt neceſſarily wound his own.

"Commander of the faithful," he intended to ſay, "the leaſt of your wiſhes is a ſacred command to your ſervant: my feet have wings to fly, when you ſpeak; and my hand is firm to execute what you order! You have deſired a garden after the German ſtyle; behold it before you! Theſe barbarians, ignorant of culture, have for gardens only ſandy deſarts: in which, inſtead of the date trees of Kalaf, and the lemon trees of Behabeb, which their ungrateful climate never produce, they cultivate inodorous ſhrubs and plants. The curſe of the prophet has ſmote the land of the infidels with eternal ſterility, and has denied them an anticipation of the joys of Paradiſe; they know not the ſweet fragrance of the

balm of Mecca, nor the delicious fruits which we ſo abundantly enjoy!"

By thus flattering the national pride of the Sultan, he hoped to appeaſe his wrath: but, he did not find it neceſſary to employ his eloquence for this purpoſe.

It was towards the decline of the day, that the Sovereign of Egypt, accompanied only by the Scheik, entered the European garden; his ſoul filled with expectation of the wonders he was about to witneſs! When he arrived at the firſt terrace, ſtripped of the proud trees that before ſhaded it, a free, vaſt, and magnificent view, preſented itſelf to his ſight: it overlooked a part of the city of Cairo, with the courſe of the Nile, which was covered by veſſels of different deſcriptions. Farther off, the majeſtic pyramids, and a chain of blue mountains, ſurrounded with the horizon, illumined by the rays of the ſetting ſun, formed the back

ground of the picture. The evening breeze refreſhed him; and reanimated his ſenſes, benumbed with age. A crowd of new objects offered themſelves, on every ſide, to his view: he found no traces of that park, in which he had, from his infancy, ſo often walked, or the cares and anxieties inſeparable from an elevated rank: of that park, the fameneſs of which had ſo often fatigued him, and its beauties been rendered inſipid by cuſtom. The cunning Curt had well foreſeen, that novelty would produce the deſired effect. The Sultan did not judge the alterations in his garden by the rules of art; but, by the effect which they produced on his mind: and, as the ſenſes often miſtake that for pleaſure, which is but the effect of a new ſenſation, he found every thing inſpire him with ſatisfaction. The winding walks, formed of compact gravel, gave more elaſticity, a firmer and lighter ſtep, to his feet; hitherto accuſtomed to the ſoftneſs of Perſian tapeſtry, and the ſoft and even turf. He went through every

part of the garden, and admired the variety of flowers; which he might have found as beautiful, and as various, if he had wandered through the uncultivated country without the incloſure of his park.

At length, after a few moments repoſe on a bank of turf, the Sultan exclaimed, with an air of the higheſt ſatisfaction—"Kramel, you have not deceived my expectations, but have completely fulfilled my wiſhes: this garden, ſo different to the old park, is the ſeat of delights! Melechſala ſhall receive it, as your work: and ſhe will have what her heart deſires; an abundance of flowers, and a garden after the European faſhion."

The Scheik now congratulated himſelf, that he had diſſembled his complaints againſt the foreign gardener; and, obſerving the Sultan diſpoſed to honour him on account of this garden, as his

work, like a cunning courtier, eager to ſet his ſails where the wind lay, he thus replied—

"Powerful maſter of all the faithful! thou ſeeſt that thy ſlave is occupied night and day in obeying thee. It is, without doubt, by an inſpiration of the holy prophet, that I have been able to change the ancient grove of palm trees; and to form, in its ſtead, a garden ſuch as Egypt never yet knew: it is, I ſincerely believe, a faithful image of the Paradiſe promiſed to true believers; yes, it is in ſuch a place as this, peopled by houri, lovely as the illuſtrious Melechſala, that your Highneſs will receive the reward of your virtues."

Though the good Sultan, according to the uſual courſe of nature, was not far from that period when he ſhould become acquainted with the Paradiſe of Mahomet, his notions on this ſubject were very obſcure; and, till now, he had been more

occupied with the joys of this world, than with thoſe which awaited him in the next. Whenever an Iman, a Derviſe, or other holy perſon, had converſed with him on the ſubject, his imagination had never gone farther than the ſhades of his ancient park; which, as we already know, rather wearied than pleaſed him. This new garden made his ideas take a freſh courſe reſpecting another world; a new image of future happineſs inſpired his ſoul, and delightfully occupied it: he believed himſelf the only one who poſſeſſed a faithful image of Paradiſe; and his ſatisfaction was ſuch, that he immediately exalted the Scheik to the rank of Bey, and inveſted him with the turban.

The falſe and cunning courtier preſents the ſame character in every country: Kramel did not ſcruple to receive the reward of a work in which he had no ſhare, nor had even approved. He did not even name Count Erneſt; and thought him ſufficiently rewarded, by informing

him that his Highneſs was ſatisfied with his labour, and recommending him to preſerve the garden in the ſame good condition.

At the period when the ſun enters the ſign of Capricorn; a time which, among the northern nations, announces the approach of winter, but which, in the mild climate of Egypt, is the lovelieſt ſeaſon of the year; the paragon of flowers, the well-beloved daughter of the Sultan, entered that garden, which was deſigned to be appropriated for her uſe. With light and eager ſteps, ſhe wandered through all its terraces and windings: the wild and fantaſtic taſte which ſeemed to have preſided in its arrangement, pleaſed her; and the various flowers which chance, rather than the Count's taſte, had combined into curious diviſions, offered an equally pleaſing occupation to her mind and her view.

According to the cuſtom of the country, whenever the Princeſs appeared in

the garden, the chief eunuch cautiouſly drove out all the men who were found in it; gardeners, artificers, water-drawers, &c. ſo that Count Erneſt, whatever inclination he might feel to add to his botanical knowledge, an acquaintance with the paragon of flowers, had never yet been able to meet with an opportunity. However, the young Princeſs, who would often, with all the privileges of a ſpoiled child, not comply with cuſtoms which incommoded her, and who daily took augmented pleaſure in her new garden, grew diſguſted at never being able to walk in it at her eaſe, without being followed by a crowd of eunuchs, walking in proceſſion before her, like the Sultan when he goes to moſque on the feaſt day of the Bairam; ſhe, therefore, gradually accuſtomed herſelf to go thither: at firſt, accompanied by all her women; afterwards, by one or two favourite ſlaves; and, at length, entirely alone; covered, however, with a thick veil, and holding in her hand a

ſmall oſier baſket, to contain the flowers which ſhe ſelected and gathered.

One morning, the ſun had not yet evaporated the brilliant dew-drops which adorned the verdant foliage with all the colours of the rainbow, when Melechſala viſited her favourite walk, to breathe in it the balmy air of ſpring. The gardener Count was already employed in removing ſome faded plants, and replacing them with flowers juſt bloomed, which he carefully reared in vaſes, and artfully placed in the earth, ſo that they appeared to have ariſen, as by enchantment, in a ſingle night. The Princeſs, who had, till now, been ſurpriſed at the ſingular fertility of her garden, immediately ſaw through the ingenious deceit. It ſtruck her, that ſhe might profit by this, in directing the gardener how to arrange the flowers, and ſhewing him the order in which ſhe wiſhed them placed, ſo as to form certain hieroglyphics in the ground.

The Count was ſtruck, on raiſing his eyes, at the heavenly figure which now for the firſt time preſented herſelf before him, and whom his heart inſtantly recognized for the miſtreſs of the garden which he cultivated. His ſurpriſe was ſo great, that he let fall from his hands a vaſe of convolvulus, which he was going to place in the ground; and, motionleſs as a ſtatue, did not recover his ſenſes, till the ſweet voice of the Princeſs again reſtored him to life and feeling.

"Chriſtian," ſaid ſhe, "do not tremble; it is my fault, if you are found in this place at the ſame time as myſelf! Continue your work, and diſpoſe the plants in the order which I ſhall direct you."

"Dazzling paragon of flowers!" replied the illuſtrious and gallant gardener, "thou ſhineſt amidſt thoſe of this garden, as the morning ſtar amid thoſe of the fir-

mament! Direct the hand of the happiest of thy slaves, since he labours for thy pleasure: he kisses his chains with joy, since thou judgest him worthy of executing thy orders!"

The Princess did not expect a slave would dare to address her; and, still less, that he would pay her so well turned a compliment. Her eyes, hitherto, had been more engaged with the flowers, than with him who planted them: she now fixed them on the Count; and it was not without surprise, that she beheld before her a man who, with a most pleasing and noble countenance, combined a form and figure such as she had never before beheld.

Count Ernest of Gleichen, was celebrated, in Germany, for the beauty of his person. At the period of the famous tournament of Wurtzburg, he was the favourite of all the ladies: and, when he

raiſed the viſor of his helmet to take the air, every bright eye dwelt with delight on his countenance. The moſt dexterous feats of the other cavaliers with the lance, were loſt on them; and every vow was offered up for the ſucceſs of the handſome knight. The virtuous Odile, niece of the Duke of Bavaria, convinced him, that her heart accompanied the honour conferred on him by her fair hand. The Count bluſhed as he received it; and the gift of this hand rendered him the happieſt of men, as he was already the moſt beautiful and brave.

A confinement of ſeven years, in the priſon of Cairo, had indeed a little leſſened the freſhneſs of his cheeks, as well as the luſtre of his eyes; but wholeſome air, activity, and labour, thoſe admirable miniſters of health, had already repaired theſe ravages: he bloomed again; like the laurel which, after being confined during a long winter, in the green-houſe, ſhoots

forth in ſpring its gloſſy leaves of brilliant verdure, and is ſoon loaded with bloſſoms.

We are already acquainted with this Princeſs's preference for every thing that was foreign: ſhe could not, therefore, refuſe her admiration and intereſt, for the fine figure of her European gardener: we will by no means ſuppoſe, however, that the form of an Endymion did not make, on the young lady's heart, an impreſſion of a very different kind to what it ever felt on beholding a beautiful flower or a new faſhion.

With a graceful affability, ſhe gave her inſtructions for the diſpoſal of the plants; often aſked his advice; and contrived to diſcourſe with him, as long as ſhe could find any thing to ſay reſpecting her garden. At length, ſhe was leaving him; but had not proceeded ten ſteps, before ſhe returned, and gave freſh orders. She wiſhed to have her other beds

of flowers arranged in the ſame manner; paſſed into different walks, and called him after her; ſometimes to aſk him a queſtion, and ſometimes to propoſe an alteration.

The following day, when the air began to freſhen, ſhe again experienced the neceſſity of breathing it; and returned to her garden, that ſhe might ſee, as ſhe ſaid, if the flowers which were parched by the heat, had revived. She did not fail to ſearch the place where the handſome gardener laboured, to give him freſh orders, which he executed with the livelieſt alacrity. All that ſhe directed the preceding morning had been arranged according to her wiſhes. Her garden became ſtill more intereſting to her; ſhe daily ſpent more time in it; and every day did ſhe find it increaſe in embelliſhments, under the care of the foreign gardener. She was not ungrateful; and thus, he continually made freſh progreſs in his miſtreſs's favour. One morning,

when either the deſire of ſeeing the garden or the gardener, had induced her to walk earlier than uſual, ſhe perceived nothing of the Count; ſhe wandered through all its winding paths and terraces, without paying the ſmalleſt attention to her favourite flowers, which now vainly diſplayed their various colours, and laviſhed their fragrant perfumes: ſhe neither ſaw nor ſcented them. But, on her return, cautiouſly ſearched the arbours, the pavilion, the grottos; every moment expecting to find her faithful gardener aſleep in ſome retired place; and anticipating pleaſure at his confuſion, on finding himſelf awakened by his miſtreſs. All was, however, in vain: the handſome Boſtangi was no where to be found: ſhe only met the ſtoic Vert, engaged in his uſual employment, that of drawing water. When he perceived the Princeſs, he turned out of the way, with his buckets, that he might not incommode her; but ſhe called him, and enquired what was become of the European Boſtangi.

"He is confined to his bed!" replied the rough groom; "and, I fear, he will ſoon be in his grave. He labours too hard; and has not, like me, been accuſtomed to it. Beſides, a Jew doctor, who has got him in his hands, will ſoon kill him with bleeding him."

The heart of the Sultan's amiable daughter was afflicted at this intelligence. She had not ſuſpected that an indiſpoſition which appeared to be ſerious was the cauſe of her favourite gardener's abſence; and reproached herſelf for the zeal with which he had lately laboured in the garden. Uneaſy, agitated, and ſtill totally diſregarding her flowers, which ſhe now almoſt conſidered as unlucky, ſhe returned to her palace; where her women inſtantly perceived that ſomething had ruffled the ever gay ſpirits of their miſtreſs, and that her heart was oppreſſed with grief.

Before her return, ſhe had ſtopped,

ſighing, at a parterre, and filled her little baſket with branches of cypreſs, roſemary, and the gloomy ſcabious, which pretty clearly announced the uneaſy ſenſations of her mind. The ſame thing happened for ſeveral days: no other noſegay ornamented the vaſes in her chamber; no ſmile dimpled her cheeks, not a word iſſued from her roſy lips. Her women grew alarmed; and conſulted together, to gueſs the cauſe of the fair Melechſala's grief: but that which uſually happens, in all female conſultations, happened now; namely, there was ſuch a variety of opinions, that they could come to no deciſion.

The fact was, that the Count, weakened in ſome degree by his long impriſonment, had been ſo eager and zealous in obeying the young Princeſs; in flying, at the leaſt word, the ſmalleſt ſign, to execute her orders; that he had exerted himſelf above his ſtrength, and was ſeized with a violent indiſpoſition. However,

Galen's Hebrew diſciple, or rather a good conſtitution, had freed him from it; and, in a few days, he was able to return to his occupation.

As ſoon as the Princeſs again beheld him, her heart was relieved of the load which had oppreſſed it: ſhe filled her baſket with flowers of every kind; and returned gaily to the palace, with thoſe ſymbols which expreſſed her joy at having again ſeen him whom her heart acknowledged. The female ſenate, to whom the ſorrow and joy of Melechſala was an enigma, unanimouſly concluded that they might attribute both to ſome rare plant in her garden, which ſhe had thought was periſhing, and which had that day bloomed again. There was ſome truth in this; but, they little ſuſpected the nature of his favourite plant.

The Princeſs was as innocent as when ſhe firſt came forth from the forming hand

of nature. She had no idea of love; and never had been warned of the tricks which this frolickſome God ſometimes plays with young inexperienced beauties. Thus, without miſtruſt, ſhe had ſuffered herſelf to be guided by a ſecret ſentiment which poſſeſſed her whole ſoul. She had never thought of conſulting, with regard to the ſtate of her heart, her interior divan, compoſed of reaſon, prudence, wiſdom, and reflection; who, together, would have appriſed her of the danger of giving way to a ſentiment which daily acquired freſh ſtrength, and which was no other than love.

We ſhall be aſked, without doubt, if the Count, who on this ſubject had more experience than the fair Melechſala, had diſcovered nothing analogous to her feelings in his own heart? If that heart was ſtill faithful to the lovely and affectionate Odile; and, if it did not permit itſelf ſome ſlight abſtractions in favour of the paragon of flowers? An opportunity

ſo inviting, and an eight year's abſence, might diſpoſe the reader to indulgence: but the truth is, that we poſſeſs no documents which can reſolve our doubts on this ſubject. Let each ſpouſe put himſelf in the Count's place; and judge him, by what he himſelf would have done. It is certain that the extraordinary zeal which he exerted in her ſervice, his eagerneſs in flying at the ſmalleſt ſignals of his fair miſtreſs, might induce us to preſume that he ſhared the ſentiments which he inſpired; but, this is only conjecture: and we likewiſe might charitably conſider this zeal as an effect of the manners of the age, which impoſed a law on knights to devote themſelves to the ſervice of the ladies.

To proceed, however, in our ſtory: few days paſſed, in which the Princeſs had not interviews with her Boſtangi. She converſed with him in friendſhip and

confidence: the ſweetneſs of her voice, the affectionate terms ſhe employed, the ſubjects of converſation which ſhe introduced, every word that proceeded from her mouth, had ſomething in it affectionate and flattering: and any one, more confident and preſumptuous than the Count, would not have failed taking advantage of ſuch an opportunity, and gaining compleat poſſeſſion of the heart that was offered him. A French knight would ſoon have concluded the adventure: but the Germans are not ſo haſty; and, Count Erneſt ſtill kept himſelf within the limits of the moſt profound reſpect, and guarded diſcretion. The Princeſs, likewiſe, little verſed in the arts of coquetry, was ignorant of the manner of making, with addreſs, the neceſſary approaches to conquer a lover's timidity: and this intrigue would, probably, have been confined on both ſides, within the bounds of good-will, and not advanced a ſtep farther, had not chance, which ſometimes performs a more important part in the

deſtinies of men than they are to apt to think, given another turn to the affair.

Towards the decline of a beautiful day, the Princeſs was walking in her garden. Her ſoul was pure and ſerene as the horizon; and ſhe was familiarly converſing with her Boſtangi, while filling her baſket with flowers. She, at length, ſat down in an arbour, with the baſket on her lap; ſelected ſome flowers; formed them into a noſegay, and preſented it to the Count. The latter received, with a lively expreſſion of tenderneſs and gratitude, this token of the favour of his charming miſtreſs; and placed it in his boſom, without thinking that this arrangement of flowers had any particular ſignification. He had no idea of any hieroglyphical manner of expreſſing the ſentiments of the mind; and, as the Princeſs had confided to no one the hidden ſenſe which ſhe had intended to convey in her noſegay; as we are ignorant, likewiſe, of the flowers of

which it was compoſed; it is loſt to poſterity, as it was to the Count; and we cannot explain, to our young readers, this method of making a confeſſion.

However, Melechſala, who believed the language of flowers was underſtood by every man as well as his mother's tongue, did not doubt that her favourite perfectly comprehended the meaning of what ſhe had addreſſed to him. She was ſtill more confirmed in her error, by the reſpectful and grateful air of the Count as he received it. She determined, therefore, on trying the talents of her gardener this way, and obſerving how he would ſucceed in forming, with flowers, the ſentiments that were expreſſed on his countenance; ſhe therefore aſked of him, in exchange, a noſegay of his compoſition. The Count, enraptured at this uncommon affability of his auguſt miſtreſs, flew inſtantly to the farther end of the garden. He had, there, his green-

houſe, where he reared his flowers to ſupply the parterre.

He now found there a very beautiful and fragrant plant, which had juſt bloomed, called *mouchi-roumi** by the Arabs, and which had not yet appeared in the garden. The Count thought, that this new flower would pleaſe his miſtreſs: he, therefore, gathered it; and, kneeling, preſented it to her on a large fig-leaf. His air, though reſpectful, ſeemed to announce expectations of receiving praiſe for the choice of his preſent: but, what was his ſurpriſe, at obſerving the Princeſs turn away her head, on ſight of his homage! Her eyes were fixed to the ground, with an expreſſion of offended modeſty, and ſhe did not ſpeak a word: at length, ſhe took the flower, with a trembling hand, without raiſing her head, and placed

* A ſpecies of hyacinth.

it on the bench unnoticed. Her innocent gaiety had diſappeared, though ſhe gradually recovered from her confuſion: but ſhe aſſumed a haughty expreſſion of countenance, which announced wounded pride; and, a few moments after, aroſe, and quitted the arbour, without ſpeaking, or honouring with a ſingle look her diſmayed gardener. She, however, took away the mouchi-roumi, with an embarraſſed countenance, and concealing it carefully beneath her veil.

The Count, aſtoniſhed at this diſpleaſure, could not conceive the reaſon of ſo myſterious a conduct, and remained on his knees ſome time after the Princeſs had quitted him, in the attitude of repentance. He was deeply afflicted at having offended, though unwillingly and unconſciouſly, her whom he almoſt regarded as a divinity. Having recovered, in ſome degree, from his ſurpriſe, he returned ſorrowfully to his dwelling; his

heart harrowed up, like a criminal who has juſt committed ſome heinous crime.

The faithful Curt ſerved him his ſupper: the Count ſat down to it with a melancholy air, but felt no inclination to eat. The ſquire preſently perceived, that his maſter was afflicted with grief; he went out, and returned with a bottle of Cyprus wine. He uncorked it; poured out a glaſs for his maſter; and preſented it to him with ſuch honeſt affection, that the Count could not refuſe to accept it. The liquor preſently reanimated his drooping ſpirits; his ſoul opened to confidence; and he related to his companion the whole adventure of the garden. They remained together, during ſome hours of the night, forming conjectures on what might have cauſed the Princeſs's diſſatisfaction; without, however, coming to any ſatisfactory concluſions.

At length, the knight and ſquire ſeparated, in ſearch of repoſe. The latter, who had not been preſenting the mouchiroumi to any one, ſoon found in it the deſired refreſhment; but ſleep never cloſed the eyes of the Count, and the riſing of the ſun called him to his uſual employments.

At the hour when Melechſala was accuſtomed to viſit her garden, the Count looked into every walk which led to the palace, but in vain; not a door opened, and he could no longer doubt that he was in diſgrace with his fair miſtreſs: but how he had incurred it, in offering her, by her own order, a flower, with every token of reſpect, he was unable to comprehend. If he had been acquainted with the language of flowers, he would not have found ſuch difficulty in gueſſing the motives of the Princeſs's conduct.

By offering her the mouchi-roumi, he had unſuſpectingly made a declaration of

love, in proper form: accompanied, too, with the certainty that his vows would not be rejected; and that the woman, to whom he offered this myſterious flower, would conſent to beſtow on him her hand for life. The mouchi-roumi is, with the Arabs, what a flaming brand is among ſavages; they never think of preſenting it, except when they are pretty ſure of their mark: and, when an Arabian lover ſends to his miſtreſs a branch of the mouchi-roumi, he always expects that ſhe will anſwer it by the only rhyme which the Arab language has for this word: this rhyme is "*yds-kerumi;*" which ſignifies, "*love for love.*"

We muſt admit, that they cannot reveal their love, and hopes, in a conciſer or clearer manner. Here are no inſipid diſcourſes; no inſignificant billets doux; which may be loſt, intercepted, badly written, or ill underſtood, and bring a thouſand evils and troubles on thoſe who

write them: while, in the eaſt, a flower, and a word, do the whole buſineſs. It is much to be wiſhed, that the weſtern nations would adopt this manner of underſtanding each other: but, as the mouchiroumi ſeldom flouriſhes in our climates, our ſkilful workmen in artificial flowers might eſtabliſh manufactories of them, to be ready in all ſeaſons, and this branch of commerce would ſurely become very lucrative. In Europe, when the manners are more mild and civiliſed, a lover would not have to fear paying, with his life, the homage of a mouchi-roumi. The worſt that could happen to him, would be a refuſal; accompanied, probably, with a ſmile, which would give him hopes of ſeeing it accepted the next day: but, in the eaſt, it is ſomewhat different, and the mouchi-roumi is not always preſented with impunity. If the Princeſs Melechſala had not poſſeſſed a good and tender heart, or if the pride of a Sultan's daughter had not been oppoſed by the power

of love, the Count might have forfeited his head for this innocent gallantry.

But, however, appearances might be, the Princeſs was far from being really diſpleaſed at the offer of the mouchi-roumi; and the very ſight of this flower had cauſed the ſoft and harmonious chord of ſympathy to vibrate in her boſom. The trial, however, had borne hard on a virgin's timidity, when her gardener made her ſo unequivocal a declaration. Divided between modeſty and love, a tender bluſh, which her veil concealed from her fortunate lover, had ſuffuſed her lovely countenance, and her boſom heaved with emotion. Affection and timidity diſputed, by turn, the poſſeſſion of her ſoft and feeling ſoul; and her embarraſſment was ſuch, that ſhe had quitted the Count, without being able to articulate a ſingle word. She had heſitated ſome time, undetermined what ſhe ſhould do with the mouchi-roumi. To reject it, was depriving him whom ſhe

loved of all hope; on the contrary, to receive it, would be crowning all his wiſhes, and uniting her fate to his for life: either of theſe were too violent to adopt. Love, at length, as uſually happens, made her ſuſpend the balance in uncertainty; ſhe did not pronounce, it is true, the ſweet words, *Yds-Kerumi:* but, ſhe took away the flower; which, at leaſt, inſured the Count his head.

The conteſt in the boſom of the poor Princeſs was renewed, when ſhe entered her palace. Her ſituation was far from pleaſant; what ſhould ſhe do with her mouchi-roumi? Could ſhe riſk, in laying her heart open to a confident, truſting to the chance of her diſcretion, the life of her lover, and her own fate?

It is more eaſy for a mortal to ſurpriſe a Goddeſs of Olympus in her bath, than it is for an hiſtorian to diſcover what an eaſtern Princeſs is doing in the interior of her ſeraglio. It is, therefore,

impoſſible for us to learn how the myſterious flower was treated, after the return of the fair Melechſala.

Whether ſhe negligently threw it aſide, without troubling herſelf about its fading; or had immerſed it in freſh water, to preſerve it; whether it was expoſed to the curious inſpection of her maidens, or was concealed from every eye. The reader muſt remain in the ſame ignorance as ourſelves, as well on this ſubject as on the manner in which Melechſala paſſed the night that followed this adventure. All we know with certainty is, that ſhe appeared, next day, with cheeks ſo pale, and a countenance altogether ſo expreſſive of illneſs, that the palace reſounded with lamentation, and her women were perſuaded that ſhe was menaced with ſome dangerous malady.

The court phyſician was called in; this was the ſame Iſraelite who had cured the Count of his illneſs. The Princeſs,

according to the cuſtoms of the country, was repoſing on a ſofa: before her was placed a large ſcreen, through which ſhe paſſed her fair arm; covered, however, with muſlin. The doctor diſcreetly felt her pulſe—" Good God!" whiſpered he, to the firſt of her waiting women, " her Highneſs is very ill; her pulſe is very irregular!" He then ſhook his head, with a ſignificant look, as the pupils of Eſculapius generally do; preſcribed calmers and corroborants; and retired: having firſt pronounced, that he feared it was a ſlow fever. Notwithſtanding all the reſpect which is due to phyſicians, we beg our readers, however, not to be alarmed reſpecting the condition of the young Princeſs. All theſe ſad ſymptoms, which betokened a ſerious illneſs, were but the effect of a ſleepleſs night. After the patient had taken her *ſieſta*, at the uſual hour, ſhe found herſelf much better; and, towards evening, to the great ſurpriſe of the Eſculapian Jew, who did not, however, fail imputing it to his medicines, ſhe

was entirely out of danger, and he found nothing more neceſſary to be preſcribed but a few day's repoſe.

She employed this interval, in reflecting ſeriouſly on the intrigue in which ſhe was involved; and on the means of ſuppreſſing, or realizing, the hopes which ſhe had inſpired, by her accepting the mouchi-roumi. A thouſand different plans preſented themſelves to her mind, and were ſucceſſively diſcuſſed and rejected. Sometimes, all appeared eaſy to her imagination, and the moſt inſurmountable obſtacles diſappeared: at others, ſhe ſaw before her only gulphs and precipices; and nothing offered itſelf to her mind, which could open to her the path of happineſs, through all the difficulties which preſented themſelves. The reſult was, however, to pleaſe her inclinations, whatever it might coſt her. Reſolutions of this kind are not rare, among the lovely daughters of Eve. It is true, that they

too often pay for them, with the tranquility and repoſe of their whole lives.

The doors of the ſeraglio were at length opened: the fair Melechſala left the palace, brilliant as the riſing ſun; and proceeded to the garden, with a timid ſtep.

The Count, concealed within a vine arbour, obſerved her. His heart beat with emotion: joy, fear, a confuſed hope of good fortune prognoſticated by this viſit, at once aſſailed his boſom. Did ſhe bring with her his pardon, or condemnation? In ſhort, the heart of the handſome gardener was much agitated, but he would have had ſome difficulty to aſſign the true reaſon of it. Without forgetting his Odile, he felt his inclinations waver towards Melechſala. We are told, indeed, that men have a wonderful facility in nouriſhing two affections at once, without injuring each other.

The Princeſs preſently ſent back her attendants. It was eaſy to ſee, that flowers and poetry were not the objects which now occupied her mind; ſhe went ſtraight to the arbour in which the Count was ſtationed, and he did not endeavour to avoid her. When ſhe was within a few paces of him, he threw himſelf on his knees, his eyes fixed on the earth; and, with the ſuppliant air of a criminal, who is expecting ſentence from his judge—the Princeſs addreſſed him; and ſaid, in a mild and affectionate manner—"Riſe, Boſtangi, and follow me into this arbour!"

The Count ſilently obeyed; and ſhe then ſpoke to him in theſe words—"The will of the prophet be done! I have invoked him, during three days and three nights; beſeeching him, in my prayers, to let me know, by ſome ſign, if he approved or not, of the ſentiments with which my heart is inſpired. He has been ſilent; and his ſilence, is to me, the ſign of his

approbation. The Sultan's daughter, has not diſdained to receive the mouchi-roumi from the hand of her ſlave, and her fate is decided. Do not delay going to the Iman, and begging him to conduct thee to the moſque, that he may there impreſs on thee the ſeal of the faithful. My father, then, will not refuſe his beloved daughter's wiſhes to ſee thee increaſe, as the wave of the Nile, when it overflows its too narrow banks, and inundates the country. He will give thee a province to govern; and, when thou ſhalt be a Bey, thou mayeſt raiſe thine eyes even to the throne. The Sultan will not refuſe, for a ſon-in-law, him whom the prophet has deſigned to be ſuch."

This diſcourſe made an impreſſion on the Count, ſimilar to that of an enchanted ring, which the power of a fairy directs. He remained, for ſome moments, without ſenſe or motion. His cheeks loſt their colour, and his tongue refuſed

its office. He comprehended, indeed, the ſenſe of the Princeſs's words, but the means of becoming the Sultan's ſon-in-law was ſtill an enigma to him.

His countenance expreſſed little of the exultation of a favoured lover: but love, like the riſing ſun, illumines every object which ſurrounds it. Melechſala miſtook the ſymptoms of aſtoniſhment, for thoſe of tranſport and joy: and attributed the diſorder of the Count's mind, and his ſilence, to the exceſs of his paſſion, which could not ſupport ſuch unexpected happineſs. Yet a ſecret ſentiment of virgin modeſty whiſpered her, that ſhe had, perhaps, proceeded too haſtily, in thus announcing, at once, the *ultimatum* of her heart; and that, probably, ſhe had ſurpaſſed her lover's expectations.

She, therefore, reſumed her diſcourſe; and ſaid—"You do not anſwer, Boſtangi! Be not ſurpriſed, at learning, ſo ſoon, from my mouth, the impreſſion that your

mouchi-roumi's ſweet odour has made on my heart. This heart has never known diſguiſe: would it, then, have acted juſtly, to have left you in doubt reſpecting your hopes; and render ſtill more difficult the ſteep path which you muſt neceſſarily aſcend, before you can aſpire to the daughter of a Sultan?"

During this diſcourſe, the Count had time to recover from his aſtoniſhment, and to reſume his courage and preſence of mind: as a warrior, awakened in the night by an alarm-ſignal, preſently throws off the apprehenſions of the firſt moment.

"Radiant daughter of the eaſt," ſaid he, "how ſhall the weak ſhrub, which grows amidſt thorns, dare to aſpire to the happineſs of flouriſhing beneath the ſweet ſhade of the paragon of flowers! Will it not, at once, be torn up with indignation, like the weed; and thrown afar off, to wither and periſh in the burning rays of the ſun? If the zephyr, in

ſporting around thee, ſcatter a grain of duſt on thy diadem, a thouſand hands are raiſed to remove it. How ſhall the humble ſlave aſpire to taſte the delicious fruits, which are deſtined but for the palates of kings? In compliance with the orders thou gaveſt thy ſervant, I ſought the moſt beautiful flower, that which might ſeem moſt agreeable in thine eyes; I found the mouchi-roumi, whoſe name was unknown to me, as well as its myſterious ſignification, of which I am ſtill ignorant. Think not that thy ſlave, in preſenting it, had any other idea, than that of obedience to thy will!"

This reply greatly ſurpriſed the Princeſs. She had never conceived, that a European, in preſenting a woman the mouchi-roumi, would not annex to it the ſame idea as that which ſo naturally offered itſelf to the inhabitants of other parts of the world. She now perceived that ſhe was in an error, and had gone too

he had ſo long vainly expected in his priſon, under the form of a vile gnome, or a hideous demon, now appeared to him in the features of love; and diſplayed all the reſources of his dangerous power to engage him to break his faith, to be inconſtant to his tender wife, to forget the children ſhe had borne him.

"It is in your power," ſaid the ſeducer, "to barter your chains of ſlavery, for thoſe of a happy lover. The firſt beauty of the eaſt offers herſelf to you; and, with her, all the enjoyments which can flatter the ſoul of a mortal. A flame, pure as the veſtal fire, is lighted up, for you, in her virgin boſom: it will deſtroy her, if a falſe virtue, which would be but a folly, ſhould induce you to reject her heart. Conceal, for a ſhort time, under the turban, your true faith and belief. Pope Gregory has holy water ſufficient to waſh out, and efface, this

ſlight ſpot from your ſoul. Perhaps, it is reſerved for you, to gain over, to the true God, the angelic ſoul of the Princeſs; and, to conduct her to Heaven!"

The Count would long have liſtened to this inſidious language, if his good angel, who watched over him, had not, in turn, exhorted him not to give way to the perfidious inſinuations of the tempter. There was no time to loſe, if the Count was to be ſaved from the ſeductions of his heart and ſenſes. The words expired many times on his lips, when he was going to anſwer her; divided as he was, between two contrary ſentiments. At length, he took courage, and thus ſpoke to the Princeſs—

"The traveller, wandering in the burning deſarts of Syria, vainly deſires to refreſh his thirſty tongue at the ſources of the Nile: his powerleſs wiſhes only augment his burning thirſt, and torment him the more. O thou, the moſt amiable of

women! think not, that I have permitted my heart to form a wiſh which could have no other effect than to render me the moſt unfortunate of men, ſince it cannot be nouriſhed by hope. Know that, in my country, the bands of Hymen have united me to a tender and virtuous woman; and that two young children already liſped, when I quitted it, the ſweet and tender name of father! How can a heart, divided in its regret, a heart even now torn by grief and affection, be worthy of being offered to the pearl of beauty."

This declaration was pretty clear, and the Count hoped to extricate himſelf from his dangerous adventure, like a brave and loyal knight: but the Princeſs had ſome difficulty to perſuade herſelf, that a man ſo young, and who already knew that he was beloved, could reſiſt her charms. From the ideas adopted in her country, ſhe felt no diſinclination to ſhare

a bleſſing which ſhe never imagined ſhe ſhould excluſively poſſeſs.

She had often heard, in the ſeraglio, the affection of men compared to a thread of ſilk; which we may ſeparate and ſubdivide, and yet each diviſion will form a perfect thread: an ingenious compariſon, but one which our waſtern dames do not admit in love.

Melechſala had, beſides, ſeen from her infancy, in her father's harem, frequent examples of this diviſibility of love, and the harmony which reigned among all the Sultan's favourites.

"You call me the paragon of flowers!" ſhe therefore replied, after a moment's pauſe; "but ſee you not, in this garden, ſtill many other flowers bloom; which, by their variety of colours and forms, pleaſe likewiſe the eye and the heart? I do not forbid your ſharing, with me, this delight. Do I require of you to plant,

in your garden, one flower alone, and fatigue your eye with admiring that only? Your wife will ſhare with me the good fortune I deſign for you: you will bring her to your harem; I ſhall receive her with pleaſure; ſhe will be my deareſt companion; and we ſhall love each other, becauſe we both love you. Her children will be mine; I ſhall be to them as a ſalutary ſhade, under which they will proſper, and flouriſh, in a foreign ſoil!"

Our age has not carried toleration ſo far in love, as in religion: this doctrine of the fair Melechſala will thus appear ſomewhat ſtrange, to the greater part of our readers. But, in the eaſt, the demon of jealouſy holds far leſs empire over the fairer part of the human race; but, then, to make amends, he rules there the other ſex with a ſceptre of iron.

Count Erneſt was affected at the ſincerity of the Princeſs, and her pleaſing

method of arrangement; and who knows, but what he was of her opinion? Two invincible obſtacles, however, oppoſed the execution of this plan of conjugal felicity: one was, the difficulty of obtaining the conſent of his virtuous German wife; the other, the denial of his faith. It appeared even more impoſſible, to the devotional red-croſs knight to have two religions, than it was to have two wives.

He did not conceal this laſt ſcruple from the fair Melechſala, who likewiſe found more difficulty in getting over this obſtacle than the former; and they were obliged to break up the conference, before any thing could be decided on.

We already know that the faithful Curt had a ſeat, and a vote, in the Count's privy councils; during ſupper, therefore, he was informed of all the events of the day, by his maſter, whoſe mind felt far from being at eaſe. We may preſume,

that a ſpark of love had eſcaped the heart of the Princeſs, and had lighted in his a fire which the aſhes of conjugal affection had not ſucceeded in entirely extinguiſhing. An abſence, indeed, of ſeven years, and the opportunity which ſo naturally preſented itſelf, of occupying his heart in an intereſting manner, were more than ſufficient to cauſe a little buſtle in the interior of a man whom nature had made very irritable.

The ſquire liſtened, attentively, to all that his auguſt maſter confided to him: and, having deliberately weighed in this affair, the reaſons for and againſt, his advice was, to ſeize at once, and without heſitation, the means of deliverance which preſented themſelves: to accept, unconditionally, the plan propoſed by the Princeſs, and to leave the reſt to Heaven.

"You are," ſaid he, "loſt to your country; plunged, here, in the abyſs of

ſlavery; and have no means of extricating yourſelf, but thoſe which love preſents to you. Your ſpouſe was, undoubtedly, a virtuous and lovely lady: but, your chimerical fidelity will not reſtore her to your embraces. If, during ſeven year's ſeparation, grief has not ſhortened her days, the conſoling hand of time has probably dried up her tears: and, perhaps, leſs ſcrupulous than yourſelf, ſhe has already diſpoſed of her heart in favour of another huſband..... But, to break your faith, ſeems the moſt difficult point! However, there is a remedy for all things but death. It is not the cuſtom, in your country, for a wife to give the law to her huſband; to preſcribe to him his religion, and teach him the way to Heaven: it is, on the contrary, his duty to guide her in this path; ſhe ought to go before him, as the cloud before the breath of the wind, without looking either to the right or the left. Inſiſt boldly, therefore, with the Princeſs, that ſhe abjure the falſe doctrine of her prophet. If ſhe

really loves you, ſhe will eaſily be induced to renounce her Paradiſe; to obtain, with you, that of the Chriſtian's; and each word of your's will carry perſuaſion to her ſoul."

The able caſuiſt, Curt, argued a long time, in order to perſuade his maſter to lay hold of the good fortune which was offered him, and to renounce his firſt engagements. The heart of the latter felt, indeed, very uneaſy: he retired to his couch, but could not ſleep; his mind was fatigued with conflicting deſigns and ſentiments, and he could decide on nothing.

At length, towards morning, he fell aſleep, through mere wearineſs, and dreamed that one of his fineſt teeth was torn from him with great pain; but that, looking afterwards in a glaſs, he found another tooth, white and like the others, which had taken the place of the firſt.

On awaking, his thoughts were engaged with this dream; and as, in thoſe ages, they gave great credit to theſe kind of warnings, he had the curioſity to have it explained.

The honeſt Curt was ſent on this buſineſs; and ſucceeded in finding an old Bohemian ſlave, who not only poſſeſſed the talent of telling adventures by inſpecting the lineaments in the hand, but likewiſe that of explaining dreams. The artful ſibyl made all her magical preparations, and then pronounced theſe words, in a ſepulchral tone of voice—"What you conſidered moſt dear to you in this world, has been ſnatched from you by death; but this dreadful loſs will ſoon be repaired!"

It was clear from this, that the ſquire's conjectures were right; and that the lovely Counteſs Odile had finiſhed her days, through grief and regret for the loſs of her huſband.

The Count, who no more doubted this ſad event, than if it had been notified to him on black-edged paper, with a large ſeal of the ſame colour, felt all that a well-bred huſband generally feels, during the firſt moments, in like circumſtances: but having no one to beſtow the conſolations required in theſe caſes, he kindly furniſhed himſelf with them; and did not fail to repeat—That it was the will of God!—That we muſt ſubmit to ſuch things!—That the virtuous Counteſs was better in heaven than on earth!—That, ſooner or later, it is the road we all muſt take! &c. &c. &c. ..... and, from this moment, believing himſelf a widower, if ever there was one, and conſequently free from engagements, he ſet his ſails before the wind, to ſteer to the happy port which love pointed out to him.

On his firſt interview with the Princeſs, he found her more lovely than ever: her large eyes were fixed on him, with an un-

utterable expreſſion of tenderneſs and love; her ſlender and graceful form, her eaſy and lively motion, gave her the air of a Goddeſs deſcended from Olympus.

"Boſtangi," ſaid ſhe, in a melodious voice, "have you ſpoken to the Iman?"

The Count heſitated a moment: his fine dark eyes were fixed to the ground; he ſolemnly placed his right hand on his breaſt, and proſtrated himſelf before her. In this attitude, he replied to her, with a firm and aſſured voice—"Noble daughter of the Sultan, you may diſpoſe of my life, at your will: but, not of my faith; that is united with my ſoul, even more intimately than this with my body!"

When the Princeſs heard theſe words, ſhe ſaw that her plan was falling to the ground, and that ſhe was on the point of loſing her lover. She, therefore, had recourſe to a ſtrong and powerful method; which, on theſe occaſions, ſeldom fails in

its effect, when we are as ſure of our mark as Melechſala was: ſhe let fall her veil; and appeared in all her beauty, like the ſun, when, for the firſt time, he emerged from chaos, to illumine the earth! A ſoft bluſh ſuffuſed her cheeks; and the livelieſt carnation coloured the lips of her charming mouth. Her bright eyes ſparkled with love and animation; and her locks, black as ebony, fell on her alabaſter neck.

The Count, ſtruck with aſtoniſhment, admired in ſilence; and ſhe thus replied to him—"Look, Boſtangi! does this figure pleaſe you; tell me, if it be worth the ſacrifice which I require of you?"

"It is the ſemblance of an angel!" exclaimed the Count, with the moſt paſſionate expreſſion of rapture; "it is worthy of being placed, ſurrounded by a glory, in the Paradiſe of Chriſtians; in compariſon with which, all the delights

of Mahomet's Paradiſe, are but a vain ſhadow of felicity!"

Theſe words, pronounced with warmth, and in the accents of a holy conviction, made a ſtrong impreſſion on the heart of the Princeſs. It particularly ſtruck her, that this glory round her head would be no bad ornament. Her fancy grew fixed on this Chriſtian Paradiſe: ſhe wiſhed to know more of it, and aſked for farther explanation.

The Count eagerly ſeized the opportunity offered him, of deſcribing, in the moſt attractive colours, the Paradiſe of Chriſtians. For this purpoſe, he ſelected the moſt pleaſing images; and ſpoke with the ſame aſſurance, as a Seraphim would have done, if he had been ſent expreſs, from his heavenly dwelling, to pourtray it to her, and to convert her.

As the Prophet Mahomet has thought

proper to hold forth very few hopes of happineſs to the fair ſex, in the other world, the apoſtolic orator ſucceeded the more eaſily in his point.

In ſhort, whether Heaven itſelf favoured this converſion, or the ſenſible ſoul of the young Princeſs accorded with the principles of the Chriſtian religion; or, that the preſence of the preacher aſſiſted his arguments in the heart of the Princeſs; or that ſhe fancied ſhe beheld, in thoſe eyes which were intenſely fixed on her, the image of that Paradiſe he promiſed her; ſhe was, however, all attention: and, if evening had not approached, to interrupt him, ſhe would probably have gone to bed a Chriſtian. But they were obliged to ſeparate, before her perfect conviction: and, again putting on her veil, ſhe returned to the ſeraglio.

It is a known fact, and the newſpapers confirm it to us every day, that the children of Princes learn every thing with

uncommon facility; and that, in every ſcience, they advance, by gigantic ſtrides, and with little pains or ſtudy, while thoſe of the reſt of mankind proceed in a ſnail's ſtep. We muſt not, therefore, be ſurpriſed, if the Sultan of Egypt's daughter readily imbibed, in a few leſſons, the dogmas which then formed the religion of the weſtern nations; together with ſome hereſies beſides, which had glided into the catechiſm of the Count, who was no great theologian. Nor was this knowledge, with regard to her, inactive; on the contrary, it inſpired her with the livelieſt deſire of changing her faith. Thus, the Princeſs's plan was ſomewhat deranged: inſtead of converting her lover, ſhe had been converted herſelf. The queſtion, therefore, now was, to know how ſhe ſhould become a Chriſtian, and the Count's wife. She conſulted him on this point, and he conſulted his faithful ſquire: whoſe advice was, to hammer the iron now it was hot; to inform the fair proſelyte of the condition

and birth of Count Erneſt; and to propoſe her eloping with him, that they might return, by ſea, to Europe; and live, at Thuring, conjugally together.

The Count warmly commended this plan, propoſed by his ſagacious ſquire. It poſſeſſed an admirable conformity with the wiſhes of his heart; but the difficulties which might oppoſe its execution, did not, juſt at preſent, enter his mind. Love fancies that he can triumph over every obſtacle: he levels, in imagination, mountains the moſt elevated, and fills up the deepeſt ditches; he wanders over ſeas, and over lands, and all appears eaſy.

On his next interview, the Count revealed his plan to his fair catechumen—"O thou," ſaid he, "who art the image of our Holy Virgin! thou, choſen by Heaven, from amongſt a reprobate nation, to triumph over error and prejudices, and to obtain an inheritance in the abode

of felicity! If thou haſt the courage to renounce thy country, prepare for a ſpeedy flight. I will conduct thee to Rome; where the porter of heaven's gate, the ſucceſſor of the Holy Peter, to whom are entruſted the keys of Paradiſe, ſhall receive thee into the pale of the church, and ſhall conſecrate our loves! Fear not that the powerful arm of thy father ſhould reach us: each cloud over our heads, will be as a fortreſs, filled with a garriſon of protecting angels, armed with ſhields of adamant, and flaming ſwords, inviſible to mortal ſight; they will guard and defend us in our journey! I have likewiſe to inform thee, that I hold in my own country, by the rights of my birth, a rank as elevated as that which I could obtain from thy father's favour. I am a Count; that is to ſay, a Bey; and I govern an extenſive province. Within my eſtates, are numerous cities and boroughs, palaces and fortreſſes. I have, under my command, knights and ſoldiers; and have at my diſpoſal a great number

of ſubjects. There, the walls of a ſeraglio will not cramp thy liberty, and thou wilt reign as a Queen."

This diſcourſe appeared to Melechſala the voice of Heaven itſelf. She did not in the leaſt doubt what the Count had told her; and was pleaſed to find, that her lover was worthy of her. Her fancy painted, in ſuch lively colours, the happineſs ſhe ſhould enjoy at the end of her pilgrimage, that ſhe prepared for the voyage with as much joy as the children of Iſrael felt in quitting Egypt for the Promiſed Land; like them, hoping to find a new Canaan, in the diſtant countries. She would have ſet out immediately, under the eſcort of angels armed for her defence; if her lover, a little more calm, had not perſuaded her to wait till he had made ſome neceſſary preparations for the execution of this hazardous project.

Of all poſſible elopements, the moſt

difficult and dangerous one undoubtedly is, that of running away with a muſſulman beauty, confined in a ſeraglio. Though this was not the favourite Sultana, the actual deſign of the Count of Gleichen was by no means the leſs difficult; and, probably, there was even more raſhneſs in eloping with the only daughter of the Sultan of Egypt, than with the miſtreſs of the Grand Seignor. Among ſome hundreds of women, one more or leſs might ſeem to be of little conſequence; and ſhe who eſcapes, to the great pleaſure of her rivals, may be eaſily replaced: but, to ſee ones ſelf robbed of a beloved daughter, and this when we are too old to expect more, could never poſſibly be forgiven. Thus, it was a thouſand chances to one that the Count would leave his head there; more eſpecially, as he had no confident, in the interior of the ſeraglio, to remove difficulties, and no benevolent fairy ever came to his aſſiſtance.

All, however, at preſent, went on well.

The Princeſs filled a caſket with the moſt precious jewels; ſhe exchanged her royal dreſs, for a Turkiſh male habit; and ſoftly eſcaped, one evening, under the ſafe conduct of the amorous Boſtangi, the faithful ſquire, and the Count's vaſſal, through a private door of the European garden.

The abſence of the Princeſs could not long be concealed. Her attendants ſought her every where through the palace, but could not find her. The conſternation was now general, throughout the ſeraglio, Her interview with the handſome gardener had already been whiſpered about; facts were combined; conjectures from thence formed; and, at length, the dreadful diſcovery of the true ſtate of things was developed.

The Princeſs's attendants immediately revealed what they knew, and ſuſpected, to the ſuperior powers. The poor old Sultan—whom, we think, the virtuous Melechſala might have ſpared the grief

of leaving, to go in ſearch of the Chriſtian Paradiſe—was as furious, on hearing this news, as the lion attacked by dogs and hunters. He ſwore by the beard of the holy prophet, that he would deſtroy the ſeraglio, and all its inhabitants, if the next day, by the riſing of the ſun, his daughter was not found.—The Mamaluke guards were ſent out to all the roads which led from Cairo, in ſearch of the fugitives; and the Nile was covered with veſſels, exploring carefully the ſhores on the right and left to diſcover them.

It ſeemed impoſſible for the Count and his ſuite to eſcape this ſtrict purſuit of them, unleſs they poſſeſſed the faculty of rendering themſelves inviſible to every eye; or, at leaſt, of faſcinating the eyes of all Egypt. They had, however, neither of theſe talents: but then, inſtead of them, the Count poſſeſſed a cunning and artful ſquire. He, indeed, rendered inviſible the little caravan; but this was done in a very ſimple manner, and with-

out any aſſiſtance from the ring of Gyges, by concealing it in the obſcurity of a deep cellar, belonging to the houſe of the Jew phyſician.

This Hebrew Eſculapius, beſides the art of healing, had inherited from his fathers, the ſtill more uſeful talent of amaſſing much wealth; by never neglecting, for this purpoſe, any poſſible means of acquiring it. He carried on, with the Venetians, a very lucrative commerce in ſpices and aromatic plants. The faithful Curt, who had ſcraped acquaintance with him, ſince his maſter's illneſs, eaſily engaged him, by the medium of ſome jewels from the caſket of the Princeſs, to take on board a Venetian veſſel, which he had loading at Alexandria, the Count and three of his ſervants, and to conduct them to Europe. He had carefully concealed from him the rank of the firſt, as well as his ſmuggling deſign of conveying away the Sultan's only daughter.

On inſpecting the company with which he was charged, the Jew was ſtruck by the figure of the fine young man in the Count's ſuite; but he did not then ſuſpect any thing, and took him for the Count's young page: but, preſently, the report ſpread through the city, that the Princeſs Melechſala had diſappeared. The Hebrew's eyes were now opened: and he perceived that, unknowingly, he had been an acceſſary in this buſineſs. A cold ſweat came over him; he ſaw all the danger that he ran, and that it was too late to extricate himſelf. He therefore thought that, to ſecure his own ſafety, the only method he could adopt would be to employ all his addreſs in terminating this adventure, without any one ſuſpecting him to be acquainted with the ſecret. He had, at firſt, thought of going and diſcovering them to the Sultan; but, how would he prove that he was not their accomplice, after having accepted the jewels, and promiſed to embark them on board his veſſel! The very

idea of appearing before the Sultan, made him ſhudder; and this lucky fear ſaved the fugitives. He began, therefore, for a firſt caution, to impoſe on them a ſevere quarantine, by ſhutting them up in his ſubterraneous cave, among packs of drugs and galenicals. When the firſt tumult of purſuit had ſubſided, and people nearly loſt all hopes of finding again the Princeſs, he carefully packed up the whole troop, in four ſacks, with aromatic plants. He embarked them, himſelf, in a veſſel on the Nile; and ſteered them, in this manner, to Alexandria; when he ſtill carried them, himſelf, to the Venetian veſſel, and gave proper orders to the captain, who was charmed with the idea of contributing to the deliverance of four Chriſtian ſlaves, and unpacked them, and ſet them at liberty, as ſoon as he got into the open ſeas.

We have no documents to inform us, for certain, whether the veſſel was really

eſcorted by a diviſion of the celeſtial army, mounted on clouds, and bearing in their hands flaming ſwords, and adamantine ſhields; however, it ſeems likely their guardian angels mingled in the voyage. The contrary winds huſhed their breath, and the favourable ones ſo bravely ſwelled the ſails, that the veſſel glided like an arrow through the azure void. They had a ſhort and pleaſant paſſage; and entered, one lovely evening, by the light of the moon, the port of Venice, to the great ſatisfaction of the whole party.

The vigilant envoy of the Counteſs Odile was ſtill at his poſt, and never failed to inſpect carefully all who came from the Levant. He was on the ſhore, when the Count diſembarked with the fair Melechſala. His maſter's phyſiognomy was ſo well impreſſed on his recollection, that he would have immediately known him, had not his eaſtern dreſs, and the change which ſeven years had produced on his perſon, now held him ſome mo-

ments in doubt. To be convinced, however, he approached the people who compoſed the ſuite of the Count; and, addreſſing the faithful ſquire—

"Comrade," ſaid he, "of what country are you?"

Curt was, undoubtedly, highly pleaſed at meeting ſo ſoon with a native of his own country, and hearing himſelf accoſted in his mother's tongue; however, he did not think proper to anſwer categorically the queſtion he was aſked.

"Of Europe!" ſaid he, in a laconic way.

"What is the Seignior, in whoſe ſuite you travel?"

"My maſter."

"From what country do you come?"

"From the eaſt."

"Where are you going?"

"To the weſt."

"In what province?"

"In my own."

"Where is it ſituated?"

"A hundred miles inland."

"What is your name?"

"The ſame as my father's."

"You ſeem a droll fellow!—Will you anſwer me poſitively one queſtion?"

"Let us hear it."

"Can you give me any news of Count Erneſt of Gleichen?"

"Who has ſent you for ſuch information?"

"Ah! now you are queſtioning me, in turn. However, I will tell you: it is the Counteſs Odile, his wife, who has ſent me, to endeavour to diſcover if her huſband is yet alive, and in what part of the world he is to be found."

This anſwer very much embarraſſed the cunning ſquire, and made him directly change his tone.

"Wait a moment, comrade," ſaid he; "perhaps, my maſter can tell you ſomething about him: and he immediately went to the Count, to communicate what he had learned.

Hardly could the latter believe what he had heard, ſo confidently had he truſted to his dream and the old Bohemian. He found himſelf in a very unplea-

[illegible]on with his fair fellow-traveller. [illegible]d, that he had been the cauſe [illegible]aking a very imprudent ſtep; and [illegible] marriage with her would be at[illegible]ced with ſome difficulties, ſince his [illegible] wife ſtill exiſted. However, he felt no inclination to conſider this ſubject at preſent; and, to do him juſtice, felt more anxious to learn ſomething of his wife and family. He beckoned the Counteſs's meſſenger to approach him, and immediately recogniſed one of his oldeſt ſervants; who, ſhedding tears of joy, kiſſed the hand of his good maſter, and began to ſpeak to him of the joy which the faithful Counteſs would feel on learning the return of her huſband. The Count, knowing not how to anſwer this, broke off the converſation, and betook himſelf to his reſting place. He retired, alone, to his chamber; and there began a ſerious deliberation with his heart and conſcience, to know how he ſhould conduct himſelf with regard to the fair Saracen. The reſult of this was, to ſend off expreſs

his faithful meſſenger to the Counteſs Odile, with a diſpatch, containing a candid relation of the Count's adventures during his ſlavery, and his deliverance through the love and protection of the Sultan's daughter. He informed her, that this Princeſs had, for his ſake, abandoned her father, her throne, and her country; on condition, that he would marry her: and that, deceived by a dream, and a pretended dream interpreter, one as falſe as the other, he had conſented to it. He then ſought to prepare his wife to ſhare the conjugal bed; and to reconcile her mind to it, by the beſt arguments he could adopt.

The virtuous Counteſs Odile was at the window, covered with her widow's veil, when her meſſenger ſpurred his fatigued horſe, for the laſt time, in climbing the ſteep aſcent that led to the caſtle. The piercing eye of the tender wife had already recollected him; and he, like-

wife, had perceived his miſtreſs. He haſtened to diſplay the port-folio with which he was charged, ſhaking it round his head, as he would have done a flag on returning from victory.

The Counteſs, at once, comprehended this ſignal—"You have found him, the ſpouſe of my heart!" ſhe exclaimed, throwing off her widow's veil: "where is he; that I may fly to him, and preſs him to my faithful boſom?"

"Good news, my lady!" cried the meſſenger; "your huſband lives, and is in good health. I have left him at Venice; from whence he has ſent me, with this letter, to announce his arrival. The Counteſs haſtily broke the ſeal; and pleaſure poſſeſſed her whole ſoul, at ſight of thoſe well known and beloved characters. Three times ſhe placed the letter on her beating heart, and three times preſſed it to her trembling lips. Her tears flowed abundantly, on beginning to read. They

diminiſhed, however, as ſhe proceeded; and, by the time ſhe had concluded, the ſource of thoſe tears of joy was dried up. Indeed, however intereſting this epiſtle and the hiſtory of the Count might be, there were many paſſages in it which were not adapted to pleaſe his wife. The plan of ſharing his bed, and heart, with the fair Princeſs, eſpecially, could not meet with her approbation. The intolerance, however, of the good Counteſs, on this point, was a proof, at leaſt, of the conſtancy and ſincerity of her attachment to her huſband.

"Unfortunate cruſade!" ſhe exclaimed; "it is the cauſe of all my misfortunes." Wearied with ſad reflections, the virtuous Odile retired to that nuptial bed, which ſhe had occupied alone for eight years with ſuch conſtancy, and which ſhe was now required to ſhare with a rival. She fell aſleep, and had a dream which calmed her mind, and made her conſider her ſituation in another point of view.

She thought, in her dream, that ſhe beheld two pilgrims from the holy ſepulchre, aſcending the ſteep and winding path to the fortreſs of Gleichen, who aſked her for ſhelter; and that ſhe invited them to enter. One of them, having lowered his hood, ſhe recollected for Count *Erneſt*. She embraced him tenderly, and felt much joy at his return. Her young children entered; the Count preſſed them in his paternal arms, and expreſſed his ſatisfaction at ſeeing them ſo lovely and ſo well. His comrade then opened his travelling ſack; drew from it ſome gold chains, diamonds, and other precious jewels, which he placed round the necks of the children. The Counteſs, ſurpriſed at this generoſity, aſked the ſtranger, who was ſtill covered with his hood, his name.

"I am," ſaid he, "the angel Raphael, the protector of thoſe who love; and have conducted your huſband, from diſtant countries, to your arms."

His pilgrim's habit now fell off; ſhe beheld him under the form of an angel, covered with a white robe of the colour of the firmament, with golden wings on his ſhoulders.

The Counteſs awoke; and, without the aſſiſtance of an Egyptian ſibyl, explained her dream. Finding ſome analogy between the Princeſs Melechſala and the angel Raphael, ſhe did not doubt that ſhe had appeared to her, under the form of her huſband's guardian angel. She now conſidered that, without the love of the Princeſs for him, he never would have been releaſed from ſlavery, and would have been utterly loſt to her; and, as it is cuſtomary for the owner of any thing valuable loſt, to beſtow a part of it on the honeſt perſon who reſtores it, inſtead of reſerving entirely the whole, ſhe no longer ſaw any difficulty in yielding up, with a good grace, the half of her rights over the Count.

Having, therefore, well rewarded, for his vigilance, the meſſenger from the port of Venice, ſhe again ſent him back to Italy, with a letter expreſſing her entire conſent to the will of the Count.

The queſtion now was, to know whether Pope Gregory would be equally tractable, and conſent to this matrimonial aſſociation; by permitting the forms and ſanction of the ceremony to be added to this amicable arrangement. They, therefore, ſet out for Rome; and it was there that the Princeſs Melechſala formally abjured the Alcoran, and was introduced into the pale of the Catholic Church.

The Holy Father teſtified as much joy at this ſpiritual acquiſition, as if he had gained the moſt ſplendid victory over the infidels. After the ceremony of baptiſm, when the Princeſs changed her Saracen name for that of Angelica, a pompous Te Deum was performed in the church of St. Peter.

The Count now thought to profit by the good humour of the Holy Father, and obtain the ſo much deſired permiſſion for his double marriage. He, therefore, related his hiſtory, and his ſituation with two women, to whom he was engaged by the moſt ſolemn oaths: but, to his great aſtoniſhment, the Holy Pontiff poſitively refuſed his ſanction to an arrangement unexampled in Chriſtianity, and which appeared to him a hereſy ſavouring not a little of the Anti-Chriſt Mahomet. The Count vainly urged his requeſt, by the moſt ſpecious arguments: he could not ſucceed in bending the Holy Father to his will, nor in obtaining that conſent ſo much required, and ſo neceſſary, at a time when the Pope diſpoſed as he pleaſed of kingdoms and conſciences.

The artful Curt had, indeed, conceived a plan to extricate his maſter from his embarraſſment; and enable him to marry his fair proſelyte, without the Pope, or the holy church, having a ſingle objec-

tion to make to it: but, knowing the Count's loyalty, he had not dared yet to mention it. Seeing him, however, now in deſpair, at the refuſal which he had juſt experienced, Curt took courage, and thought the moment favourable to induce him to adopt his plan.

"My dear maſter," ſaid he, "do not afflict yourſelf thus, at the Pope's obſtinacy. There is ſome way to conquer it; and, if he be impregnable on one ſide, we muſt attack him on the other. If the Holy Father's conſcience be too ſcrupulous, to permit you to have two wives; your's, likewiſe, is too much ſo, to permit you to cohabit with a relation: and, if I am not miſtaken, you are connected, in the ſixteenth degree, with the Counteſs Odile. Pretend, therefore, to theſe ſcruples; and demand a divorce, which they cannot refuſe to a tender conſcience. Then, who can prevent you from marrying the Princeſs? Conſcience, my dear

maſter, is a garment which covers many things, and veers to every wind!"

The Count had liſtened quietly to him, till he perfectly underſtood the drift of his diſcourſe. Hardly had he comprehended him, when he ſhuddered with horror; and, approaching him—"Hold thy tongue, unworthy wretch!" exclaimed he, in anger, and puſhing him by the ſhoulders out of the apartment, "leave my preſence, and never again attempt to debauch my ears with thy infamous counſels!"

Poor Curt did not wait to be twice told; and determined, in his own mind, never again to treat his maſter's conſcience ſo lightly.

In this unpleaſant ſituation, the Count began daily to loſe his health and ſpirits. The Princeſs ſoon perceived this change; and was ſo much affected with it, that ſhe determined to try if ſhe could not ſucceed

venly eyes, fell as ſcalding drops on the heart of the Holy Father, and at length ſucceeded in ſoftening it. Whether they there lighted up a ſpark of terreſtrial fire which lay ſtill concealed, or the fear of loſing ſo fair a prey made him ſhudder; it is manifeſt that he was ſeized with a fit of benevolence for the fair ſuppliant, which it was no longer poſſible to reſiſt—"Riſe, dear daughter," ſaid he, "and dry your tears! what is decreed in Heaven ought to be obeyed. In three days, you ſhall know if the Holy Virgin conſents to your wiſhes."

He immediately aſſembled a congregation of all the caſuiſts in Rome; gave, to each, a loaf and a bottle of wine, with orders that they ſhould be cloſeted together, and not break up the aſſembly till the queſtion was unanimouſly decided. There, as long as the loaves and wine laſted, the moſt violent diſputes took place: the moſt oppoſite opinions claſhed together, like the waves agitated

by the tempeſt: but, when the ſtomach began to ſpeak, they could liſten to that; and, very fortunately, it ranged on the ſide of the three ſpouſes: more eſpecially as the Count had ordered a ſumptuous feaſt to be prepared for the conclave, immediately on their opening the gates.

The diſpenſation bull was preſently drawn up, in proper form, for the uſual emoluments; the fair Angelica, on this occaſion, with joy opened her Egyptian caſket; the Holy Father having beſtowed on the noble couple his pontifical benediction, they immediately departed for the Count's eſtates, where the marriage was to take place.

When they had paſſed the Alps, Count Erneſt again began to breathe his native air, and his heart dilated with joy. He mounted his fine Neapolitan horſe; and went forward, attended by a ſingle knight: leaving the Princeſs to follow him, by

eaſy ſtages, under the protection of the faithful Curt.

His heart beat with emotion, when he perceived afar off the ſpires of Gleichen caſtle. He thought, that he was not expected, and that he would ſurpriſe the virtuous Odile. But the report of his arrival had already ſpread; and ſhe was awaiting him, with her three children, at a ſhort diſtance from the caſtle, in a beautiful valley, called to this day the Valley of Joy.

The pleaſure of again beholding each other, was as lively and ſincere, on both ſides, as if the queſtion of Odile's ſharing her huſband's affection had never been agitated. The Counteſs was a tender and pious ſpouſe, who ſcrupulouſly obſerved the order of St. Paul, in being ſubmiſſive to her huſband, and when any ſlight emotion of diſcontent aroſe in her boſom, it never proceeded to inſurrection. She had not pardoned her heart the ſen-

timent of jealouſy and revolt which had poſſeſſed her, on learning that ſhe was to yield up half her rights in her huſband. As a kind of penance, ſhe had formed, herſelf, in her chamber, an alcove of three beds; it was ſurmounted by a vault, in form of a firmament, adorned with winged angels, holding up the borders of the curtains. On a large ſilken tapeſtry, which entirely covered the beds, was repreſented in embroidery, the angel Raphael, ſuch as he had appeared in her dream, holding the Count by the hand, in a pilgrim's habit.

This unequivocal proof of the accommodating diſpoſition of his ſpouſe, deeply affected the Count, and the tendereſt embraces expreſſed his gratitude—"Beſt of women!" exclaimed he, in raptures; "how much do you excel all the females of your age: this is a monument, which ſhall carry your name with glory to poſterity; and, as long as a veſtige of this alcove ſhall remain, huſbands will

cite you, to their wives, as a model of conjugal affection!"

A few days after, the Princeſs Melechſala arrived. She was received in great pomp, and like the bride of a ſovereign. The lovely Counteſs Odile came out to receive her, and conducted her to the caſtle; where ſhe was inſtalled as a companion, who was to ſhare with her all her rights.

At this time, the Count was gone to Erfurth, to requeſt the biſhop to come and bleſs their marriage, as well as preſide at the ſolemnity.

The princely prelate ſtarted with terror, at the very mention of ſo heterodox a propoſal; and plainly told the Count, that he would not permit ſuch a ſcandal in his dioceſe. But, when the Count preſented to him the Pope's brief, ſealed in due form, he dared no longer to reſiſt.

The ceremony was performed, with great pomp, at the caſtle, and the Counteſs Odile ſtood as mother to the bride. All the counts and cavaliers of Thuring, reſorted thither in crowds, to aſſiſt at this ſingular ſolemnity.

The Count, before he conducted to the altar his fair bride, received from her, as a dower, the caſket of jewels; ſtill pretty full, notwithſtanding the voyage and its expences. He aſſigned over to her, in exchange, the lordſhip of Ehrenſtein, and placed on her head a crown of gold; which ornament ſhe wore all her life, as a privilege of her high birth. Her ſubjects gave her the title of Queen; and ſhe was conſtantly ſerved and honoured as ſuch.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the tranſports of joy which Count Erneſt felt, in taking poſſeſſion of his new conſtructed bed, between his two lovely companions. The Counteſs Odile, fatigued probably

with the ſleepleſs nights which her ſeven years widowhood had cauſed her, with her emotions on account of her huſband's return, and with the buſtle of the wedding, preſently cloſed her eyes, and fell aſleep, or at leaſt pretended it; leaving her two bed-fellows at liberty to explain the pretty rhyme of mouchi-roumi.

The feſtivities laſted ſeven days and ſeven nights; and the Count confeſſed, that he was already more than repaid for the ſeven ſad years he had paſſed in the priſons of Cairo.

After the Count, and his two wives, no one was, however, more happy than his faithful Squire, Curt. He pleaſantly ſpent his time, between the larder and the cellar; by turns repleniſhing and emptying his bottle of the ſweet liquor which flouriſhes on the borders of the Rhine, and which he preferred to all the wines of Cyprus and Syracuſe. He related to his comrades, who earneſtly liſtened to

him, all the ſurpriſing adventures which he had witneſſed during the cruſade. But, when the feſtivities were concluded, and the economy of the caſtle took again its uſual courſe, he aſked permiſſion of the Count to go to Erdouff, where he had left his chaſte rib, whom he meant to give a moſt agreeable ſurpriſe by his unhoped for return.

During his long abſence, he had never indulged himſelf in the ſlighteſt inconſtancy, and was convinced that his ſpouſe could ſay the ſame; and he longed to behold her again, and bring her back the enjoyments of a legitimate affection. His fancy painted to him the image of the virtuous Rebecca, in all her charms; and the nearer he approached the walls of the city which incloſed her, the more lovely did this picture of his fancy grow. It repreſented her in all the allurements ſhe poſſeſſed at the time of their union: he beheld her fainting under the exceſs of her joy, when this ſo long lamented

husband should throw himself into her arms, unable to speak, and endeavouring to reanimate her by his tender caresses!

His whole soul engaged by this enchanting picture, he had approached, without knowing it, the gate of his native city. He was there stopped by a centinel; who lowered the barrier, and asked him his name? whence he came? what he wanted there? &c. &c. Curt gave satisfactory answers to all these questions, and proceeded on his way.

While ascending the street, in a slow pace, that the noise of his horse might not too soon betray his arrival, he presently recollected his house, dismounted, tied the animal to the gate, and softly entered the yard. The old dog, whom he had left with his wife at his departure, now approached; and having, for a moment, surveyed him, presently recollected him, and bestowed on him a thousand caresses. This appeared to him a good omen. He was, however, surprised to

ſee, playing in the middle of the yard, two little boys, as lovely as the cherubims which decorated the bed of the two Counteſſes of Gleichen. Before he had time, however, to reflect on theſe little creatures—who ſeemed, by their faces, to be his wife's—their mother came to the houſe door, to know what ſtranger ſhe ſaw in the yard. The ſight of her, had the effect of Meduſa's head on the poor Curt. Good Heavens! what a difference, between the picture of his fancy and the reality.

The hand of time had made cruel ravages, during theſe ſeven years, on the beauties of the fair Rebecca; ſcarcely did there remain any traces of them. However, the features of her countenance were too well impreſſed on Curt's mind, for him to miſtake: but the pleaſure of ſeeing her again, ſoon conquered his diſſatisfaction at beholding her thus changed; and the idea that this change was certainly cauſed by grief for his abſence, added to his tenderneſs: he ruſhed to embrace her, his heart filled with joy

and tenderneſs, exclaiming—"Here I am, once more, my dear wife! forget your ſorrows: behold me, your faithful ſpouſe; never more will I quit your lovely preſence!"

The virtuous Rebecca anſwered this kind ſalutation by a furious blow, which made the nimble Curt ſtagger to the wall; ſhe ſhrieked violently, at the ſame time, calling all the houſe to her aſſiſtance.

The tender huſband excuſed the vivacity of this reception; which, in his mind, was a proof of his wife's chaſtity!—Not recollecting him, ſhe had done perfectly right, in thus receiving one who dared to encroach on his rights! He now endeavoured to convince her of her miſtake: but, it was all in vain; and he preſently became convinced, that there was no miſtake at all in the buſineſs.

"You wretched vagabond!" exclaimed ſhe, in an altered voice; "it well becomes you, truly, to call yourſelf again

my huſband: after having abandoned me, for ſeven years, to wander God knows where; and to be inconſtant to me, God knows to what extent! I am no longer your wife, and you are nothing to me! I had you three times publicly proclaimed at the church gate; and, for your ſilence, you have been duly and legally declared dead and buried. The law has permitted me to marry again; me, a poor forſaken widow! and I have married publicly, in church, the burgomaſter Vepretch. We have lived together ſix years, and Heaven has bleſſed our union with thoſe two fine boys. So do not think of coming where you have no buſineſs, and diſturbing the happineſs we enjoy! If you do not inſtantly take yourſelf away, I ſhall have you arreſted, by a warrant from my huſband, who is the firſt magiſtrate of the town; and get you ſo ſeverely puniſhed, as will ſerve for an example to all future huſbands who treacherouſly forſake their wives!"

This reception, from a woman who

had been ſo dear to him, inflicted a ſevere pang on poor Curt. Tenderneſs, and reſentment, divided his ſoul: the firſt, inſtantly ſuggeſted to him the idea of propoſing to Rebecca the new invented alcove with three beds, which had ſo well ſucceeded at the caſtle of Gleichen; reſentment, however, gained the victory.

"Unfaithful woman!" cried he, in a tranſport of fury, "is it thus that you keep the promiſes and oaths which you have ſo often repeated, that death alone ſhould part us! Have you not, frequently, even aſſured me that, if you were to arrive at the gates of heaven before me, and I ſhould be ſtill in purgatory, you would obtain leave to come back, and keep me company? How many times have I mentioned you, in Paleſtine, as the model of good wives! May your falſe tongue become for ever as black as charcoal!"

Having ſaid this, he turned his back on the burgomaſter's wife and her two imps; proudly re-mounted his beaſt; and

trotted down the ſtreet with leſs caution than he had aſcended it.

He took the road to Gleichen, ruminating on what had happened; and, when his anger was ſomewhat appeaſed, and he could weigh matters coolly, his loſs did not appear of ſo much conſequence.

He never again returned to Erdouff; but remained, to the day of his death, with his good maſter; who was now, in his conſideration, worth more than a thouſand wives. He there witneſſed the rare ſight of two women ſharing, without ill humour or jealouſy, the affection of the ſame huſband.

The fair Saracen had no children; but ſhe loved and nurſed thoſe of her companion, as if they had been her own, and took delight in their education. She was the firſt, of this ſweet and ſingular aſſociation, who quitted the terreſtrial happineſs which they long enjoyed, to take poſſeſſion of the radiant glory, once ſo

much the object of her admiration. She died in the autumn of her life: the Countess followed her, soon after; and the unhappy Count, resting alone in his large bed, survived them but a few months.

These three amiable persons were not separated by death: and the same tomb inclosed them, before the altar of the church of St. Peter, at Erfurth; where it still remains, and we behold them represented in relievo on the same stone. On the right, is the Countess Odile, with a mirror in her hand, as the symbol of prudence; on the left, the Saracen Princess, adorned with a crown; and, in the middle, the Count, holding his shield, and resting on the leopard of his arms.

The celebrated alcove is preserved as a relique, in a chamber of the old castle: and a small piece of the wood of this triple bed, worn by the women, is said to possess the singular property of extinguishing every spark of jealousy.

FINIS.

H. P[illegible] 11, 21, Piccadilly.